

HENRY DARGER -

"THE VIVIAN

GIRLS

IN CHICAGO"

Microsystems, Inc.

A PART OF
"THE VIVIAN GIRLS
IN AMERICA"

Microsystems, Inc.

July 30 1913

Mullena at State Calvaria
explosion, flood, wind fire
700,000 lives lost.

One morning Pennod came rushing in
to where the Virian Girls were eating
in the mess hall and he said excitedly
"Princesses I've got startling news for
you. Terrible news."

The girls noticed his excited face
and rose at once.

"What is it?" they demanded.

The whole state our army is in
was rocked by an explosion. Many towns
are wrecked by the concussion. The
papers say scores of thousands are
digging for buried victims."

Violet and her Sisters could not
hardly believe it. They took the paper
he offered and glanced over the article.
This is what they read:

"731,000 known dead. 1,500,000
injured 6,000,000 homeless
as great explosion rocks
state. 30 towns shaken
by blast 60,000 dig
for buried victims."

Montevia July 30 1913 - Montevia news
730,000 persons were known to
have met death and more than one
million five hundred thousand were
injured many thousands seriously through-
out the state to yesterday when a
mysterious explosion occurred, spreading
death and destruction over the
whole state. Firemen police and
thousands of volunteer rescuers were

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still digging into the ruins of towns and cities, scores of them in the hope of recovering the bodies of many others believed to have been killed and their bodies buried in the debris of their wrecked homes. Indications that the death toll would increase was found in six wrecked towns alone. Scores of thousands of persons escaped from the buildings with all kinds of injuries, while unknown numbers of others trapped in the fallen buildings were believed to have been drowned by the water rushing in from broken ruins in the streets, or perished in the fires that followed.

Resembling natural Earthquake.

The custom in these 30 towns and cities thousands of firemen for one town alone, and all the survivors were digging in the piles of debris reaching for victims and battling the spreading fires desperately. The explosion created a tremendous shock like a natural earthquake and witnesses claim the land where the explosion occurred was sent rumbling by the force of the blast as if it were shattered like glass. It was believed the blast was vandalized as other past disasters by wicked Glandelinians who may have placed powerful mines under ground unobserved.

A riot occurred in the wrecked town of Idavater in front of a small Glandelinian prison camp when about 15,000 persons stormed the doors of the barracks in an effort to release the prisoners and lynch them. Riots also occurred when many other thousands stormed the morgues in an

effort to view the bodies of the explosion concussion. All were seekers of missing loved ones. County and other officers were forced to guard the morgues.

Hundreds of thousands stagger to hospitals.

In these towns many thousands of the injured were staggering to surviving hospitals and quickly formed relief stations and at many of the institutions and relief stations so many of the victims walked in that hall entrances and steps leading to the main doors were spattered with blood. Most of the injured had been cut and hurt by flying glass and debris.

Several hours after the blast occurred the rescuers in these towns were finding it very difficult to get into the centers of the shaken cities. In the midst of the state was the city of Park Ridge and here it was reported, 15,000 persons had been killed and 30,000 injured. The town was a total wreck.

Even pedestrians on downtown streets did not escape the blast. Many persons were killed or injured by falling walls or cut by glass when windows of buildings still standing were shattered.

The blast occurred at 10:30 in the morning.

10 towns crushed like egg shells.

Ten good sized towns were like egg-shells crushed by a man's hand by the concussion and force of the blast.

Stunned at first by the extent of the disaster the state soon collected itself, and within 12 hours relief agencies were hard at work rendering aid. Every available Red Cross nurse was at the scene and rescue workers of the organization were summoned from all parts of the state by the Governor. Advised of the disaster Governor Oliver ordered Red Cross equipment including cots and blankets rushed to the towns and he sent all the doctors he could collect and nurses to all surviving hospitals to aid the overtaxed staffs.

The Railway Express offered the use of its cars to the Red Cross and soon a number of trains were carrying injured to hospitals in cities not affected, and taking medical and other supplies to all emergency stations within the two towns.

In danger from sagging walls.

Begrimed firemen by thousands of firemen, working within the towns through which the explosion hurled a storm of death and destruction said a million books of words would not describe the scene. They were fighting their way through the debris choked streets aided by the awamers, and volunteer rescue workers, but because of the fire the progress of their work was slow and dangerous. They were also menaced by tottering walls dangling with wires and flooded streets.

Here and there the firemen and others halted to pick up many injured victims. At many points they came upon dead and injured children. The injured were sent to hospitals and relief stations. One

little girl believed to be an escaped child slave told the firemen she was June Barlow aged 8, but she just came into town and had no home. She had been cut by flying debris and was sent to a hospital. The state Commissioner John Ideatrich Custeria, chairman, of the commission, after giving orders that state officials make whatever expenditures were necessary to relieve the sufferers rushed to the scene. He also ordered that all the facilities of the State department of work be made available to the police and surviving firemen of these cities and towns. When rescuers reached the town of Union, closest to the explosion they found that the largest buildings had saved in trapping all the occupants.

Here large numbers of dead were dug from the debris. Huge Gas tanks with their steel frame work was ripped asunder by the concussion sections of their steel supports being hurled many blocks, the gas all escaping, and suffocating thousands of people or also exploding.

Showers of earth trees and rock fell like a cloud burst into the town. Property damage was wide spread even in the big city of Schradar were windows of all buildings were blown out.

General alarms sounded.

In every wrecked city and town a general alarm of fire summoned what survived of police men and firemen and also ambulances. But they found it most difficult and dangerous to fight their way through the wreck strewn streets lined with burning buildings and into the immediate region of the explosions were effects but one glimpse

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of all sections of the city showed that all the buildings no matter what their size had been were totally wrecked or damaged. In front of the many injured were picked up from streets where they had been struck down by flying debris. Eye witnesses said that after the crash of the explosion a large sheet of flame shot into the air to a prodigious height and burst with a deafening roar. All houses within sight caved in as if there was an earthquake, streets were fairly ripped up by the concussion and telephone and electric wires were torn down. Water pipes buried deep in the streets were ripped out.

Many school children are killed and injured.

In this town many school houses were wrecked and about 300 school children who were standing in the school yard ready to enter the buildings were buried beneath the wreckage when the wall collapsed into the yard. At another school practically every window in the building was shattered and many of the pupils were cut by flying glass.

Flooded streets strewn with wreckage hampered the work of the fire men and police. And their task was made much more dangerous by the maze of dangling electric wires but the power house was disabled and thus there was no current and they were thus able to enter the districts.

The police also rescued ropes off an area of more terribly wrecked buildings and the work of making out just which part

was more totally wrecked and of what just had occurred in the exploding territory got under way. When the extent of the disaster became apparent the police commanded private wagons and trucks to convey the injured to the hospitals which survived. Within three hours after the blast all surviving hospitals were reported crowded with victims. Many hundreds of the victims with broken arms and legs were also bleeding from cuts and dreadful injuries were brought in on stretchers to hospitals. Many of those who walked for aid collapsed on the steps and were carried inside by nurses and doctors.

Hundreds of thousands are hurt.

All hospitals in these 30 towns, those that were not wrecked summoned all available doctors to assist in treating the countless injured. Every hospital reported that 1,000 person per hospital had been given treatment for all kinds of bleeding wounds besides cuts, broken legs, fractured arms and so forth.

The first warning any of these towns had of the disaster was the terrific shock. At first it was believed an earthquake had visited this state.

Surviving firemen not knowing just what had occurred started the motors of the fire apparatus, and stood ready to respond at the first alarm. When many districts fire box was sounded the first companies dashed for the scene but in many cases could make no headway because of the debris blocking the streets. Firemen that could reach the scene found hundreds

of men, women, and children terrified and frantic digging desperately in the ruins. Firemen and police volunteer workers expressed the belief that thousands of persons, in their homes and in factories of every town, had been buried under the wreckage when the buildings collapsed.

Panic follows explosion.

The scene of the disaster was one of wildest confusion. Surviving residents of these thickly settled towns rushed about the streets as if mad. Women sought their children while men dug into the debris of their homes in an effort to bring out some loved one trapped or buried in the wreckage. Streets in all the towns bulged breaking sewers and water pipes. Pieces of gas tanks of all the towns, especially the steel supports weighing more than 200 pounds were found miles from the scene.

The force of the blast shook and ripped down all telephone and light wires and knocked over poles outside these towns for sixty miles.

All street cars in these towns were wrecked by the concussion when the blast let go and every passenger aboard them were hurt. In some instances where factories and houses did not collapse all employees and residents were killed or hurt by shock.

This occurred especially in the city of Glendale within a hundred factories that did not collapse where nevertheless all their employees needed hospital treatment. Entire families of houses not wrecked fathers, mothers, and children

who escaped death were removed to surrounding hospitals some badly hurt by shock. All authorities of these towns immediately launched investigations of the unusual explosion.

Just as they got through reading the news, general Jack Evans came riding in with a party of officers having been out on a 3 day scouting tour and was just returning. As soon as Evans dismounted Violet ran up to him and showed him the news.

He first read a portion of the description of the explosion which killed more than 700,000, and injured more than a million.

Then he said handing her the paper,

"I was a witness of the explosion."

"You were?" they all exclaimed.

"Yes I was riding with my column over a creek bridge at the junction of the Rocky and Green bottom creeks, and was in full view of the blast when it let go, though I was 30 miles away."

"How did the explosion appear and what was the effects?" asked Violet.

"Why" said Evans "I thought at first it was an eruption. Great clouds of smoke, earth and debris seemed to rise two miles into the air like you see from the summit of a volcano. The cloud remained intact for an instant and then burst like a great tornado cloud. As it let go with a most terrific roar great clouds of earth and debris went hurtling through the air, and then somewhere not far away the crash of buildings filled the air."

"Did you see any of the wrecked towns?" asked Joe.

"I was the first of my company of officers to reach the town of Delhidon" answered Evans. "The war room was in a thickly settled district of the

city facing the explosion overlooking the Kammam River and directly across the stream from Salter Heights within sight of the downtown section. Six 15,000,000 cubic feet gas tanks which were outstanding points on the river side were wrecked.

"What districts did you go through" asked Jannie.

"One of the oldest districts in the city" said Evans. "It contained the homes of thousands of workmen, ware houses and many industrial plants. Lining the river was many blocks of residences side by side. And scattered throughout the devastated districts were many factories and small plants, and their ruins are all a fine now."

"How many districts are wrecked?" asked Catherine.

"Why the wrecked districts stretches for miles, the whole city is wrecked to some severe measure, but the worse wrecked districts stretch for scores of blocks north and south along the Kammam River along the whole front."

"I've witnessed scenes of utter destruction that resembles the results of an earthquake. I and my folks over made our way through the streets of the stricken city which was laid waste by the explosion. An area of country outside the city fronting the river was also in trees and country houses devastated by the great blast."

"Did you make your way through all of the streets?" asked Daisy.

"No. I made my way over some of the streets which were flooded from water gushing from the water mains and sewer pipes" said Evans. "On

sides of the ruined city and far outside the devastation is great and many ships have lost their masts, and the walls of grain elevators have collapsed up grain hoppers. In all instances of buildings not leveled, only the roofs were lifted from the houses. I've seen great numbers of firemen, policemen and volunteer rescuers working feverishly in every direction. I came to, digging in the ruins in an effort to find trapped injured persons, or recover the dead before the conflagration reaches them. The scenes are sad and terrible pictures. On all sides were men, women and children their heads and arms swathed in bandages. These victims had been treated at emergency stations set up by Red Cross nurses and other workers."

Knowing that the town Evans mentioned was not far, and receiving direction from Evans, Violet and her sisters took gathered their retainer and raced speedily to the city. On their way they passed a forest of trees which had so many branches broken off that it looked as if a cyclone had passed through.

They passed farms houses which had roofs lifted up, walls shaken loose, and windows out. As they continued on they saw enormous clouds of smoke far away in different directions and knew that the nearest towns wrecked by the explosion were burning.

The town of Delkiden was further away than they thought and were nearly two days getting there on horse back and they had forgotten to take enough rations along with them and therefore had to go sparingly with them. And during all their travel they saw the effects of the explosion. Along railroad tracks all poles and wires and

even whole trees were down and the steel rails and ties of the tracks in some places were displaced. The explosion might have went off with the fury of an enormous volcano of inferno. As they finally entered the city they saw in the first districts hundreds of ruined injured persons swathed in bandages, scores of buildings burning, and many wrecked, heard from rescuers that the death was hourly mounting, scores of thousands were missing and the destruction of property running into the scores of millions.

They were told that 28,000 were known to be dead here in Delhidon, 17,000 are missing, and more than 55,600 injured are, as had received treatment at the few surviving hospitals, and 30,000 are homeless out of a population of 250,000.

"This is worse than I thought" said Violet looking on the scenes before them in horror. "Even whole districts are burning, and the country still has all it can do in the continued work to take care of the homeless caused by last June's awful flood, and the search for bodies throughout Calvernia goes on. It's awful."

"Yes and we've had the disasters along Angelina's coast, at Mandril, Calvernia in June added" said Joice latterly.

"And on the first of this month at Aldon over 1032 were killed and 1,633 injured by an explosion" added Jannie. "And on the 10th 1500 ships were burned and elsewhere 10,000 persons were massacred by the enemy. And near Aphania hundreds of our warships were wrecked by mines with great loss of life."

"And now this had added" said Catherine. "If Glanchelina thinks she

she can win the war this way she is terribly mistaken."

The Virian Girls continued their rounds. They came upon a big Gas works where the Gas tank exploded from the concussion. It belonged to the Meldon Gas Company. Of the missing, they heard 60, are employees of the Gas works, while 20 were employees of the Randome Coal Company. These places were all a-fire.

A great number of men were working on top of the roof of a newly finished building when the distant explosions occurred. Violet and her sisters were told these men may never be found. They were told by the rescuers that many hundreds more of employees were found buried in the ruin of other factories and by the time a complete search is made it is believed many more will be found. In all it is feared 3,000 to 5,000 more bodies may be in these ruins altogether. It was believed the explosion was felt one hundred miles from one of the rescuers said:

"I do not live in this town. I came by train. I live in the town of Nelly, County sixty miles from here. Princess Violet." In that town even, for miles in every direction the explosions were felt.

Buildings in a large area on the southwest side facing the explosion and the entire downtown district were damaged, these nearest being literally broken open.

But no one were killed though many were hurt.

"Do you know if the enemy really caused this?" asked the girls all at once.

"I heard some of the investigators say that the enemy was responsible, but that the cause of the blast is a real mystery. One said mines of great size

placed in the ground and exploded was given as the cause of the blasts. I was also told there was a blunder of some one in ordering the rebel mining engineers to construct the mines within one of the towns while they had the chance.

"Did they?" asked Violet.

"No."

"What did they do then?"

One of the investigators told me that about two hundred Glanvillian soldiers sent by one of the Manley generals, disguised as Nationals with passes by Emperor Virian were pretending to build some kind of tombs near this city, but while they did erect the tombs, the others in secret were placing the mines. Some of my friends told me that the whole ground on which were six farms, one stretch of woods and flower covered meadows was hurled in many parts high into the air and a great flash blood red in color shot two thousand feet upward. One man said if a hundred thousand big cannon would have been fired at once, the volley would not have been heard so loud was the explosion. He said he saw on the river front of this city whole rows of houses fairly crushed in a jump up from the concussion, and this city is 30 miles away from the blast.

Then a second mighty blaze of the explosion went up, there was a scene as of a terrific volcano blowing itself up and even survivors here say houses jumped up and down and, caved in. A good sized rise of ground I was burst around by the force of the explosion and its contents added by rocks trees and earth added to the vast breath of flame and smoke that could be seen as fair as hell. "Cynthia"

This seemed a remarkably unusual news about the force of the explosion, but as they knew of the great magnitude of past disasters Violet and her sisters had to believe this though they could not help feeling doubtful.

Sixteen thousand houses as Violet and her sisters could see for themselves when surveying the scene from across the river were crushed by the blast. The walls were blown in, and the roofs of the entire lines of houses fell burying unknown numbers of whole families under the tons of debris. The bridges were even partly wrecked, and four of them were entirely impassable.

1,500 huge tenements along a good number of river front streets were totally demolished. Walls buckled, roofs fell in and countless windows with frames were blown from their fastenings. From their positions hundreds of wooden houses, and scores of brick had literally jumped their foundations.

Many women and children in these tenements and other houses who were not killed, were badly injured.

Five huge fires were burning in the city and the firemen were unable to overcome them. As the Virian Girls heard from excited survivors, the shattering million cannon like boom of the explosion the crash of rending metal of all kinds, the jangle of shattered glass in windows within a radius of 30 miles, the surging sea of broken timbers and the rumble of many thousands of crumbling walls, the jumping motion of houses the shriek of victims buried beneath the washing wreckage then the tumultuous shrieks of the dying the groans of the thousands of injured and the anguished cries of fugitives that were able to flee from their ruined homes there were the disenchanted wails and

scenes throughout the doomed city. when the big explosions let go. They heard also that for hours after the explosion the surviving population of Delhidon was stunned. Every where throughout the city were mobs of victims, of broken windows who ran bleeding through the streets.

Then they were told of the wild appeals for help from the awful scenes of ruin and death and how calls to police stations and hospitals though made in frantic cries were unanswered because those buildings were razed killing and maiming all within.

"It was awful" continued the witness. "And scarcely had the echoes of the blasts died away, and dust clouds from fallen buildings cleared away when I saw thousands of survivors stream down Sawdale, and Ratchon streets where the passage ways were not choked with the debris. Nearly all of them were bleeding from jagged, ghastly wounds and pleading for aid. I was terrified by this scene." In the wrecked homes within 30 miles of the explosions, were too many of the survivors who were too badly hurt to flee, or were imprisoned in the wreckage. Those who could had crawled to windows and doors and implored assistance from the terrified mobs that filled the streets.

The cries of the many wounded and the shouts of the fugitives had been mingled with the hurrying clanging of rushing ambulances police patrols and fire apparatus from portions of the city not severely affected.

Police men and fire men rushed to the scene and as the Breemesees had heard met the fleeing panic

stricken mob and admonished those who were able to return to their homes that danger of further concussions was over.

Even while Violet and her sisters were on their way toward the town ambulances from other far away towns had reached the immediate scene and even still found all of those injured, or even those who had escaped injury trying to aid the victims and help recover the bodies of the dead. Many weak from loss of blood and exhaustive labor had fallen to the debris covered sidewalk. The Victim Girls were also told that thousands of school children in all the city districts on their way to school were in the path of the blasts and were showered with glass, caught under fallen walls and twisted wreckage of all kinds that fell among them like a cloudburst killing hundreds of little ones, injuring many more, and causing the others to stampede.

Many had run to their homes finding only broken walls and their families either killed, buried under tons of wreckage or gasping with blood stained faces seeking a means of escape. Mothers seeking their children now filled the streets and their pitiful calls for aid had added to the scenes of sickening terror.

By the time Violet and her sisters had arrived into the town the victims of the explosions were still being rushed to hastily improvised hospitals. Violet and her sisters also heard that thousands of occupants of homes had been crushed underneath gnawed furniture broken mirrors and twisted partitions and either crawled to windows and doorways or were found imprisoned in the wreckage by the rescuers.

Every available man in the city was at work clearing away debris and looking for bodies and taking them

them away as soon as found. The largest death toll was in the river side section. Violet and her sisters went to one of the hospitals and entering found it filled with victims. Wagon trucks, carriages, police patrol cars, other wagons were half buried under fallen walls of tall buildings and most of the injured had been carried (by men) on stretchers by men on foot to these surviving hospitals. Because of this at every block emergency quarters had been hastily improvised to give aid. Telephone communication with the ruined town and the outside world was totally paralyzed and to all parts of the city it hampered so. Violet and her sisters could not notify the army of condition and summon aid.

On their way to one of the hospitals, Violet and her sisters met a procession of injured, who had suffered bruising, lacerations and other injuries, who had been released from hospitals as soon as their injuries were dressed and who almost without exception were on their return home on foot over piles of debris.

They were a ghastly sight to the Princesses as they streamed down the wreck strewn street heads swathed in bloody bandages, arms in slings, and faces wearing grotesque red stained masks of cast plaster.

The Virgin girls found out there were 1,565 injured treated in the few hospitals, while hundreds of others were treated by outside physicians, or given first aid at hastily erected emergency hospitals.

"Such scenes as these make my heart sick," said Joice. "So many big wanton disasters. Ghande linia wants to destroy the whole state of Calaveria."

"Could we not impregnate a telegraph of our own and get the Christian army or

the wire? Or could we not find some telephone connections?" asked Violet of a man standing near her. He was the chief of police, and he answered -

"I'm sorry little girl, but the whole city has been rocked as if an earthquake when the explosions occurred yesterday. Every kind of electric wire is down, but if it is necessary I can see that a wire to your point is up by tonight."

"But that's too long a wait," put in Joice. "We want to notify the army of this town and summon aid. Your city needs our aid."

"You can try something at the Police station," said the Chief. "I have a wireless telegraph and if its in working order you'll be able to send the message."

He led the way for them across the street where the half wreck of a police station stood. As they entered they saw a number of policemen in bandages. The chief explained the reason.

"I and my men were sitting in the police station questioning some Ghande linian prisoners when this unusual blast occurred. Six of my men were knocked to the floor and then and all the others were cut by flying glass as every window in the building was shattered. The boys hurriedly regained their feet and leaped upon the already moving patrol wagon. As we reached the street the air was thick with mortar and plaster dust and there was a strange noise in the air. When the clouds of dust cleared away I saw houses on both sides of the street a mass of wreckage and our progress blocked by debris in the street."

"What was the result then?" asked Perrod.

"Well we couldn't go but nevertheless we were shocked to see how awfully many injured began to send to the

streets from their wrecked houses and my men started picking them up from the street. My men labored like mad demons although many were injured themselves. For a whole day we labored alone until others, fire men police and volunteer rescuers came to the scene.

One of the other police men told her and her sisters that he alone carried forty five women and children from a number of wrecked buildings near the station and most of these who survived in these structures were stunned by the blast.

Joice went to the table where stood the wireless telegraph instrument and started working it. If she received a response, all right, if not, then the explosion affected it too. While she was trying the instrument one of the policemen said the floor of his room seemed to lift and he was thrown out through a window. "When I regained my feet every thing was enshrouded in a fog of plaster dust" he said. "Many in front of me was running and screaming. And then I was about to go into the station, something hit me, and I was knocked senseless."

"The only one who didn't seem to mind the concussion was two children," said another. They looked out in astonishment at the fallen buildings while their mother was looking for her husband. The children and their mother escaped without a scratch.

In the meantime Joice could receive no answer by the telegraph and had to give it up. They decided to her to try the telephone for one more chance, and if this didn't work to send a part of the great force for help. So she therefore lifted the receiver and gave the special number to the operator.

It was some time before the operator got the connection with the Christman camp, but finally after several attempts she succeeded. Then Joice wheeled for the Emperor. When she received answer she asked:

"Is this the Emperor?"

"Yes."

"This is your daughter speaking. I'm asking for your help."

"Where are you Princess Joice?"

"I'm at the town of Delhuden. An explosion wrecked it as if there was an earthquake. Thousands of persons are killed, half the houses are leveled, and nearly all who escaped injury are homeless. I wish you would send aid."

"How did you come to be there? I thought you was in the army?" he said.

Joice explained what she and her sisters had observed in the papers, and heard from Jack Evans, and how they went to see if the news was true. And she hastily described the scenes she witnessed.

"30 towns shaken by an explosion?" exclaimed the Emperor. "Why the nation is stunned by the great floods of last June and still we have all we can do to take care of the armies of homeless. But I'll send as many soldiers as I can spare to the nearest towns. How far is Delhuden from here?"

"It's quite two days trip on a fast horse" said Joice. "We'll remain until the troops come."

"All right" said the Emperor. "How soon will you send them?"

"Right away."

Joice then gave the direction to the city what road to take and so on and then ending with "Good bye" Father, hurry up the receiver.

The expected troops arrived the very morning after and took full possession of the town. Many of these soldiers were asked to control the milling mobs in front of hastily improvised morgues throughout this city where the bodies of many thousands of victims of the great explosion rested. Scores of thousands of many persons many covered with bandages fought to get into the death houses.

When the officers in charge of these guarding the morgues appealed to the mobs to be fair and permit those seeking missing relatives and friends to enter went unheeded, more soldiers were summoned. Finally the officers informed the crowd that none of the bodies would be placed in rows or chapel cases but that only one third of the crowd turned away. All of the others however showed great anxiety on their faces, stood firm and these were gradually admitted.

They were taken to the rooms in large groups. The scenes could not be described, and Violet and her sisters saw one woman run screaming from a morgue "That's my father and mother. My husband and children must be dead too for they were visited my parents at the time."

Within a short time after the arrival of the troops investigations of the fatal explosion were under way at Empress Victoria's orders. Many high representatives of the wrecked town and the Mayor and others joined forces in an effort to learn just what caused the huge explosions. The investigators could do little because of the craters in the ground and many big cracks showing the face of the explosions. In the meantime the secret of the blasts rested with sixteen officers of thirteen Glendelminian soldiers all mine workers who

were scattered when the explosion reared fath. Whether they really were captured or not, was not known. National investigators were ordered by wireless to make a survey of other sections of the country with a view to have all other Glendelminian mine workers frustrated in their destructive plans. Among the investigators of the disastrous explosion were eighteen officials who were in Dalhousie when the explosion occurred. The leaders of these men were Jolten Ohamma, Angelina Agatha Henry, Elamton, Farewell City, Cal. George Karmhant, Sebastian, Angelina, Friedrich Hansen, Kramton, Alaynshite, and Edward Karmman, Gloriana, Angelina.

A vivid explosion description was given by a eye witness who was riding in his carriage over the river bridge at the junction of the two rivers in full view of the blast when it let go.

"The great heavy clouds rose thousands of feet into the air like a great thunder head" he said. "It remained intact for an hour, while at the moment it appeared there was a terrific roar that was followed by the crash of buildings and falling glass."

Search Ruins for 30,000
missing in big blast
Idont for bodies continues
600,000 already known dead.

A column of fire and great clouds of earth, debris, smoke and dust including huge rocks shot high into the air. The sight of the most terrific volcanic eruptions, the most huge clouds of smoke of forest fires, the appearance of huge thunder clouds was as nothing compared to the magnitude of the sights caused by this explosion. A most terrific report carried a message of death to an unknown number of persons, and struck fear to the hearts of millions.

The tremendous concussion had reduced 30 happy towns and cities and busy rural districts to ruins. A fall of black smoke mingled with dense clouds of earth and dust turned daylight into darkness for twenty minutes for a distance of 300 miles.

Such was the horrible explosion which 3 days before spread gloom throughout the whole country when 5,000,000 tons of explosion, let go at Wappenedown and Durkalo let go and spread death and destruction throughout the state of Mullencatt, that the whole state of Calvernia was badly shaken.

Windows went out in many buildings in Calvernia one hundred miles away. In that city furniture and persons did freakish acts, clocks stopped, machinery in mills and factories was put out of business. Lighted lamps were toppled over starting so many petty fires that all the fire departments in the city were kept on the run. But the shock did no damage to houses. Many cities and towns felt the same effects as if there was a slight earth quake and many millions of astonishing and laughter making freaks were manifested some almost ghostly and seemingly supernatural.

The explosion occurred about 10 miles away from either towns of Wappenedown or Durkalo, but so great were the clouds of smoke that it seemed to rise from somewhere within the cities themselves according to witnesses. All houses were almost entirely blown twenty feet into the air by the concussion, and wrecked, with a death list of half their populations. Two hundred and twenty one known dead, 50 of them identified. The destruction of three scores of happy homes was the toll in Pandore city from the concussion, 150 miles away.

One hundred and fifty more were missing while more than 2,652 injured had been treated in nineteen Pandore hospitals.

Within the thirty towns hardest hit within three days after reports were sent to the Albriannian government that six hundred thousand bodies had already been recovered, and by the orders of the military were being disposed of by thousands every hour, by burial and fire. Fifty thousand were missing and many hundreds of thousands were rendered homeless. But how far spread the destruction was because of the concussion was not actually known because of the badly interrupted communications. But every city and town in Calvernia sustaining the flood and other big disasters part, reported the symptoms of concussion.

While hundreds of thousands of fresh rescue workers relieved nearly as many tired men who had labored day and night in the ruined towns by aid of the lights of fires, searchlights and flashlights, including bonfires, surviving property owners sought to estimate the magnitude of destruction and the cost in dollars. No responsible official or business man however could make a more accurate guess than that the loss would run into millions of dollars.

The damage to even gas tanks in the cities and towns, which were shaken out of shape or from their fastenings, or caused to explode by the violence of the concussion would be in excess of \$1,000,000 per tank. And all about these hundreds of gas tanks, factories and houses were a twisted mass of wreckage. Violet and her sisters went to view the wreck of one of these gas tanks and commented on the unusual force of so far away an explosion that would even cause a gas tank to ignite and blow up from the mere concussion, hurling columns of fire and tons of steel high into the air with a terrific report and tremendous concussion of its own, reducing scores of homes and busy factories to further ruin, and causing extra death.

This tank that Violet and her sisters viewed with astonishment was a 10,000,000 cubic foot gas storage tank of the John and Peter Gas company at Selkirk and Glendale streets, west side, where gas ignited during the concussion through some unknown cause let go with the force of a volcanic eruption and spread further death and destruction thruout the neighborhood. 61 others were killed by the gas explosion, only 10 identified and who had been located. 90 more were missing. More than 2,000 were injured. In the 30 towns about 100 gas tank disasters of this kind were reported.

Even though three days had passed since this mighty explosion, daylight of the fourth found firemen, police and rescue workers still hard at the task of searching the ruins of the cities and towns for bodies of the thousands of missing believed to have been trapped beneath the debris of the fallen buildings.

In all parts of the wrecked cities and towns dangerously sagging walls were pulled down and the ruins themselves were dredged for possible

victims while the thirty towns and cities apiece had many fierce conflagrations which a hundred fire departments could not bring under control. The Gov. Council of these cities and even the state public service commission began investigations of the reason why gas tanks should blow up at the concussion of a far distant explosion. The secret however may rest with employees of these many Gas Companies some who were still on duty when the explosions earth shaking concussion caused the Gas tanks in all the 30 cities to go simultaneously.

All the employees are believed to have met death. Tanks that didn't go off were said to have been empty for months. Therefore the cause is unknown.

Witnesses to the main outside explosion said they saw an enormous eruption of fire seen as high as clouds from a volcano crater. They heard the explosion and saw the flames even drop to the ground. Every city or town nearest the explosion was bombarded with wreckage from the explosion which fell from the sky like a great cloud, burst of shrapnel. The cities fell. Windows and walls cracked and tall buildings shook, and billions of pieces of furniture danced up and down more than one hundred and fifty miles from the scene.

The report could be heard for fifty miles. Nine hundred million telephone and telegraph lines were put out of commission. Water mains burst from the concussion on cities 100 miles away.

In these far away cities all the firemen and policemen proved themselves heroes by rushing into the heart of the trouble and while some roofs were collapsing and walls too carried

women and children out of their wrecked homes. In Calverine hundreds of fire apparatus, thousands of private automobiles and countless commercial vehicles were utilized to rush injured to the hospital. Many homes were searched for injured. All these streets were flooded by water escaping from broken mains and through this the rescue workers plunged to aid people lying unconscious in their yards, or screaming where they were hurled.

Fires started in some of the slightly wrecked houses of Pandora city, and in many cases large numbers of persons were carried, stunned out of their burning houses. One man who had been stunned by plaster hitting him on the head and who was lying against the door of a burning room, was saved. Children were also rescued from a burning house.

Even in Calverine some of the most pathetic scenes of the tragedy were enacted at the entrance of morgues and at various hospitals where relatives of victims congregated. But however only those who might be able to identify victims were permitted to view the bodies, or see the injured.

Throughout the whole region shaken by the explosion all insurance companies announced that most losses will have to be borne by the individual owners of property, as the damage was almost all due to explosion and its far reaching concussion which unfortunately is not covered in the standard Abbeconian fire insurance policies.

In the hundreds of places shaken by the explosion heroism was not observed only among the vast army of rescue workers. Patients in thousands of hospitals to which victims were taken begged that doctors and nurses give all their attention

to the injured. Men caught in debris asked that they be left until women and children had been rescued. Pupils in hundreds of schools of Calverine and Pandora who were showered by flying glass kept cool and there was no disorder.

Hardly had the severberations ceased when movements were on foot to provide food and shelter for the millions deprived of their homes. The Calverinian state council voted \$100,000,000 for this purpose and an enormous flood of subscriptions came into the Red Cross which hurried clothing and food to the needy as fast as possible.

The city of Pandora ordered all private buildings set aside for needy refugees and shelter was provided in Francis Anna, Zuma Gustipolis and other easily available towns.

Mullen cath State swept
by flood. Hundreds of
thousands flee. Many millions
lost. Grotaria, and other towns
flooded.

November 30 1927.

The steadily mounting death toll in the thirty
cities and towns of Mullen cath and property damage
of unknown score of millions, which was witnessed
by many sections of Christian armies in passing
through that section on the way to reinforce gen.
Vinnas army, which was now also on the march
was indicated in reports to be greatly added
from many flood ravaged towns of the same
states.

Every Christian officer, every person of high
office had received unconfirmed reports by messengers
and wireless telegraphy that from 13,187
to 15,219 persons lost their lives in the
city of Grotaria alone, which was suddenly
engulfed in a tremendous flood, when a
large reservoir gave way before the concussion
of the explosion.

What was most most fortunate was that contrary
to all other past disasters the towns wrecked
by the explosions were not touched by the
flood flood though the edge of the flood was
not far away. A score of thousands or more
of other deaths were reported from the Counties
of Mellenheid, Concoria, and Massaria were
many towns were inundated. Presidents of
many sections spent 10 days or nights in dark-
ness and seen upon scores of thousands of
families forced from their flooded homes took
to the higher ground and fled to refuge
within the camps of rapidly arising Christ-
ian armies.

The generals in charge were surprised at
the numbers of army refugees and at first
did not know what other calamity had
occurred. Many of the refugees were
questioned by officers and men, and
received many harrowing stories of privation

poverty, loss and so on. The army which had
been sent after the Glondelinian armies, retreat-
ing from Cedernine Creek had to leave a small party
behind to take care of the homeless. The flood
conditions extended into parts of Southwestern Calvernia
where a fierce 70 mile southwest wind whipped
the flood waters into a fury crops being
destroyed and railroad lines washed out.

This new turn of events made the armies angry
and excited.

Disaster after disaster had smote Calvernia and
other states unmercifully, and every one was caused by
the Glondelinians. There was no telling how many soldiers
had loved ones and dear friends victims of these great
calamities throughout whole war torn land.
On account of the past flood disasters
the same numbers of persons were still
homeless, and the great majority of those
two by floods still existed hundreds
of towns still being under water, and only
the biggest surviving cities were only partially
repaired with, while the others because of
lack of material was not even begun
with.

Wife. If all the refugees were housed in
other cities, and others still cared for
in immense Red Cross Camps almost draining
the resources of the other states. And
now this new disaster was added, by
quite a number before Violet and her sisters
did not know why the enemy really did
all this. Many spies, thousands of them
had been sent to various Glondelinian
armies, and high authorities to find out the
real cause of these disasters but every one
of them have been unsuccessful. No one revealed
anything except to only make comment on
the disasters or to hold conversation of no
importance. What surprised the armies
the most however was that Governors
and members of Calvernia, where office was

Pandora lost his life in the flood, which had engulfed Gratoria according to a wireless telegram from a signal station at Hattoria, signed by a war correspondent of the Angelina Agatha Associated Press. The message said also that an unknown number of persons were dead in the neighboring city of Carthage. The message reported that the waters of the flood had risen to a depth of thirty, that 70,000 persons were marooned in their homes, and that the Red Cross was hard put because of the consequences of the past disasters, in their efforts of dispensing food and relief. The correspondent's message which was received by General Viriam follows:

"Hattoria July 31 1913 (6.30 A.M.)
(By Telegraph via Hattoria Calvernia.)

Gratoria and Central Mullencatt State experiencing worse flood in history since those of Central Calvernia and Angelina of June. Extent of damage unknown. No check yet on loss of life. Mine explosion cause. The flood has been continuing for the last 38 hours. Property loss may reach hundreds of millions. Because of the results of past disasters Red Cross having great difficulty in distributing food and provisions. Doctors too few. Physicians requested from other nations. All communication except by wireless telegraph cut off. Report of 1,000 drowned in city of Carthage not confirmed. Thousands of thrilling rescues of life occurred. Many thousands of survivors still marooned in all tall buildings with flood running 30 feet in depth. Many houses swept away. General Daniel S. Saunders of Calvernia state reported drowned in Carthage.

Sight and power off for nearly two days in all flooded towns. Many big bridges, highways and railroad tracks carried away. Hundreds of farms under water. Communications cannot be restored for weeks. Electric plants of all towns struck by

flood under water. It might surely turn out to be the greatest flood catastrophe in the history of Calvernia since last June and in Gratoria probably over fifteen thousand persons lost their lives and damage to the city had occurred which may reach as high as \$150,000,000."

Angelina Agatha War Correspondent.
Associated Press."

Whether the reports were confirmed or not there were some indications in some sections that the tragedy might be a far greater one than that of June if it continues longer. Word had been received by general Viriam during the advance of general Viriam's army, that the mine explosion that wrecked 30 towns and cities caused the collapse of 3 or 4 huge reservoirs which had flooded Gratoria and other cities with heavy loss of life. According to these reports the death list may run from 37,137 to 43,212.

General Viriam while the army was advanced tried to reach Gratoria but that the city was isolated, and the army had to cross on pontoons. Frantic efforts to get definite word to the army from there failed. Since July 29th not a word had come from the city where the water was running twenty feet deep in every street and many houses were laid low.

Every section of the army in advancing was divided by the flood and reported to each commander when that chaos of rail-road communication and transportation by the flood was probably unparalleled. The army was far divided by immensely strong in sections and the section under Kinderosine declared that all sections of Calvernia was cut off from rail communication even from Angelina, Abbreinnia and Abbreinnia, except through Angelina Agatha City on the Abbreinnia Pontinnia and Calvernia. All other trains of many

lines with all Ablesannian States either were stalled or a whole day late and with prospects of getting through indefinite. Many of all the flooded areas in this section of Calvernia were the same areas that supply all near portions of Calvernia with milk and other supplies and officials of the Angelina Agatha and Main railroad said only 1 per cent of the milk supply would reach the Angelina Agatha City itself.

Delays also affected trains bringing relief and many perishable products. The Ablesannia, Bondina and Calvernia road placed an embargo on the receiving and shipment of all freight out of the Angelina Agatha yards. An official of the road said the emergency was the greatest in 60 years if not in the history of the road.

Violet and her sisters during the advance of the army saw lots of the flood, at some places like a sea with many houses floating in the water. As they rode with the marching soldiers alongside the edge of the flood watching for signs of victims on house tops or floating rafts and debris, they took in the view of the flood to their hearts content though I do not say they enjoyed it in the least.

Houses were swept past them by the sea, and lots of drift and trees and furniture that could float, but no human beings though they saw lots of dead animals floating in the water, trunks and even fragments of wooden railroad bridges. The water moved at a rate of ten miles an hour and looked muddy and dreadful. All of the soldiers observed the scene with grim faces but being at "attention" they spoke not.

But what might be their thoughts? And how many of these soldiers in the army knew that the flood victims might be their fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, other relatives and friends. Even how few in numbers were the generals and other officers of every rank that did not fear for the safety of their loved ones, and friends.

Violet and her sisters were had thoughts on their own minds. They wondered what the governments of Calvernia's sister States were going to do about the disasters. And why did the enemy do it?

It was not to stop advancing Christian armies, they knew that. They suspected something out of the long and short of it, but what ever it was they could never make out. Sometimes they were tempted to try and find out for themselves, but it was such a difficult and dangerous job they did not like to try it, since so many had tried it and failed.

After about six hours of marching they arrived at a town called Meltonville where only sixteen out of 1,000 houses were left and where 1,000 men had been swept to death by the waters of Carleton River which had become a sea.

These sixteen houses could be seen half way out of the water, and where it was said hundreds were marooned without lights of any kind, gas or drinking water or food.

At this point all facilities had been taxed to the utmost for those more fortunate to care for the flood victims in Meltonville as all roads leading out of the city or into it are impassable, railroads, telephone and telegraph lines are impassable with little relief from flood conditions being in sight.

And rain had fallen in heavy showers at intervals during the last few days and the weather forecasts were promising

severe and heavy thunder storm. The officers of this section of the army, knowing the water was quite stationary at this point decided to effect the rescue of the people marooned in those wooden houses which were three miles away from dry land.

Many of the soldiers, hundreds of them being good swimmers went out into the water, secured the floating debris of any size, and those who swam out with strong ropes tied the wreckage into rafts of all sizes and drew them ashore.

With this a secure pontoon bridge was started. Planks were used from old barns they ripped down and when night fall came the pontoon bridge was nearly completed.

But the approach of night did not stop the work which went on till midnight in a terrific down pour of rain.

For the rest of the night the fury of the elements prevented any rescue work, but as soon as morning approached the rescue work was begun. A good number of large row boats were secured and these were directed toward the sixteen big houses remaining half out of the water.

The rescue work proceeded pretty good for a time and about one hundred and fifty were brought by the twenty boats to the pontoon bridge and landed and helped across to land. But it took four hours of difficult work to get that many to the pontoon bridge and time and again one of the boats had been captured and the occupants rescued by soldiers on the pontoon. By the time they got the next boat back on, through some accident the pontoon broke apart in the middle and let about thirty of the people, rescued with such difficulty drop into the water besides plunging Violet and her sisters, six officers and a general, and five hundred men

into the flood. The soldiers and Violet and her sisters though they received a good ducking being good swimmers managed to easily save themselves but it took the most hasty and desperate kind of work to save the others.

Violet and her sisters brought children of their own age safely ashore while the others too were rescued by some of the soldiers who were thrown into the water.

Now there was extra work to be done to repair the pontoon which took till night to accomplish with the flood remaining at the same level.

And there were about three hundred and fifty more people to be rescued. Fortunately that night was clear with a bright moon and by the light of big bonfires on shore the rescue work continued until in morning only fifty persons remained to be rescued out of a brick building.

But this was to be the most difficult problem. The water was rushing pretty fast past and around this house so swift that any boat could maintain no position there. Soldiers therefore proposed an extension of the pontoon bridge toward this house, but the army engineers declared it wouldn't hold. Therefore a new plan was resorted to, strong sticks were fastened upright to the side of the pontoon bridge. Then long ropes were fastened to these and the other end thrown toward the window of the building. This at the direction of the soldiers was fastened to some strong object inside. Then one by one the fifty worked their way hand over hand to the pontoon bridge as directed and all were saved just as a portion of the building curved in.

Also to the heaviness of one of the

the soldiers the town of Punkin Center with 1932 inhabitants was the surprising news that not a single life was lost when the concussion of the explosion burst a big mountain reservoir and let loose a most tremendous torrent down upon the village. The hero was unknown - but when the walls of the dam began to fall in after the vibration, he secured an old automobile and drove it at a "speed demon" rate through the village warning every one to flee. It is believed all heeded the warning and reached safely before the wall of water struck the town like a tidal wave.

Very few had time to even save their belongings or take anything with them. The tremendous rush of water swept away all of the residences business places and other buildings making the whole 1932 persons absolutely homeless, and causing at least \$3,100,000 damage.

The inhabitants who had reached places of safety witnessed the destruction of the homes and precious possessions. They saw the houses carried away like chaff, or shattered to pieces when the water struck. Within half an hour where the town had stood there was now a wild waste of crazily rushing waters thundering and foaming past.

About thirty persons whose homes were directly in the path of the flood when warned of the break in the reservoir climbed to the second story as the water struck the buildings and carried them from their foundations.

One clung to the house and rode down stream until his refuge was by a tree that withstood the flood. He caught a branch and swung from the house as the water carried the building along.

Seven others came to his assistance by bridging to him with many boards across the stream and brought him safely ashore. The house holding nine grounded against a ledge and flocks of people swarmed to the scene took the risk of clambering over the broken bridge, and after perilous work rescued the six. One rescuer fell into the water, and was swept under the bridge, but a rope was thrown to him and he was hauled ashore.

The eighth and ninth person were rescued after thrilling difficulty. They were astride of a house top and were swept past a crowd on the shore. Ropes and lines were thrown and shot to them but fell short. The crowd ran along the shore following the floating house until finally it struck a mass of drift which parted into three sections with great noise.

This slightly changed the course of the house and it finally grounded.

Lines were finally thrown again, and after repeated efforts were finally hauled ashore. Three others had the same experience, and were rescued after greater difficulty.

Four men, seeing that their floating house was going to collapse threw themselves into the water.

Ropes were thrown to them and they were rescued.

Three others were thrown into the water, a man, his wife and child when their floating house parted.

The mother was separated, but each was rescued half a mile from each other the little boy first.

Four others in a house were rescued in

a strange way. They were in the upper story of their floating house and the rope that had been thrown to them crossed a chimney pulling the rescuer into the water with a big splash. He retained his hold on the rope however the rest of the coil of which was under his arm. He let the rope slack, and swam ashore. A strong house was secured, and the other end of the rope being fastened on the bulle, a man mounted, grabbed the rope firmly in his hand and urging the horse forward towed the house ashore like a boat and the four were easily rescued.

The six others were rescued in a singular way.

They were in a big wooden house which landed against a big tree that so far had resisted the flood successfully. The house remained there but turned around for a while as if on a pivot within full sight of thousands on shore. As the water at this point moved slowly men holding rope swam out to the house and fastened the ends where ever possible. Then they swam back returing possession of the other ends. Then scores of people got hold of the rope and pulled the house ashore so that after the water had gone out from the second story, the inmates were easily rescued.

The Pandera News said:

"Pandera N. C. July 31 -th. (Special)
Southeastern California is still in the grip of the worst flood in its history since June East with scores of towns and hundreds of villages wiped out. Scores of cities are

cut off from the outside world with thousands of lives reported lost and with damage to railroads, highways, power lines, telephone circuits, manufacturing plants and private homes running into the scores of millions. The Colorado River receiving flood water became higher than ever in its history wiping out bridges, flooding the historic battle field and inundating Collier, Stanch, Deadrich Junction and Nelkenburg.

The Rio Grande river inundated its valley and it and the Eva St. Clare Creek now at tremendous flood heights are joining the Mc Hollister Run at Mc Hollister city and pouring an immense expanse of water southward in the direction of Dell, Seaman, and Glendon raising the Mc Hollister River at the rate of six inches an hour, wide as it is.

Nelkenburgs population of 100,000 was marooned to day when bridges connecting the city with Stanch fell before the rushing waters of the big river.

Governor Saunders of California drowned.
 20,000 drowned in Mullon catt
 state flood. No Chungking and
 Idachick Junction buckly he? by
 Christian army marching across portion of flood.

The explosion which had wrecked 30 cities and towns did some unusual things. It happened that a big dam at Pawtucket had gone out and though the water had not yet touched the town all the people were panic stricken and were making hasty preparations to leave taking what they could of their belongings with them. Many hundreds in this town were lined up in front of bulletin boards awaiting further news.

First word from Gratiot said to be the center of the flood disaster came to the city of Pawtucket by telegraph from Sunshine Crossroads saying that medical aid and food was desperately needed. A report was also received at the New Holston and Pandora, Daily News office on the afternoon of July 30 that the death of Governor Saunders, and about 20,000 other persons at Gratiot and Barret was as verified in a telegraph message received at many places.

Seventeen other persons of important rank including six town Mayors and 64 barrets and one Baron also were reported to have lost their lives throughout the flood zone as a wire less telegraph message from the Pandora Daily News to the Angelina Algaatha Associated Press and picked up by a railroad station agent. This message the first report in any detail received from Barret in 34 hours placed the property damage in Barret at over \$20,000,000.

Governor Saunders body was found the day before according to the message in Alto Creek where the flood after draining him left him. He might have been drowned while attempting to escape

the torrent. This news caused apprehension to be increased everywhere especially over the fate of the flood swept city of Gratiot in which no direct word has been received. Even the other reservoirs had given way with unusual loss of life. The first word received from Zanna Gualopolis by the Associated Press on the 31st was a telegram from the Zanna Gualopolis messenger that afternoon as follows:

"Big loss of life reported throughout the flooded zone. We are making attempts to confirm the Rumors. We also are practically isolated here. The most extraordinary damage from the flood is apparent. The whole flood region is cut off with the outside world. Governor Saunders is drowned. 20,000 perished."

In Pawtucket most of the people had left by the time a portion of the Christian army arrived there, in which the Virgin Girls were. Defying the flood a certain number of the people had remained and offered their homes as the soldiers arrived but the officers thanked them warned them to go before the flood came and said the army had no time to stop. Some of the citizens followed after the advancing army and one of the men said who to Evans who was riding along with Violet and her sisters.

"What do you think of these floods and other disasters that the enemy are making?"

"Well see to make a long story short I am not able to think anything of it."

"Think nothing of it? Why general its awful."

"I know it in my mind. But you do not understand my mind. I mean I cannot

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comprehend them at all. They beat all storm, earthquakes, fire disasters and all other calamities combined.

"What do you think of the enemy now?"

"I'm sorry my friend but like all Albionians I don't use that kind of language."

"Well general I do not believe its a sin to think of it anyway. But what's your opinion of the magnitude of these disasters, not them particular, but their results?"

Its beyond comprehension. But it sure is going to be a big stain on the whole nation. The Government of Calaverine State and and also of Angelinia and others are exhausted in their efforts to succor the needy. Physicians and Surgeons are badly needed for both army and disaster victims and not one third the number can be procured. Even women refugees had volunteered as Red Cross nurses and many others had been pressed into the service because the need is so great.

"And that is only one eight of it" Violet put in. The whole state of Calaverine and Angelinia and others are still prostrated, are held over, and more paralyzed by the fresh calamities and ruined cities and towns cannot be restored because the war itself taxes the whole nation to the utmost. Even Albionian cannot do half for the disaster victims powerful as she is and has to appeal at last for outside help."

"And we let Glandelinia get away with it" said the man with a sneer.

"It seems that way but I know Glandelinia will pay in the long run" said Evans. "I know Empress Virion and the temper of his Imperial Government. All of our generals are wondering why so many Glandelinian agents and spies are sent to find out what Empress Virion's intentions are. I have some things unusual for he held a council the same time and day general Virion

Virion did. The general, I and the Princesses here alone know what that meeting was but all the tortures of hell wont make us tell."

"Well whatever that is I wish they'd follow out that plan now. I lost my wife and child in the Lake Solicia flood. My brother, sister and aged mother were drowned in last Junes Bay Calaverine flood. Why should such a holy nation like ours which has good people suffer like this?"

"It says in the Bible that God like lets the good suffer and the wicked prosper so that in the end the sufferer appears just before all men."

"That might be true" said the man. But a turning of the worm surely has to come. And it will. Even God Himself. I'm sure wont stand what Glandelinia does."

The army soon left the city behind and was again marching alongside the flood. Fortunately the flood did not hit the town.

Two sections of the Albionian cavalry moved along the edge of the flood from the devastated regions of Fort Ave Marie near Pewterford at orders of general Virion to make an effort to reach Grataria, to learn conditions there and to render aid.

At the same time Major general Charles Brown ordered his whole national army from the left of general Virion's force to skirt the edge of the flood as they marched along. The death list from Mullencatt state of its great flood grew the next day as the water was gradually receding from its high marks in northern Mullencatt State and southwest Calaverine and raced southward in torrents which sent the Mc Wollester Run River and others to dangerous heights. A telegraph message from Fort Ave Marie near Pewterford to general Virion said there were 26,700 known dead in all parts of

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of the flood but as yet did not confirm the areas which this total covered. It was said the body of Governor Saunders was found on a road bed from which the flood was just receding between Graterie and Headrick Junction. He had either been drowned or died of exposure. The body of Governor Saunders caught in the flood while out horse back riding with his wife and children July 30th was recovered the 31st.

There is not the slightest doubt that his wife and children were also drowned. His Secretary was struck by a portion of a floating bridge while going to the governor's rescue and though rescued himself died of his injuries.

Although at least 3,000 persons were dead and material damage ran into the most staggering sums it was feared when full news of the catastrophe which overtook Headrick Junction became known the list of water victims might be greatly increased.

One of the reports that was unconfirmed and which came from Belden River Junction said that the collapse of twelve reservoirs had caused many of the deaths.

In Helenville there was no check on loss of life but light and power were cut off as they were in practically every other place in the central part of the state and many throughout California entirely.

Hundreds of bridges had been carried away by swirling torrents. Water in the Mc Allister Run River was forty feet above normal. Elsewhere throughout that section of California disaster stalked in many forms and with varying intensity. And a record list of the big number of dead showed that these reported dead in fact are but without estimating the

possible fatalities in other towns. Muller catt State led the list with 17,000. Gloria State came next with 1,200 which included 2,000 for Western Muller catt where varying reports placed two or three hundred occupants of a submerged house among the victims.

North California had 40 reported fatalities with a number of men, women and children believed to have been carried away to their death when overwhelmed by the flood at Benton Harbor.

The sections of California outside of Muller catt State suffered only staggering property loss while in Muller catt where the disasters were both explosion and flood great loss of life had occurred. Continued forest fires in many sections of California and an utter inability of many railroads to cope with the extraordinary situation brought on by the two big floods of the past June brought the traffic paralysis which had gripped the entire states of California and Angelina no nearer and end even to day and though it even presented a fresh and greater problem to day it was greatly added by these fresh floods.

Even since the two floods of June and other causes there was in full sway an unusually great milk famine.

Another grave situation which held more immediate peril than before was that of a great food shortage not only in the areas that had been so badly flooded in June but also the other states which been unscathed and the coastal districts.

Hundreds of millions of dollars loss had been sustained by railroads in the myriad bridge losses, freight cars being submerged, countless miles of tracks were being

destruction of animals, landslides and lie ups of all kinds of property. Added to the toll of these two big flood losses of June were countless millions of persons who saw their means of livelihood swept away, and hundreds of thousands of their loved ones drown. And now throughout July other big floods had occurred, & from every section of western California and Northern Angelina from June to July 31 came reports of hundreds of thousands of factories, mills, lumber yards, power plants and other enterprises which had been caught by the series of swirling floods.

Angeline Vine reported 5,000,000 thrown out of employment in that state by the June flood. To day Mullencatt State also reported that 5,00,000 were out of work by swollen mill rivers that received so much water from the bursted dams.

Parts of the army while general Vinson was preparing to cross a part of the flood by means of pontons had a good view of the devastated regions from a high rise of ground and appeared to them like the scenes of the Chenab River flood of June Town, or what remained of them churning about in swift flowing waters. Broad lowlands changed into vast lakes, bursted dams with gaping breaches, state roads traceable only by the tops of abandoned heavy wagons, railroad embankments lined to the steel and oftentimes disappearing entirely beneath the flood.

Forests of trees were half submerged and at one spot where the flood was widest it was almost impossible to see under it.

December 7th 1927. Wednesday
day.

From Infanta Maria Northern California on the corner of Mullencatt state on the Sagar Zoe Rae River stream came news that 1,000,000 were homeless and many towns ruined by the flood and they were under military control for fear enemy warms might take advantage of the disaster and take possession of the towns. Damage to the industries alone was estimated to exceed \$80,875,000. The Sagar Zoe Rae River had received the flood waters, and had reached its highest stage in its history.

Infanta Maria City was literally cut in two when the steel bridges connecting to the opposite section of the city were swept away by the river, which also buckled the Virgin Wilkey Pamela and Heidi Junction railway bridge and sped 10,000,000 feet of valuable lumber down stream. The city was flooded with ten feet of water in the streets and beyond the city the Sagar Zoe Rae River was cascading over a big power Dam at the rate of 1,000,000 cubic feet a second and the flooded city was without light power or railways service as the flooded electric plants shut down to save their generators.

There was grave danger that the walls of the power Dam might give way before the force of the water and fearing a second Central California horror all towns which may be swept were warned by wireless. If the walls of this Dam gave way three times more water than Lake Sebecia held would be let loose. A big fire had started at Delfon Town and an unconfirmed report from the same place said that the entire city of Infanta Maria had been abandoned by its

population who being warned of the approach of the flood fled to the hills and higher ground. Thousands of wooden houses had been swept away, and all lower floors of brick buildings were flooded to the second floor. Infanta Maria which was surrounded by a sea of water is the home of General Robertaria Verranuma, and is not far from Zamaguetopolis the Calvernia Winter Sport home of Emperor Virian and his brother.

The lowest portions of the city was under 21 feet of water while the Sagan Zoe Run saw a continued rise in its waters which had already shot up over fifty five to sixty feet in less than ten hours. Claiming 2000 lives destroyed a push of bridges and wrought damage of exactly \$100,500,000 in the cities of Infanta Maria.

It was a staggering loss in property and it counted 300 dead with the possibility that this might be increased as outlying districts were heard from. 150 road and railroad bridges went down in the vicinity. The only remaining bridges over the Sagan Zoe Run had been steadied by long trains of coal cars weighing 6,000,000 pounds which officials hoped would serve to prevent its breaking down.

Sagan Zoe Run Town although nearly immune from the flood itself by reason of its elevation did not escape the effects of the disaster which overtook its neighbors. All bridges went out including the red ten year old bridge to the opposite city of Maldon which was less fortunate having eight feet of water in its highest streets and 7000 houses swept away.

The people of this city were surprised by the flood and had no chance to get away and were massacred in their homes. How many perished in the homes that were swept away was not given.

Emperor Virian from Angaloria Agatha had ordered several army railroad trains to run from Pandora over the Albrannia Bondoria and Calvernia to the flood area in the hope of obtaining information as to the extent of the disaster. Emperor Verran also directed his War Prime Minister to confer with the Mayors of the stricken cities if possible to ascertain if the harm equals that of June and to find out if the National Government can be of any aid to the flooded Country districts in meeting relief demands. And also to ascertain the extent of the explosion disaster and the big fires repeated sweeping the states forests.

The Emperor was greatly concerned and terribly worried over the flood reports and expected all investigators to bring back as much information which will help him to formulate all plans of relief within the Nations means, and to have people whose towns were swept away sent to other cities if necessary.

Under direction of the Emperor the Imperial War department also instructed Mayor general May Brownie commander of the Mobilization Camps at Pandora to exert every effort to ascertain the real cause of the flood and to direct necessary relief measures to towns not in the path of general Virian advancing armies.

The Prime Minister said after a call at the Imperial Palace that it would be left entirely with generals Virian and Idanson, what should be done in the flood zone and they'll furnish all relief in their power while general

Bureau of the Mobilization camp at Pandora found it necessary to send increased relief supplies on men the army headquarters at that city will furnish them. The Prime Minister said he had received word his home town of Infanta Maria had been inundated. He was informed his wife and children are safe having gone to higher ground with other residents of the city.

The report also said the flood also had done immense damage about Empress Viriana's ancestral home at Graciosa but those familiar with the lay of the land there believed Empress Viriana's home is on too high ground to be reached by the rising waters.

The deep concern felt by Empress Viriana caused the Red Cross to compile a special report for him on July 31st describing the situation as becoming increasingly serious.

The Red Cross informed the Emperor that it was terribly short of members to provide relief and that the first refugees are not being cared for.

Emperor Viriana was sure angry over the grave situation caused by this recent disaster but being a man as he was he was becoming quite discouraged. By the two June disasters nearly a quarter of the nation's resources had been swept away, while the disasters of the other months of the war had been a terrible drain on the nation.

The terrible floods of Lake Selicia, McWhirther Run the flood horrors of November 1912 and Chen of the two big ones of June 1913 had rendered 25,000,000 homeless out of which even now the government had been able to provide

shelter for only 50,000,000 and for this huge number remaining homeless there were only 15,000 Red Cross Nurses, 10,000 physicians, 4,000 surgeons and 12,000 Internists. The various armies had 1,000,000 doctors and surgeons too few indeed for such immense numbers of wounded, and less than 200,000 Red Cross Nurses, that is those experienced.

And so far the full cost of maintaining the supremacy of the Abbeonion flag during the first year and half of the war could be only partly shown by the following statistics.

"The Glandic-Abbeonion war, cost Abbeonion including all the expenses going out of it and learning out every cost for all disasters, so was up to July 26 1919, 224,589,687

Total number of refugees to be cared for and mostly all women and children 632,858,000.

Total number of troops all volunteers enrolled for Abbeonion was 929,859,999. Number killed in battle?

Died of wounds?

Total number of Christian lives given up in defence of the flag and freedom for child slaves was?

During all that time there had been many disasters of awful magnitude, and no record could be made of the sorrow and anguish of the wives mothers fathers sisters and sweethearts of those who lost their lives in these disasters or who sorrowed for the soldiers who fell in battle, or of the sufferings and hardships endured by disaster victims, and Christian armies combined. After receiving as much detail of the new disaster as could be obtained not only from reporters and correspondents but from General Viriana and his officers as well, and confirmed by his daughters Empress gave

notice that he desired to be alone for the rest of the day. He wished to study over the matter. There is one thing that the Emperor felt sure of. And that was if the Cadornine battle had not turned out to be a Christian victory, he might have some reason to be discouraged. But the victory gave him some hope. Yet otherwise he did not know what to do especially as he read this message from general Vinium a second time -

9:30 p.m. - Gratoria and Mullen catt and Calvernia experiencing second worst flood and explosion disaster in history. No one can yet estimate the extent of damage. There is no check yet on loss of life. Big forest fire has been burning for the last twenty eight hours. Property loss may reach that of M. W. further down.

Red Cross distributing small ration. All communication except by wireless cut off. Report 20,000 killed unconfirmed.

Thousands of thrilling rescues of life occurred. Many hundreds of thousands still marooned in towns and cities. Water forty feet above normal. Water everywhere.

General Saunders of Calvernia reported killed near Gratoria. No light or power. Hundreds of bridges, many highways, and railroad tracks carried away. Hundreds of farms under water. It will be weeks before railroad communication can be resumed. I have had no communication with no one but you. I was trying to keep in communication with general Dancons army who is entering the Mullen catt flood and received a thrilling story that he was barred by the flood and therefore took all chances to cross it.

by frontiers which I will try myself as I wish to have Manley retreat toward Evangelina St. Clare. Will give you more news later except to say that although I have been making attempts ever since with a representative of the Associated Angelina Agatha Press for the immediate relaying of a message from general Kindermine nothing has come. Gen. Vinium.

He also had received reports that an Altheanvian National railway train had run into a wash-out at Wicks near Belden Springs but that there were no loss in life though efforts to confirm the report were unsuccessful because of such a general tie up of all communication lines between Pendera Calvernia and Angelina Agatha. A telegraph company revealed some news to the effect that a portion of Calvernia was flooded with 10 feet of water and that the residents had been driven to the upper stories. Ten feet of water was also flowing through the village of Richdell where a landslide believed to have been caused by flood disrupted long distanced telephonic communications between many sections of Calvernia. The exact location of the landslide was not given.

The complete destruction of the Mullen catt village of Beauty Same near Calvernia was also reported to Emperor Vinium by a staff reporter who penetrated the flooded district and finally reached Calvernia. There was no loss of life at Beauty Same, the inhabitants having the alarm in time to flee their homes but most of them lost all their belongings, he reported. This got Emperor Vinium

very badly worked up. He walked up and down in his room for about an hour. He could not understand how these disasters could be. Even to tell the truth he did not know what he should do. And if he did do nothing the people would think he did not care at all.

But the Emperor loved the nation he ruled and all his people and in his heart felt angrier than any description could tell over the disasters.

He decided to hold a council a general council lasting three days, and to hold it with the most learned members of his advisory and General Dangers only. But before he could start the council General Dangers must be located first.

So many couriers were sent to locate him as well as telegrams to all parts of the country. For over these disasters Emperor Vianon felt sure that the nation was at stake. And also he believed that the enemy was creating the disasters to cause the nation to pay more attention to the calamities than to the Glandelinian armies, and to also put the Christian armies everywhere off their guard. But so far that plan of the enemy if true had not worked.

Number of dead caused by flood. 95,000
as 32 cities, and towns work to clean
away debris. Scores of thousands of
homes devastated.

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As the first of August arrived and daylight once more came to the flooded sections of Muller-lath and Calverinia the day dawned on a scene of widespread desolation where more than 100,000 were predicted to have lost their lives.

Most of the army had crossed this section of the flood by means of strongly constructed pontoon bridges over the flood however where the waters was not swift. The army officers of general Wansons army reported heavy loss of life in the Sagen P Zee Ruc Run river valley which was confirmed by staff correspondents of various newspapers. Concerns who went by sight from Calverinia to Gratoria. And by this survey the toll of flood victims was said to reach 132,000 persons.

This news was enough to alarm any nation. To tell the truth the Albreannian nation had its hands full to almost its capacity. Out of the more than 250,000,000 people rendered helpless, destitute and homeless by the floods of Aresalong Run and Central and Northern Calverinia only really another had found shelter because many cities not destroyed, were in possession of the Glandelinian vandal armies. Those possessed by the Federals had no room for such a number of refugees and even the military or the government had not enough tents made to accommodate all the remaining refugees. Those who dared to remain in their ruined homes were exposed to all kinds of danger, weather fire and the enemy as well and all the population that had been affected by the flood were in danger from an immense plague that was destroying 10,000 lives.

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per day. Though it was past July over 2 quarters of the two big floods remained. 30000 big forest fires were raging, with no check whatever, and a complication of other disasters had occurred and it looked as if one quarter of the property of both states had been wiped out, and 20000000 fugitives were fleeing frantically before the flames while men and women and even children of the holder sect stayed behind, or came from big cities and towns to try all means to check the big fires.

700000 were out fighting these fires and. I'm not counting the biggest fire of all raging in southeastern Calvernia.

These series of disasters adding to the biggest ones just past handicapped the two states and they had to look to their mother states for aid.

The Christian crosses who know of the disasters instead of being discouraged wanted to strike telling blows. While the army was crossing slowly on pontons the Vivian Girls riding on their horses were conversing excitedly about the new disaster with Penned and Redcliff.

"What did you say the reports of the dead was?" asked Violet.

"Why one of the investigators told me that the number of known dead in this new flood disaster caused by the mine explosion stood at 132000 this morning. The belated and came off the loss of life to general Vivian."

"How awful" said Violet. And what was the property loss?"

"Why the property loss was estimated at more than \$500,000,000."

Violet and her sisters looked at him in surprise.

"Why Penned" said Jennie. I believe you know that awful figure. I'm comfortable."

"Well that may be" answered the lad. But then I'm making no prediction. I'm only giving information of what I heard."

"But where did the first report come from?" asked Jace.

From Pandae. And the message from there since yesterday morning reported only one hundred drowned at Calvernia. Reports of two hundred thousand dead proved untrue but the capital city was sadly stricken and is restoring food and refugees, other flood victims Southwest of Calvernia in the Sogan Rase Run valley to Infanta Maria there apparently has been a great loss of life of 40,000 as the waters over whelmed many towns cities, and farming communities."

Violet and her sisters however believed that as all that was excitedly reported by wireless, telephone, telegraph, messengers, and a perfect circulation of newspapers. So Catherine asked:

"Did Governor Saunderson really perish?"

"Yes."

"How did you find out?"

"By confirmed news."

"From where?"

"From Calvernia."

"How did it state?"

Like this: Confirmation comes to all cities and towns that Governor Saunderson of Calvernia was drowned at Gratoria.

Seventeen thousand known dead were reported from there and there are some reports that 13000 others died there."

"How awful" said Idette with true regret and he did so much to aid the flood victims of last June."

"Maybe he gave his life to aid victims in this new flood" said Daisy.

"I'll bet that's true too" declared Angelina with great feeling.

According to the latest reports which were seen in the paper that Pennod showed them the known dead were in the following named cities. Then known to be flood hit.

Gratonia-----	17,000	North Heidi-----	2,000
Budget-----	1,000	Richgood-----	10,000
Grants-----	1,000	Remington-----	1,000
Idendro-----	1,000	Ruth-----	3,000
Infants M.-----	25,000	Salmon-----	3,000
Pahstonia-----	1,000	Helena-----	26,000
Helte-----	1,000	West Shell-----	4,000
Milton-----	2,000	Shannonia-----	1,000
Kilo-----	1,000	West Heidi-----	1,000
Genito-----	1,000	Headrick-----	1,000
Mullen-----	2,000	Shilo-----	1,000
Total-----	53,000	Total-----	53,000

"Why that two times 53" said Jace. "That makes 106. You said 132,000 Pennod".
 "I did, but there are the known cities and towns" answered the lad. "If the loss is as big as that it would add maybe 26,000 more from the unknown places".

"How right you are said Jemma. But how is the situation and what are the Counties or states affected?"

"Only Calvernia and Mullencath states."

"What Counties?"

"Well the situation in the States chiefly affected are as follows."

"Mullencath Cities and towns affected badly by explosion in their first message to the outer world reports only 1,000 refugees drowned but great property loss doubled and great fires raging. 2,441 were said to have lost their lives in the Little Rock Rose Creek valley. The

situation in North Mullencath state is little known and reports of dead range from 3,000 to 4,000. St. Muldred reports \$20,000,000 loss. The names of the Counties are not mentioned, but it is said that big rivers and their branches swollen by the flood continue to rise isolating four fifths of the state of Calvernia. Thousands of industries are paralyzed all kinds of traffic is halted and big cities are menaced. The government has called the the legislature to enact relief measures."

Violet and her sisters were about to doubt this as it seemed about too great to be real. If it was so it was a quarter as big as the Central Calvernia flood. They dreaded the consequences of these disasters following one after another so rapidly. Pennod continued -

"West Elmdown County was flooded by a bursted dike. One hundred and twelve miles of land there is flooded and a large army of residents were rescued from their homes."

"And I see here" said Idette pointing to a column in the paper "that the Norma Run River receiving the flood is rising and that 11,672 men women and children are requiring sand bag levees to save Calvernia from being flooded further and consequent loss of ^{eight} life and power. Outskirt parts of Calvernia City reported flood losses of \$31,000,000 but with few lives lost."

"That is terrible just the same said Catherine. "If the flood gets worse we don't know what will happen there."

"Yes and it said here" continued Idette that Governor Saunders had formed a relief Committee and tried to do what he could to get aid to the stricken districts and was drowned in going to Calvernia to get help. Angelina State though afflicted is preparing to send immediate physicians nurses food shelter and soldiers. How can we do it?"

"She can do it easily enough" said Joe. You know it was Northern Angelina that was inundated and only a portion. The south aided the north and also California. She can aid California now."

"And now your father, the Emperor has ordered relief as far as possible" said Pernod.

"Yes but we are terribly short of Red Cross" said Pernod.

"That makes no difference"

"It don't?"

"No"

"Why?"

"There are plenty of women in the country to be drafted into that service"

"Why Pernod you're a life saver" cried the girls. "We'll telegraph that advice to father as soon as the worry makes a halt. But other things must be done."

"What is that?"

"Inactive armies must be ordered to strengthen other levees as weakened dams at reservoirs as near as Grace Land, Mullencath where 20,000 persons had fled from the towns in panic add to the menace."

"What weakened them?"

"The explosion in Mullencath State."

"Did the concussion reach that far?" asked Pernod in surprise.

"Yes"

"And now swelling torrents are rushing down the Norma and Mc Hollister Run river valleys causing grave concern to officials and residents in fifty mill cities" said Jennie.

"The news declares that the breach of the flood is almost certain to be breached to morrow morning however and it is hoped that the dams and levees will hold that long."

"And if they don't -" began Daisy. "Good night" - Jennie had Angelina and the next

"But there is some good news" said Redcliff. "It says here in the paper that the waters are receding in some of the stricken areas but that it leaves the result nevertheless."

"Yes and yet there is no definite word that can be obtained as to whether the conditions are improving in the place hit hardest" said Pernod.

"Why is that?"

"Because complete disruption of all the communication by rail, road and wire has cut off the outside world from hope of any news and at the same time is presenting the most terrible difficulties for advancing relief parties."

"There are also unconfirmed reports stating that the residents of towns on middle eastern California on the Evangeline St. Clare valleys have been ordered to vacate their homes in fear of possible breaking of Eva St. Clare dam" said Pernod.

"Was that also affected by the explosion in Mullencath State?"

"Yes"

"And what complicates things" added Redcliff "is continuing forest fires in many places and utter inability of two thousand railroad lines to cope with the extraordinary situations left by the big June flood and other disasters."

"What does it do?" asked the girls.

"Why its bringing on a traffic paralysis which has not only gripped the entire area, and showing no end of which the world never saw the like."

"That is immense indeed" said Violet.

"And it is easy to compare the difficulties caused by it" said Pernod.

"How?"

"Well California is as large as Europe and Asia combined" he said "Well there is as much railroad lines laid up there"

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disasters that if it happened in the United States and Canada, all railroads connecting with all cities and towns would be paralyzed, all communication would be fully cut off in all ways, and if something was not being done might, such a hundred million people would be facing a famine."

"Well?"

"That is just what is going to happen in Calavernia."

"But surely the Government is doing all it can to avert such a disaster," said the news princess in a perfect duet.

"Yes but very little is being done," argued Pennod. "There is too much traffic transportation being tied up, so that few trains of provisions can reach the districts at a time. And men sent to repair railroad tracks and bridges claim the work is progressing slow because there is either interference by the enemy or a shortage of materials and bridge engineers. And hundreds of railroad lines are still cut off by the big sections of the June floods still remaining, with added complications by forest fires, Glandelinian armies, and this flood now raging. To make matters still more difficult and serious the armies of our side has most of the physicians, surgeons, doctors, internes and Red Cross nurses and though women can be drafted for the latter, men cannot be conscripted for doctors, as few are experienced for such a vocation."

There are many cities and towns which though remaining are wrecked beyond repair, unknown numbers are wiped out and nearly more people are homeless and destitute than we have active armies of soldiers in the fields and there is no room hardly in all other

cities to refugees there, and standing armies of mobilization camps can take care of only one third of them. And for every new disaster, fresh numbers are being added to the already vast army of refugees. There are many other things to also think of. Therefore a terrible famine and plague threatens."

"But various Christian armies are striving to transport the refugees to safer places," said Violet looking blue.

"But all armies cannot do it and watch the enemy too," said Radcliff. "And transportation lines not ruined by flood are in possession of the enemy. And you know too the enemy tries to hinder relief and succor to the refugees as far as possible. The Government of Calavernia and Angelina states cannot do anything and Abba's army is stuck because of lack of railroad transportation."

And forty cities with 7,000,000 population each were devastated," declared Pennod. "And enough forests burned up to cover a whole country the size of Russia."

This section of the advancing army had now halted and as the children viewed the flood gloomily Joice said:

"This would make a picture equal to the devastated regions like those of the recent June inundations. Houses and barns by thousands or what remains of them is churning about in the swift flowing waters, broad lowlands are changed into seas and all the state roads are under the sea."

"And railroad embankments are buried to the steel. It is a country side completely awash. Look over yonder in the high spots of flooded city are residents working frantically clearing away debris erecting bullet works and probably searching for 'loaves' Pennod said."

If this flood, and other disasters had been caused by storms and natural earthquakes, we'd have to bear up and say nothing," cried Radcliff. "But it's all caused by the enemy. If you holy little princesses were not here, I'd be saying right now, what I am thinking about the Glandelinians."

"Well it would not do any good," said Violet and her sisters confirmed her remark.

"And it wouldn't worry the enemy any either," declared Pernod. "But if Albiarnis ever licks Glandelinia, the wicked nation will surely have to pay her debts and make restitution for all the devastation she has caused."

"I wouldn't accept no payment on anything if I was the Emperor," said Radcliff hotly. "I'd do something to Glandelinia that would surprise the whole world."

"And so would I," said Pernod.

"And what would that be?" asked Violet.

"Wipe out all the Glandelinian armies, and make captives of all the people of the Glandelinian nation, like the nations of the Bible Times did to the Jewish nation."

"And never set them free," added Radcliff vehemently.

"It would be a terrible thing to do, but it's justly deserved," said Joice. "What do you say sisters?"

"We agree," they answered.

Hunger and hot waves forced the whole of Western and Southern California to leave their homes and seek refuge in the mountains. 1,500,000 people are now in the mountains. The great California Industrial Center is threatened.

During the night the army encamped on the edge of the flood, positively afraid to effect any crossing of it during so dark a night.

But the army was encamped on high places, so any portion of it would not be taken by surprise in case the flood should suddenly increase. And though the army was encamped most of the soldiers were so concerned about the flood and the ravages it was doing that hardly any of them slept half the night, and triple the number of guards were out.

But the night passed out without any event and day dawned bright and clear, but forecast to be a hot day. The army had breakfast early and then again was on the march. This time Violet and her sisters were with the rear of the army, and this by noon reached the small city of Maysburg which was partly flooded.

Here during a short stay for a good meal Violet and her sisters heard more news about the flood and then one of them managed to get a newspaper, which gave a description of the flood during the day before.

"Why the flood is worse than we thought it was," said Joice.

"Yes for it says here that the Muller state flood toll had jumped to 158,677 with confirmation of the reports that there are six thousand six hundred and sixty one dead in the Soyer For Rae Run valley between Infanta Maria city and Saturna in addition to the 132,000 known dead previously reported in other towns and cities throughout the flood districts."

"Why that would make only 138,661," said Joice.

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But it says also that 20,000 are dead elsewhere" said Violet and then she read this to her sisters:

"Mayburg August 1, 1913

Write in Capital Hot wave and hunger peril half of Calvernia as torrents carry all before it. Rising Rio Holleston and other rivers rout millions from home. Half of Industrial Center of Calvernia badly menaced.

Calvernia's new flood caused the number of drowned to jump to 13,888 with confirmation of reports that there are over 6,661 dead in the valley of the Sogun Joe Rae Run between Satura and Infanta Maria where a great number of towns were swept away.

The Sogun Joe Rae Run Valley death list was confirmed by an Associated American Agents Press Reporter who with difficulty and great peril made the trip from Satura to Infanta Maria on foot, by rowboat and on raft. He reported that these two cities are badly affected by the flood, the populations are menaced on the upper stories, many wooden houses have been swept away and the cities are surrounded by a sea. Many of the people are ill, some facing starvation and suffering from the heat while those more fortunate go about the flooded streets in boats doing what they can for the menaced. In the streets of both cities the water is ten feet deep and running like a mill race. One portion of the flood cannot be approached because of a forest fire consuming a stretch of woods

four hundred thirty miles in extent which borders the eastern portion of the flood. Last night reports were sent in that the flood from one direction and the forest fire from another was rolling and rushing in their fury upon Calvernia the shock of the blast in Mullencath state said to have demolished dikes of the mighty M.C. Holleston Run River and causing immense armies of refugees from surrounding towns to pour into the city.

The smoke clouds of the forest fire is said to be seen in Francis Atlanta 600 miles away, and the heat felt at many places 30 to fifty miles away.

The trees of the burning forest are said to be so close that they could not be penetrated save by roads and so intense is the fire that the sky seems covered with flames ten miles away. This is said to be a portion of the forest fire ravaging southeastern Calvernia and which whole armies of fire fighters cannot check.

The heat is killing 3 miles from it, the glare is blinding eight miles, and the glow can be seen in the sky for three hundred miles at night, and darkness by day covers one hundred miles of land.

Forty small towns are in flames, many more are in danger and big oil fields are in the path of the fire hurricane. This forest fire is so big that it is consuming all the forests that could cover as much country the size of the American State of California, and as many cities and towns as are in that state are burned, or will be burned.

"Say this paper must be trying to create a big scare" said Catherine. The fire

surely cannot be that big at once."
 "Maybe not, but we'll have that looked into said Violet, but let me read on."

"People who are marooned in house tops by the water claimed they had some chance to escape the flood, but their escape is cut off by the forest fire which really is causing the revealing hot weather."

10,000,000 driven from homes.

Fully three thousand were routed from their homes in Calverine, five thousand from West Calverine, one million from Altonia, five million from Glandorn and two million from Santerville and Terrilva either because of the menace from the ever rising Mc Hollester Run River, or because of the forest fires burning down upon them. The biggest houses in Calverine were thrown open to care for the refugees though the city itself is in grave danger.

The Grand National Exposition Grounds on the outskirts of Calverine were unevacuated following the break in one of the dikes of the Mc Hollester Run River.

Great sufferings from unusually high temperatures because of the forest fires and hunger followed in the wake of the flood and thousands of heat prostrations are reported. Hundreds of thousands have not tasted food for three days and gone without water and forced to drink from the flood at the risk of typhoid and other dangerous diseases. The heat is terrific like on a African desert so that the flood water are giving forth steam and is quite warm and stagnant and covered thickly with

all kinds of rotting vegetable matter. The forest fire adding to the flood, as it did also of those of June was a tremendous freak for its heat was felt at enormous distances whether the wind was blowing from it or not, flooded places included. The cities toward where the warmth was brought by the wind felt the heat 100 miles away with North west winds. These cities were -

High Temperatures 100 miles off.

	In shade.	In shade.
Holtsburg.....	98.	Saturna..... 100
Runway.....	102	Meldon Bich..... 100
Calverine.....	100	Flanders..... 100
West Calverine.....	119	Gratoria..... 112
Darginville.....	128.	Zammagutopolis..... 113
Poverty Row.....	104	Wothuba..... 103
Genomian.....	129	Brigano..... 104
Infanta Maria.....	135.	Schloederburg..... 105.

These are the cities furthest away and substantial reduction in the apparent loss of life from flood ravages provides the one bright spot in reports though there are 10,000 prostrations from heat and intense suffering. So far apprehension over the fate of Calverine, Capital of Calverinia was removed with establishment of direct wireless reports. No lives were lost there. The temperature in the cities from fifty to thirty miles were -

30 miles.

50 miles:	Memorial.....	130.76	Big Idicki.....	139
	Francisanna.....	108	Little Flanders.....	149
	Kommans.....	115	Salteria.....	148
	Hollester.....	138	Notre Dame.....	140
	Pandora.....	138	Farinia.....	145
	Vinson Junction.....	139	Milddeen.....	152

No one could hardly stay in these twelve hot box cities and before a general departure started, 10,000 prostrations per city had occurred with 200 deaths and one hundred twenty thousand prostrations although

Hundreds of other cities and towns receiving no wind reported various temperatures from 90 to 110. As there was a northwest wind, and the fires were east of them across the flood they could not account for the unusual heat. The flood washed many towns and carried others away.

The fierce torrent races on on Pandora threatened.

The crest had passed the Mullencutt and New Kratoie Counties during the night and was rushing swiftly through the many great industrial centers of Southeastern California, and Mullencutt State. The Norma Run and Mc Hollister Rivers were still rising.

In the Norma Run River valley, Mc Hollister City, and Pandora and 40 other big mill centers were threatened by the flood and forest fires combined, with Pandora in gravest peril. In the Mc Hollister Run valley the rising tide threatened Mari, North Kahola, Feltoria, Cribbilton, Mantion, Nashua and a score of other places. Although 135 miles in and near these cities have been completely awash only 150 deaths had resulted.

Through army resources it was reported last night that 28,000 were dead and 1,000,000 homeless in Maria and Guano northwest of Infanta Maria.

All bridges spanning the Norma River at Calverine was closed to all traffic here last night as the west Calverine dikes gave way before the pressure of the flood. Nearly 1,500,000 men, women and children were engaged in a three days and nights battle to save the northwest end of Calverine. Calverine and hundreds of streets are impassable. The waters

stretched for many miles are streaming frantically to save other levees and restore the broken one. That over one hundred and fifty thousand people including Governor Saunders of California had lost their lives was definitely learned yesterday evening through a wire less telegraph message from the Pandora Times to the Angelina Angelina Agatha Associated Press. Later word was that 13 other towns were unaccounted for.

"This is surely an awful situation for real good Christian people to be in," said Hattie. "I met fires of such enormous size, driven before a hot parching wind adding to the misery inflicted upon millions of homeless Californians rendered homeless by the flood in the last few days. I can't understand it." "And so many railroad lines are ruined by flood and forest fires that there is hardly any means to carry medicine and food to any of the flood swept towns," said Joig. "I can't help it if I say I hate the Glendalians."

"And already there is a tremendous food shortage in many places," said Violet.

"Yes and for the most part in those which are the most isolated starvation is facing there because of lack of supply and wrecked sewage systems are leading to the possibility of disease," said Jennie. "All messages claim that lightning plants are dark and suffering from exposure to the far reaching heat waves produced by forest fires is becoming greater than ever."

What alarmed Violet and her sister most was the news that the crest of the flood had passed down to the upper Mc Hollister Run and Norma Rivers, permitting the flooded rivers in the upper rivers to return within their banks.

Though this gave the people above in the upper devastated districts a chance to rally to the work of relief for their fellow sufferers and hope for reconstruction, to list the dead and recapitulate the loss to property, it was a menace further south and to make matters worse the forest fires were spreading.

"The loss of life is sure great in this flood also" said Catherine.

"How much is the known dead?" said

Daisy.

"It has mounted to over 152,000" said Nettie.

"And it is also feared that this number will be greatly increased when all the returns are in" continued Violet "We must strive to prevent the enemies from making such disasters in the future."

"The homeless can only be estimated by the millions and the property damage by the hundreds of millions."

The army had left the flooded town far behind by this time and were moving through a section of the country where the flood was slowly receding.

The waters were leaving the upper valley towns but all the Christian generals had received messages by wireless that the lower section of the flood was pouring down upon those nearest the bigger rivers and some of those were already suffering great damage with the worse yet to come.

The generals made every effort to learn the names of those towns for they feared they feared they had loved ones who may be in danger.

In fact the whole army felt much concern for there was no telling how many soldiers had sons fathers mothers daughters and other relatives in the towns threatened by the

fourth greatest flood in the Californian State. What worried them most it was as had been reported that at Pandora City the big Mc Hollister Run River had risen to 38 feet and ten inches and was still going up and one of its levees somewhat injured by the explosions in Mullencath State was threatening to burst. The officers all knew that if it goes to ten feet more as is expected the city if not damaged will be without electric power gas and telephone service but if the levees should burst another disaster like at Heidi Junction will occur.

It was reported that scores of thousands of people in west Pandora had been driven from their homes and a Red Cross Committee, aided by nuns and priests, who had opened a refugee center and received 12,000 people had been overwhelmed by the flood and all perished. This had jumped the death list to 170,777.

All roads, north south and west of Pandora are under water and Elencore is in darkness with the river rising rapidly there.

Red Cross statements from many points, hundreds of special messages from one spot along army reports and dispatches from all kinds of news papers including the Angelina Agatha Associated Press dispatches all confirm the story of desolation which was spread through the Sugar Joe Rae Run Valleys. But to the west and north the damage toll was ever decreasing thanks to the broadness of the rivers and the warnings received.

Gratia and many other towns considered the hardest hit cities of all were watching the waters recede from their streets and undamaged by the

tremendous heaps of debris the ruin of ruined towns and torn up roads which the raging waters left behind the surviving people were at work making what repairs it was possible.

Pandora and the towns around it saw the water sweep in over hundreds of miles of territory but apparently there was no loss of life from flood and this afternoon the flood was subsiding leaving about 600,000 homeless in this region alone.

Efforts to help the sufferers in the upper parts of the state and in the valleys were hampered and rendered almost impossible by the ravages of the flood, the enemy and destruction of railroad tracks which rendered or prevented any kind of relief parties from reaching many of the devastated towns with supplies particularly in the sections of the flood barred by the forest fires.

Communications by mail or road would be for months quite impracticable.

Messages told that because of the few numbers of relief workers the relief work had made no headway. One train attempted to forward supplies to the stricken town of Mullens but was forced to turn back at Big Heidi by a branch of the tremendous forest fire which is burning over the general area between Sudwich and Big Bethel it was reported by Governor Hanson Frank May of Mullens Catt State in a wireless telegram to general Vian the van of whose army had reached Gratoris by pontoons and wading. The soldiers were now doing all they could to aid the homeless in that stricken city.

In the message Governor May begged for the assistance troops, supplies

and tents for the homeless explaining that much of the food stock was ruined by the flood and everything on the list was badly needed. Three supply trains under the direction of Colonel Guimbe, who arrived the day before to take charge and to make a survey of the flooded district made attempts to reach the most affected districts to distribute anti typhoid serum, medicine supplies and food but could not reach the places.

From nearly a score of towns and cities people volunteered or were drafted to go out and fight the tremendous forest fire. It was spreading with unusual fury threatening even the wooded slopes and plains of the Mc Hollister run and it was said persons could see the leaping flames forty miles away.

One hundred thousand volunteered, and 350,000 were drafted to fight the fire and no one unless he was crippled or sick aged was exempted.

175,000 dead as forest fires
and complications of disasters
add to flood of horrors.

When the van of general Viviano's army reached the city of Gratoria they found the streets still flooded to a depth of over a foot, all the wooden houses not swept away were wrecked, and the streets choked with all kinds of debris. A whole district of houses were on fire darkening the sky like an approaching thunderstorm, and the whole city was in total danger because few firemen, and fire departments could reach the scene.

And a great number of the fire departments were crippled by the flood, and their stations were partly wrecked.

The generals in charge of the van guard felt sure the whole town was doomed as there was no chance on any means to stop the spread of the flames. As many soldiers as could do the work volunteered to aid the firemen and citizens in their efforts to stay the conflagration, and though one hundred and sixty thousand men fought hard and desperately it was all in vain.

Toward evening many when other portions of the army began to arrive, many districts were burning, the flames seeming to burn like the infernal regions and the rolling smoke clouds covered the sky like a dense pall as black as the yawning mouth of the caves of Erebus.

The majority of the inhabitants were forced again to abandon their homes in the path of the flames, and general Bladerhine who entered the city just then declared the city doomed. Many buildings had been blasted in an effort to check the conflagration but to no avail, and the general gave orders to the soldiers to abandon the fight and march on to gain up with the main army.

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which had always kept Mamley's slowly retreating army in sight. The citizens for personal safety were compelled to accompany the army which was marching and wading through the softest parts of the burning town, taking what belongings they had time to save with them. Many of the people were frantic over their losses, women screamed, fainted, and went into hysterics, children wailed and shrieked, and the men folk heaped imprecations upon the enemy who had caused all this wanton destruction.

Then travelers arriving to meet the army reported that Infanta Maria and several other towns were burning, and that three whole blocks of houses in the city of Calverne were in flames, but these blazes I must assure the reader were not caused by forest fires though their origin is a mystery.

Gratoria and Infanta Maria were some of the hardest hit towns in the Sogon Zee Poo Run valley during the flood. The advancing armies alone had to do what it could to help the homeless.

And all the National soldiers could do was to take most of the refugees within their own confines, share their rations and provisions with them and offer the shelter of their own camps until other towns and cities could properly provide for them.

To make matters worse the great forest fires already described and intense hot weather produced by the heat of the conflagration, and also smoke that covered the country side for over a hundred miles like a dense fog added greatly to the discomfort of the hundreds of thousands in the flood areas of Mullencott State and other spots. All fire fighting efforts on the part of the many fire fighters were absolutely useless, in many parts of the forests districts however breaching and counter fires

were attempted for the purpose of stopping this biggest forest fire on record, an eight hundred million dollar fire but it was impossible in such districts to make the slightest head way as the fire would leap the beaches and cross the wildest streams. This conflagration was a part of the big one that had raged before the battle of Cedarvale, the one Jannie had seen three or four times while a slave in Gen. Manley's army.

It had been sweeping southeastern California way before June and no efforts had been able to stop it. It had interfered with relief and rescue work during the Arroyo Run flood horror.

If a forest fire of this size would have begun in the United States, with its starting point in California in June, it would at the rate it was burning in Southeastern California had wiped out by late July all the forests in California and spread to the forests of three other states. California would be in twilight darkness and if the wind was from the west the smoke could be probably observed in the sky above all the middle western states. In the states where the fire was burning San Francisco, Los Angeles and other cities would report record breaking high temperatures and sense much of the smoke in the atmosphere.

Probably one third the number of cities and towns in these states would be destroyed and probably the light of the blaze would have been seen in Kansas city north, to New Orleans down south.

If it so happened it might as well be said that the western States of America was turning into an enormous inferno.

This was the way California was

being affected and then add the same month to the series of other big disasters, floods and record breaking explosions.

The dead in this latter flood on the following day were now said to exceed 175,000. And the few relief workers who could get to the scene and well as partners of general Vivians army bent their most greatest efforts toward feeding, clothing and refuging the unknown numbers of those driven from their homes by both fire and flood and toward the prevention of the spread of disease.

While the waters in the northern section continued to gradually subside because fortunately of the lack of rain the situation to the extreme south of Mullens catt State remained acute with six million persons reported routed from their dwellings in Pandora, Zumaquapoli, Wothuba and other places where the full rush of the flood turned the Hanna Run into an irresistible sea.

The rivers rise this day was the most serious at Pandora.

The work of relief both from army of and the few Red Cross Workers went on without abatement while from California some of the lesser severe loss of life came fresh reports of victims that threatened to boost the death list to a certain extent. Though the information was not complete of the disaster which overtaken residents of the Sagaro Joe Pass run valley where thousands were known to have perished it was feared that a complete check of the debris litter in the floods course would reveal further losses.

A report from the remote Hanna Run valley the first to come from there told of seventy thousand deaths and it was believed in Violet Paul city that there would be many more as whole districts of houses had been swept away and many were in flames. But further

led all cities and towns of Mullencahl State for flood victims, but with an unknown fatality in the city and neighbor hood. Delightsburg had 15,222 while Udeleclanna was next with 12,700 known dead and a reported possibility that the figure might reach 20,000. Durand and Sato were said to have lost five hundred persons each but the reports from there were not yet confirmed.

Despite the magnitude of the blow however Mullencahl and its sister state were because of the forest fire making vain efforts to retrieve their losses without outside aid.

One of the smaller Christian armies not yet needed or in fact to fight battles had been establishing a base at Grutaria and from there two relief trains succeeded in reaching Pandora with provisions typhoid fever serum medicine and yeast. And at the request of the governor of Mullencahl state the third squadron fourth cavalry and battalion of the fourteen field artillery all at mobilization camps at Hellsburg had been assigned to duty at Infante Maria to assist with flood relief work.

The typhoid serum ordered from east Calvernia two days before was received at Calvernia on a special train from Collins, and immediately dispatched to the Sagan Joe Rae Run valley. A flock of Angelinian cavalry squadrons and privately commissioned correspondents moved ceaselessly over both flooded regions and brought back the first definite news of what had happened to many places heretofore mentioned only in connection with the death lists.

Here told grows one story of an unending panorama of munched land scapes towns and cities burnt up from lands from houses woods and even occasionally human beings.

freight cars grotesquely picked up by the swirling water and set down in the alien surroundings of hundreds of wrecked bridges and uprooted railroad tracks extending for a hundred miles and many other means of destruction.

From every where relief agencies the Red Cross and doctors were called for to succor those most sorely afflicted but these could not be obtained and the few medical authorities sounded warnings against drinking of unboiled water which might have been polluted. In all places inoculation against typhus and other surges was continually being urged as a precautionary measure.

Even now there was no chance of railroad communications being restored. Even in Calvernia where the two main floods had swept in June very little yet could be done despite the fact that the various railroad companies pressed with great efforts and vigor the work to patch together the network of lines which the biggest floods turned topsy turvy.

As a result the milk situation in far away cities not affected by flood or fire was for weeks almost wholly almost milkless even in the face of strenuous attempts by milk and railroad companies. Even in southern Abbrannia and Angelinia state the milk situation was far from satisfactory.

The Mc Hollister and Pandora railroad had not succeeded yet in opening its own lines to any point even with the desperate aid of 40000 men and thousands of cars of stone while many other lines were still at a standstill.

The Abbrannia Bonclina and Calvernia was still being forced to make a long detour for its three trains in order to reach Angelinia together.

If at any point there was any chance of reconstruction it was frustrated by the enemy many places of which had taken possession of what the

floods and the fleeing refugees had left.

It was rumored that various Christian armies were moving forward to drive them from these districts if possible. These Glandelinian armies made the situation far worse as they were said to be in possession of railroad lines not injured by flood.

Early on the second of August a terrible fire broke out which threatened for a time in Pandora to finish the work of destruction left undone by the rising waters. Fanned by a high southwesterly wind the fire swept through the river front, and only after a two day fight was the big fire put under control.

The fire broke out early in the morning and consumed 30 houses, and while the blaze was in progress a gale caused the flying embers for blocks. The fire burned for forty eight hours before the many fire departments summoned to the scene succeeded in bringing it under. The smoke made a fog all over the city.

It was decided on that if possible an extensive reconstruction programme was to be conducted by the Abelianian Red Cross for the benefit of all remaining flood victims.

The organization made plans after this great disaster for what rehabilitation work could be accomplished, and it was said as soon as the waters had subsided to a point where permanent relief could be undertaken the Red Cross would see all the localities affected by the disaster were placed in their feet and that as many able bodied women as needed for the work would be drafted as Red Cross nurses.

Violet and her sisters who heard of this plan through the wireless had

the greatest doubts that it could ever be accomplished. To be nurses of any kind would take several years of training. And very few men were doctors. Of course there were nurses from some of the foreign nations but even those did not make the right number and the more it was looked into the more serious became the problem.

It appeared to Violet and her sisters that the enemy was making all these disasters in the hope of overcoming the Christians this way only. Fighting battles did not bring any good results and very few were Glandelinian victories. It appeared as if Glandelinia was desperate.

Violet and her sisters themselves heard the story of the almost complete obliteration of the small city of Watsonia as told by one of the survivors.

Watsonia was a town of about 10,000 inhabitants and was located in the Sogon Zoe Rao Ryn valley about thirty miles south east of Infante Marx.

The story was told by a man who thought and even felt sure that he was the only survivor and that most of the stores and houses had been swept away.

He said, "I was at home with my wife and children on the first morning of the flood," he said. "As the flood began we kept an excited watch on the rapidly rising waters. At first the town was not really touched though it was surrounded by the water. My children were too young to realize the changes and therefore enjoyed the scene of so much water, calling it a sea and asking me to make a rowboat for them to go sailing in."

It was not long after when word came to us that the S. J. R. River above our town receiving the flood from above had risen to a point where it threatened at any moment to sweep down upon us. The people in the town were then ordered to move to the upper stories as quickly as possible. I was afraid of what might happen as I went through the floods of last November, and it therefore was my third experience along this line.

There was a sudden roar that shook the whole town and I hurried to my window and watched for the floods approach. The river then was looking worse. Suddenly the torrent came looking like a moving sea surge. Right across the railroad tracks it came flooding the lowlands on the other side.

Our home was on a rising slope and we therefore thought we safe. The waters rushed fiercely about us as though they would swallow up the whole state. I could hear people shouting, yelling and screaming and saw the waters sweep the houses to pieces. I did not know who were in them or what happened to them. The railroad station was carried away. Soon the whole town was a sea of raging water it being the most terrible sight I ever witnessed. I was right fall the flood increased in height and soon the water was so high that even the top of the rise of ground was reached. Then our house was swept away. We were carried past great crowds on shore and several rescued us.

North California and other points isolated by flood and forest fires. Starvation threatens. Appeals for aid come from close to Ulysses' border.

On August the fourth while the advancing Christian armies made one of their occasional halts to wait for the army engineers to clear the way for them, Violet and her sister received new stories of unusual distress from North California and Mullon-cath states with additions to the ever growing lists of fatalities from the flood and explosion losses of July 28th the date it was said to have really occurred.

From Santa Maria near the state line of Abyssiniah came the latest tale of record making suffering when thousands upon thousands of refugees fled for scores of miles over torn roads and swaying bridges pursued by forest fires to Pandora to tell of a score of towns isolated by the flood and face to face with starvation, or menaced by forest fires.

They brought the alarming news that at least 830 persons had perished by flood or fire with the possibility many hundreds more might have been claimed in the sudden rise of a flooded river, or fires overtaken them. Whether this also was caused by the big explosion in Mullon-cath State was not absolutely known, but general Virron was absolutely suspicious.

He couldn't understand to save his own life however that the enemy was able to create such disasters, disasters so big as to put in other Nature to shame. For every halt of the army he had consulted all his generals about it, and sent many clever spies into the camps of the pursued Glan-delivian army to find out if Virron was as honorable. I have had

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been many plans and propositions made in an effort to prevent the enemy from continuing these disasters but to no avail. From southeast and northeast California the most stupendous forest fires on record were burning away many millions of acres of forest trees every week. This usually was blamed on the battles. Investigators proved it was done by the enemy.

Parts of the state of Mullencatt was already taking calmer stock of its losses than was possible in the first few days following the flood fire and explosion and found them much more greater than had been thought.

Violet and her sisters read this from the news:

The whole of California especially the west which had been apprehensive that the vast triple floods rolling over the land since June and also in July might have done more heavy damage than even repeated repeated at the decline of this latter flood, and the gradual fall of the other too but was greatly worried over the forest fires. California city and also Pandora also were comforted by the continued fall of the July flood but nevertheless city inspectors are making a severe examination of all flooded homes but allowing their their reoccupation.

In Mullencatt state however the full blow of the flood fell and there a situation permits to say that all state officials and others while praising the attitude of the citizens in their efforts toward reconstruction did not attempt to minimize. Many who reached Pandora from various towns of Mullencatt state said all the wrecked towns were facing starvation. At other points flood waters were still rising. All drinking water was being obtained

from small resources, and especially from one small pipe that was carried across a cracked and tottering bridge and food was hardly to be had at any price. These men and other refugees said they had lived on one cracker and milk water a day for five days.

Other stories of acute suffering and immediate need came from the Infanta Maria region where eighty seven thousand persons are known to have perished.

The great forest fires added to the difficulties of relief by making the roads more treacherous for the relief trains able to run. To add to the general apprehension the great Lake Zue Pac began to dry to show the effect upon it of the enormous volume of water which it has also absorbed from the hundreds of streams for which it acts as a catch basin and rising despite the amount of water going through its outlets.

The lake was above its usual spring flood level and still rising rapidly. At Baldersonville where 12000 persons are believed to have lost their lives including the members of a small camp of home guards the first relief party to break through carried a large supply of provisions and reaching there found that fourteen bodies had been recovered. They reported a fair amount of food left in the town. These relief workers also told the story of a desperate battle for life fought within an inundated town. When the flood struck this village its greatest force was felt here. Many houses were swept away or engulfed. In these houses hundreds of people were trapped and an attempt at rescue was made by those who had escaped, on rafts and in boats. Into the streets of the flood swept town the rescuers paddled or rowed through the screaming inmates of the

of the houses. The water was twenty feet deep. The rescuers fought bravely but wreckage, floors and moving houses were too much for them and they were unable to reach the trapped victims of the flood. Many therefore had perished in their houses. Calvernia is isolated from the world by forest fires and flood.

The Angelina Agatha News.

"That just goes to show you" said Violet to her sisters who were standing on the edge of the receding flood. The enemy in Calvernia have the whole show in their own hands. The flood and disaster ruffians of both Mullencath and Calvernia states, though safe at last from the menace of rising water to lay face new perils of disease and scorching heat from distant but near forest fires. They have the states of Calvernia, Mullencath, Angelina Vire and Angelina almost paralyze by these disasters. The states are overrun by Glanclian armies. Hundreds of forest fires are raging. Everything goes wrong. I can almost admit that these states are licked by the enemy already. If father does not do something soon I'm afraid all is lost. But I'll die first before I give in."

"But it seems very discouraging indeed" said Jane. "With the death toll now placed at 185,000 and rising, as contacts with more isolated towns are established and the property damage fixed at \$482,000,000 dollars, the situation seems very alarming when added with the other disaster. Even the swollen rivers which received the flood waters are now receding covering houses by hour more flood besieged towns and villages to be reached by relief parties. And the news they bring is very discouraging."

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"Yes and in ten more towns I hear the plague is near to the peaks of plague and the results of the flood. In Walden every building is said to be burning and it goes further to the northwest another big fire raged for a time. I don't see how the Glanclians can do all this and get away with it."

"But they do" said Angelina Epelamic is now the greatest danger to Calvernia for since the floods of June more than two million have taken sick and thousands are dying. With millions of acres still inundated and the water stagnating in vast undrained spots and the new flood adding and hundreds of thousands ill with typhoid health authorities throughout Calvernia have sent out grave warnings to the surviving residents and refugees off the three flood regions to look all water to be used for drinking purposes."

"And despite these precautions being carried out the plagues are spreading said Jennie. Typhoid vaccine is being carried into Mullencath state and other parts possible as fast as swampy roads and remaining floods conditions will allow."

"But this does not help conditions any" declared Catherine. "Great forest fires and hot weather probably caused by these fires add to the discomfort of the sufferers millions of them are still homeless and miserably clothed. If the forest fires progress on both sides of the flood it will make the water boiling hot and create a heat that will be fatal to many of the survivors."

But in the mean said Jennie "between the towns of Infanta Maria and Pundra exists the real enemy. How?" asked Violet.

"Because in the isolated farmhouses much of the water is still seeping from the roofs, families are still living in woods without shelter and in dread of forest fires, and have no sufficient clothing or medicine."

"Are not army troops playing an important part in the relief work?"

"Yes" answered Violet. "Infanta Maria is under the strictest regulations. Pandora is under martial law and every prisoner to be obtained is brought there under guard and put to work. Troops were called to duty on other surviving towns and so is Calvernia still policed by national guardsmen. The peak of the flood has passed Calvernia and Pandora leaving 10,000,000 homeless in the wake, and is receding considerably now."

Violet and her sisters had come to know all about the disasters since June up to now. The only parts of Calvernia that had escaped were the extreme west and east. The disaster strikes regions in this story contain as much territory as Europe and Asia combined. Since the beginning of the war forest fires half burned as much wood as there would be forests in America in 1492.

The series of the floods if occurring now would have washed the whole of America, lay Canada and the United States prostrate in the ruin of cities and towns, and the loss of life. And both as nations would have to begin over again.

Every explosion in the war so far compared to honor on St. Martinique during Mt. Pelée's eruption when 30,000 lives were wiped out in a moment in St. Pierre and their concussions had greater terrible results than the worst earthquakes the world had ever experienced. If these disasters

had actually occurred they would have been the ruin of the world. And all this was done by Glandelinia. What a destructive war. And nothing seemed to be done to prevent a revolt. And that was the reason why Violet and her sisters were worried.

And what was the reason the Glandelinians were responsible for these disasters that break all records? There were different theories. They were as follows:-

- 1 "To relieve the pressure of the record breaking event of all wars, - the stupendous sieges of Urran, Wickay, and Andream."
 - 2 "To stop the progressive advance of new Christian army coming across the Abyssinians border from the north."
 - 3 "To commit a wholesale massacre of the inhabitants of Calvernia by flood."
 - 4 "As an easier way to win the war as the foe had such difficulties winning battles."
 - 5 "To outwit or outclass Nature."
 - 6 "To devastate Calvernia and Angelina and other states for a vandal purpose."
 - 7 "To destroy Calvernia."
 - 8 "Cripple Ablicannia."
 - 9 "To draw the attention of all the national armies to these disasters so as to enable the Glandelinian foe to strike a staggering and final decisive blow."
 - 10 "To make the whole world fear the dark power of Glandelinian armies."
 - 11 "To frighten Emperor Virion and his holy Imperial Court into submission."
 - 12 "To cripple the flooded states so they'd be out of the war."
- If these causes were really true, that this was the enemy's intention then they did not do the enemy any good whatever but made it worse. The Christian armies by this time had become numerous and all recruiting stations still had

all they could do to take care of so many applicants for the army. Violet and her sisters were more dumbfounded by the disasters than even the author is able to state. They could not understand how and why the disasters were made, and another thing they could not understand was how God knowing the cause of the Albigensians would allow the Glan-
delinians to accomplish all this without raising an interfering hand against them immediately.

Just then the words "He allows the good to suffer and the wicked to prosper, so that in the end he may appear just before all men" did not enter their minds.

They did realize certain things which is sent to nations, natural disasters and the like for punishment, but all the disasters of every kind recorded in history did not reach the June horrors combined and therefore they wondered exceedingly why heaven permitted the enemy to do it without the slightest interference.

And to the loss of life and destruction of property nothing could compare. Violet and her sisters were determined to find out why the enemy really did it. Many thousands of spies had tried and failed. Schlocher, Gangey, Dargen and St. Claire had not been successful. It was risky but Violet and her sisters decided to try and find out themselves and when the opportunity presented itself.

Many of course would not approve of their plan as it was the most hazardous but they had a way to do it. They would have to serve the Glan-
delinian army themselves as far as it would be justified as girl scouts to learn what they wished. They did not like the idea but it was the safest and not rash. But their

plan must be first approved of by their father and mother and all the generals must know of it too so there will be no blunder. But the question is, would their mother and father agree. The plan would be all right so far as that goes, but the enemy's attention was a very hidden secret, and for Violet and her sisters it would be a very desperate undertaking.

And too they might not succeed for all their pains. What they decided to undertake was the most difficult problem of their career. They must disguise just so, act just so near the Glan-
delinian officers in everything not wrong, risk unknown peril from both sides and what might come of it? Surely they must win their purpose. They never failed before. They must not fail now.

They decided to go to general Vissain about it and have him send a letter to Emperor Vissain as soon as the army got settled down in the trenches. They would have done it now but they did not want to halt the army in its advance.

Chapter 1 for
Introducing an attempt of
Violet and her sisters to
find out who is responsible
for the flood disasters.

It was an unusually warm morning of August 1th 1913 and before the army continued its advance General Vivian was sitting at his round table in his tent with a party of officers talking with them about the recent disaster horror and present form plans to prevent such disasters for the future.

It promised to be a hot sultry day and very windy. Outside immense numbers of soldiers with shovels and picks and spades were busy digging trenches to be prepared for a surprise attack.

Presently there was a loud knock on the tent pole.

"Come in" cried the general surprised at the interruption.

Then he rose respectfully as eight beautiful little girls entered.

"Well Violet, what is on your mind now?"

"Please your excellency I didn't go to fulfill my plans yet" and she looked as if she was in some distress.

"I know that. Why?"

"Please your Excellency we just returned from the scene and didn't get here until this morning. We were too far from the army to get here. But we are going to day, and we want members of the Gemini to shadow us, so to come to our aid if something goes wrong."

General Vivian knew that Violet was one of seven Vivian girl princesses, that their father was the Emperor of Abbeinnia and that their mother had more than he could do

Began writing January 27
Sunday.

now to make both ends meet for the nation. Therefore he must do what they ask.

"Very good plan Violet, but unusually dangerous to attempt" he said "You seldom attempt --"

"Please your Excellency," she interrupted "It is the first time in our lives that we decided this. But there honor must stop and we are going to find out who is responsible. And then --"

I thought their whole career so far be it known. Violet and her sisters had not gone on any mission spying or otherwise in which they had not been successful. They were hawks to the enemy. In common with their boy and girl scouts, and other able friends they had gone out on every military mission possible and never failed a great help to Abbeinnia in the matter of saving Christian armies from defeat, but a terror to the foe.

"Well Violet, the general resumed Your record is good. But though you are a princess I'm sure I cannot help disapproving of it. It's too dangerous I'm going with my sisters into Manley, lines."

"What again?" said General Vivian.

"Your Excellency we didn't say anything else."

"Who told you to arrange the trip?"

"The seven of us."

"But it seems almost a suicidal intervention, princess."

"No sir it isn't. We don't to allow ourselves to be observed by any one."

"I intend to have Pernod accompany you."

"Your Excellency the mission is not for him. It's too risky as he's not experienced."

"How do you know?"

"He proves it."

"But you seem to have trained him Violet."

"I mean your Excellency he is not trained for our line of work."

"Why not?"

"Your Excellency you are full of questions to me. We have so much to do we did not

have time to give him sufficient time to learn."

"Who are going with you?"

"I've asked Gortrude Angelina. She didn't leave General Hanson's army till ever so late and she was tired out from her long traveling, she just didn't wake up this morning - till after seven o'clock."

"But what interest have you in the origination of the disasters? It was caused by the enemy wasn't it?"

"Please your Excellency, it is most important to us and the nation in general that we should find out who ordered the making of the disasters. I sent Perrod to notify Gortrude of my plans."

"Oh!" Making those plans had but one meaning in the matter under discussion. Violet and her sisters had succeeded in everything they set their minds on. They had spent whole nights even in setting out on spying missions and returning with all the information they wish to know.

But this plan meant much more peril, than usual, and grave danger in the undertaking and some prodigious difficulty in performing the mission.

But general Vivian had known of everything they did before. Now had they failed. But such are the perils of all such undertakings that the general though he could not prevent them from going, desired to advise against it, and go himself. Such are the honors now being encountered in Glandelinian camps that general Vivian was really afraid for their safety. On making such a mission he hoped to send some one precisely to the far camp in their stead.

The trip was sure to be full of such danger that all those who persevered in it regularly began to

forward as to going backward that is impossible. "Why my dear business, you're getting more like little dare devils every day." I don't believe you've missed fifteen trips to the enemy's camp last month," said the general.

"Please your excellency, we can do anything and nothing can prevent us."

"Now girls listen to reason. I want you to do me a favor and bring me a written note signed by all seven of you, stating that I am to go on that mission myself."

This was a terrible surprise to Violet and her sisters for they did not expect this. But Violet and her sisters have an intense repugnance to sending the best generals to such missions when the army needs them.

"No we will not do that," they said.

"Can you state to me why you do not wish to send me?"

"Because the army needs you, and father relies on your ability as a commander."

As the general said "Oh" I see there came into the tent ushered in by the guard an apparition which caused the general to straighten up and fairly gasp. Violet and her sisters stared in blank amazement.

This little girl who had been ushered into the tent, tripped in so lightly totting all the way to them with such gl grace of motion and looking up out of deep brown eyes so smilingly into theirs that - coupled with the circumstance of her being attired in tiny black slippers, brown ragged stockings and covered with shreds and patches like a gypsy mite, that the general himself felt as though a visit from a ragged golden haired fairy had come here slipped into her tent to appear before the Vivian girls.

It was of course Angelina Riches bell in a disguise.

On account of her clever disguise her features were regular her face a delicate oval and though her expression was calm itself there was a sign about her mouth and appearance about her eyes that showed she was shrewd, quick in motion, dangerous when aroused, and active and alert like a cat.

And then in the least possible fraction of a moment in the face of a warm August day and the dull thud of shovels without from so many soldiers at work there flashed through general Vivian's mind Francis Thompson's exquisite poem.

The hills look on over the south,
And southward dream the sea.
And with the sea breeze hand in hand,
Come innocence and she.

The little girl slipped and all in rags brought sunshine with her and the smile upon her face with the light of bravery and confidence in her eyes a hint of spring. General Vivian at first believed a celestial child from heaven in disguise had come to aid Violet and her sisters. Indeed it seemed that flowers invisible were blooming all about the general and the Vivian Girls.

"Who are you little girl?"

"Why general don't you remember me?"

No, I don't believe I ever saw you before."

"Why I'm Evangeline Richee. You gave me a gold medal in October for aiding Violet and her sisters so grandly in their expedition of the months before and for being the first in bringing them out of great dangers. I've got it yet. It's a large gold badge with the engraving of the Sacred Heart and it's got all the poems on the back. I know them all by heart and I'm teaching

them to my girl scouts. I've got it yet and I keep it hanging over my chest so I can know it is always with me.

Yet I must regret to say that in the complicated work of attending to the many movements of the army, superintending the investigations of the floods, refugee the homeless, directing the divisions during battles, making plans, and attending to the work of all his staff officers, general Vivian had completely lost sight of his friend Angelina Richee, aged eleven, and as he knew from the records, the second chief girl scout of the Abbeonmian Princess so well known as the Darling of the Nation.

"Oh so it's you Angelina Richee. I'm heartily glad to meet you again but you come around so seldom that you can hardly blame me for forgetting you so soon."

"Oh I don't blame you general. Not at all. You have got such a lot to remember. You know I can't remember so many things myself because I'm so busy. Angelina Cronby gave me this note to give to you Violet, for you and your sisters to read. She says it is very, very important."

She had been holding an envelope in her hand. Violet took it and while she tore open the envelope the girls took another look at Angelina Richee who stood at attention. The fine lines of her face like Emerson's like oval the luxuriant golden hair shining with dazzling brilliancy in the sunlight were the first things that would strike one. But there was one detail in which her beauty left something to be desired.

Looking closely one could not but help see that the young girl was most cleverly disguised. She had even disguised her natural complexion dressed herself like a beggar woman, and made it appear as if the rose color of her cheeks

would soon be the men of yesterday, - just as if they were fading fast away.

While Violet read the letter to her sister, Angelina Ritchie flitted and hopped about the tent floor like a little bird in the trenches or branches of ground, or tree top. The letter read -

"Dear Violet and your sisters,

I've sent Angelina Ritchie to help you and me in our important mission. Kindly take a look at her and tell me when we meet, if she is not disguised to the point as she is the brightest and most efficient girl scout leader of our set, we can depend on her as we always did in the past.

She attended Mass this morning before donning the disguise. No adventure no matter how serious appears to have no terrors for our warrent girl scout leader.

Respectfully,
Angelina Unruh.

N. D. C.

Gen. Women's Army."

General Verian, while the Princesses read the letter called:

"Come here Miss Ritchie."

She was trotting toward him at the word, as though she intended running him down, nor did she slacken her pace until she was quite upon him, when she came to a sudden halt in a manner quite beyond any creature of a large growth.

"Angelina do you intend to go with them too?"

"Oh yes your Excellency. We intend to go when they start."

"What else do you intend to do?"

"That's all your Excellency."

"Don't be thinking its dangerous?"

"Yes sir, but I'm not afraid."

"Angelina did you have yourself well prepared?"

"Oh yes sir, I'll have all my scout shadow me wherever I go."

"What else?"

"Didn't you conceal weapons and ammunition about you?"

"Yes sir I have all I'll be able to carry."

"Didn't you plan to have a body guard?"

"We have good reliable men ready at a moment's notice."

"Good gracious" the general exclaimed "And to what use are you going to put the body of retainers?"

"To shadow us also?"

"And within the Glan delinian camp?"

"Maybe we'll not need them there, and then maybe we will. So you see we do not know what to decide on that. Violet and her sisters doesn't know whether the retainers will be needed that far, or whether they will last that long."

Retainers is a regular purpose for scouting parties outside the Christian lines, where a popular column needs protection from an attacking scouting party of the enemy had always been general Verian work.

But to have the retainers shadow their changes through the five camps had never before occurred to him.

It was only later he learned that when everything else in the way of secret protection fails, and there is no other way, for the purpose the simplest manner of securing protection in a dangerous adventure is to have men and boy scouts armed to the teeth shadow you wherever you go when out on a perilous scouting expedition for discovery of the enemy's movements, or entering the camps of the foe. The quest cost nothing to those concerned and though the general

has not yet learned how it is accomplished, it brings results. Nevertheless although the general did not realize then, that Angelina Riches, had spent the greater part of the past two days in selecting the proper men, all powerful in strength and quick on the trigger, he felt sure that there was dire peril in the whole undertaking and to tell the truth he was scared for their safety.

"Do you like thrilling adventures Angelina Riches?"

"Oh yes! In the sake of our holy cause. Why I even don't get enough - at least I think so, but Gertrude Angelina says more people in this country die because of disasters in this war because there are not enough successful spies to learn the plans of such an enemy, to have them frustrated. Or from cowardice on the parts of scouting parties near such scenes. And then your Excellency when I start out on an adventure I put more spirit into the undertaking. Do you like thrilling adventures?"

Not feeling quite equal to answering this question to the young girl's satisfaction, the general went on:

"Are those your best disguises?"

"General how can you ask that? Angelina Arambury gave me these to put on. But they are real perfect and will help me to accomplish the purpose you know. And when I enter the enemy's camp I pick out the places where the enemy is not so thickly gathered or where there are no soldiers at all and I can ride and dash from one place to another. It is as good as playing."

"You dash from one part of the Glandelinian camp to the other as if you were a little bird eh?"

"Just it general, how did you happen to guess it? Sometimes I can go through a whole Glandelinian

camp without ever being discovered by the enemy. I can make the calls of many little birds and croak like a frog which means my followers understand."

"What part of Manley's army are you going to enter?"

"At Ambrose Fuller's camp. Here's the way we are going to get there. When we come to the right part of Ambrose Fuller's camp, we are going through by way of the thinnest sentinal line, and sneak into the Glandelinian camp from the rear. But don't you believe we are going all the way through there. No indeed. We know better. That part of the Glandelinian army is said to be the most dangerous, the officers are language that's just awful, and Ambrose Fuller has a general under him who'd give a fortune to capture any of us dead or alive. Angelina Arambury says they are very dangerous. Now from there, we go through another portion of the Glandelinian camp untill we get to Manley's lines. Then we come to our destination and Manley's headquarters. If we had the chance to go to day it would be better. But we are too late and will have to wait untill to-morrow. Then we start."

"How many of you girls are going to do this dangerous stunt?"

"There's three hundred boys there, no Violet and her sisters, who make three hundred and eight and Angelina Arambury and the retainers. Angelina Arambury is to be the guide and she can work fast. This is the best plan we ever formed."

"Why do you wish to take so many?"

"For safety. We are also taking five hundred girls. Last night I planned to find out what Glandelinian general ordered the floods to be made, the reason why the disasters were created and where the Glandelinian miners secured all the gold. I forgot what we intended

to do next but I think it was a plan to capture a short the originator to death. Our plans have been made a lot."

"Set down Angelina untill Gertrude comes said Violet. "See she is coming down the road already."

"Michael" the general called to his aide-de-camp without. "Come in here and fix for these beautiful heroines a good breakfast and see if you can't get it done quickly."

The aide-de-camp had long been accustomed to such orders, and he came in as he bid, and while he prepared the breakfast for the eight little girls who kindly gave him unasked a number of autobiographical details, general Violet called up by army telephone one of the leaders of Pennock's boy scout and girl scout regiments, and co-workers in clever spying work, Jennie Turner.

"What you Jennie? Yes? This is Princess Violet in general Virians house tent of the Abheannian National Army. Yes Violet A Virian. No not general Virian. Who are you?"

"No I want Jennie Francisco Turner. Yes hurry. Now that you Jennie? Good. This is Violet Virian talking. Yes Violet Virian. Have you time to do us Princess a favor in time of extreme necessity? Yes? Good. What I wish? Why we're going into the enemy's lines to make an effort to discover the ones who originated the orders for the making of the big flood disaster. We're going to have breakfast soon. I have a little fairy in the tent with us by the familiar name of Angelina Riche. She is going to accompany us. She still hops and skips like some fairy out of a pantomime and is observed as though she were about to appear in Midsummer Night's Dream instead of going out on a spying adventure."

"I don't know whether fairy lives through the ordeal of spying on the enemy

or not but that what this particular fairy is going to do for us. I am what she told me, there and not enough return a special to accumulate for the rest of us, so you'll have to form your own. What did you say Jennie? Oh all right, that's good. I'm glad you told me. It looks like a deserving good plan. Angelina Riche is already prepared. You say Melchred Maxwell won't be in camp for several weeks? Well never mind bothering her then. But hurry won't you? Sure. Good by Jennie dear. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Violet, and I thank you for calling me up. How many are going to accompany us? I have hundred boy scouts ten thousand soldiers, one hundred girl scouts, and 1,000 of the Gemini? Very good. I'll gather my body guard and let you know later."

And then Violet and her sisters entered into an adventure with results they purposed to see have good results began. Of course it was a dangerous undertaking and unusual for little girls of their age. But they are bound to accomplish what they set out to do.

Introducing Jennie Summers Plan.

About an hour later Jennie Summers called at General Virginia's tent to report for duty.

"I think it really is a very dangerous adventure," she said after consulting. "None of the generals who heard about it approve of it. But if you really mean to go I'm with you. My retainers are ready. They are assembled in two companies in the most splendidly armed command I have ever mustered in."

"Which is saying a good deal," Violet interpreted. Ever since they came into the army as girl scouts Jennie Summers and her companions had been the most expert and reliable girl spies on record, in season and out, and like Violet and her sister never saw such a thing as failure.

"But everything is quick and ready for our preparation. My girl and boy scouts to accompany me are ready. They too are disguised and well armed, and have everything in its place, and Angeline Jennings their leader is as cleverly disguised as the rest. They are well provided with ammunition, and each one of them is quite familiar with everything that is desired of them."

"But what about the retainers?" Gertie asked. "Put in for she was with them now." "I was coming to that. They are ten thousand in number. The leader is a rather fine looking pleasant faced man of about forty five or so. He is very strong, agile, steady, and brave, and is nearly seven feet tall."

When his column rode up, I was surprised. When he gave the command at rest, his men began to speak about new disasters they had heard of in the news. Many of my girl scouts listened breathlessly to the talk, and one of the soldiers was telling his comrades something of a new disaster

that swept that swept the state of Mullencall. I could see at a glance that you could not see that they know more about the disaster than all the news could obtain in a whole year's inspection and investigation. That state has been swept with the third greatest disaster of all, and the loss of life is a lament beyond count. One soldier told of a father who was rescued from the flood with his wife and three children. Of one thing I'm morally certain, the disaster needs investigation, and it's up to us to do it if no one else can.

"And what the retainers?"

"As far as I can judge they seem to be a devoted band of soldiers. The generals even can see that these curiously men love to do their duty, and all the soldiers love their leader, no less clearly that their officers love him."

"That's precisely the account of all the generals about Walter Starring, and of which Evans gives too. Evans was good enough to tell me that on two different occasions when he wished to go on a scouting tour, he had gone to Starring's camp to look him up to ask him to come along and that on one of those visits, he found him and his column returning with a large number of child slaves whom he had rescued during a raid in a portion of a rebel camp. He said it was as easy as a doctor running a child down with the measles with the tenderness of a woman. Evans didn't exactly put it that way but such was the substance of his observation. He also gave it as his opinion that Starring was a nice young man. And yet I don't quite understand. What is it you got him and so many men as your body guard?"

"I will try to give you some information on that point. I won't need to make it a long explanation. First the adventure we are to undertake is extremely dangerous. Then the whole country around is covered by enemy scouting parties and weather is

bad, and all the generals I've met made many remarks about the ^{danger} of the expedition which I could make ^{me} ^{no} ^{tail} of. Also the general warned me that it was the first time in my life to go on such an adventure, and that being a stranger on such an expedition I would find it hard to go through it like you girls can unless I've had your experience. Danger just now is plentiful. So I was ordered to form my strong escort I doing that I'd be safer."

"Does all the general think it is such a dangerous undertaking, Jennie?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes indeed. But there's no stopping us."

General Hanson looked at me like if he was drunk when I spoke to him of it, though his eyes were clear and no discolored. Finally he admitted to me that I and every one of you were as charging a derelict around a stump. Then upon one of his staff general with a foolish smile remarked that ever since the first three disasters scores of thousands entered the enemy's lines to find out what gen. or person ordered these disasters and they even never came back. If you girl heroines live up in any sense even to keeping your word to that admission I'll call you miracle workers."

"Well Jennie I must say that all this purpose of ours is very unusual but nothing will change our mind now. Tell me was there any council held by the generals over this?" asked Violet.

"They debated on it" - and there was a tumbler in Jennie's eye - and it came to an end with some of them quite a few in favor of going in our place. There wasn't a thing in the way of making them change their mind."

"I must say this case strikes me as the most serious and the

most astonishing I have ever come across in all my life," said Violet.

"And you might add the most extraordinary" put in Jace.

"Yes" exclaimed Jennie Dunn. "And general Hanson said that since being in charge of armor he had hobnobbed with all kinds of Christian and Glandelinian spies - with all sorts of agents and investigating spies and scouts, from spies that farms from the Gemini incense to the spies and scouts that visit a Glandelinian camp for news in the interior, but I've never in all my experience known of any number of spies that would go through anything you girl scouts have or of any case where there was any number of spies in the camp but also there had been as much success as you girls made despite "too much peril."

"That's a fact Jennie, excessive peril and great Christian spies would appear to go hand in hand," said Catherine.

"If by abject danger you mean nothing to mention of success in the adventure - yes especially if it is a sort of de-capsa per formance. It does happen to spies with little or no experience even in time of calamity to deservy Christian spies but we are experienced and mean to show our generals something. Other spies need only to be put on their feet. Well what have you done to prepare for the adventure?"

"I sent for orders to have members of the Gemini keep us secretly shadowed as you proposed and a supply of provisions to last us until we enter the foe's lines including flour eggs sugar coffee a string of sausages and also plenty of ammunition to rely on for emergencies. I hear my girl scouts are going to do what they

can to give us all the assistance there is in their power. All of us will be well provided for. As for the boys, scouts who are to accompany us we've prepared plenty for them to do on their own line. Also there's a number of fine reliable automobiles due for the chief boys.

"Allow me to take care of that," Gertrude broke in. "Just a few minutes ago an officer - sent by Genl, it may be - rode up to my tent this morning and handed me this note saying - 'Gertrude I've heard about the expedition you and Violet and her sisters are going to make, as was that was a pass and counter sign into the enemy's line. General Hanson says get the best weapons you can rely on. I'll have Messer said for your safe return.' He remounted his horse and rode away before I could even thank him. I never saw him before, but never the less he was a friend."

"Thank you Gertrude, I'll attend to the rest at once. Only one thing I forgot to tell you" said Jennie Turner looking at her closely.

"And what is that Jennie?"

"Walter Starling says he will also have us covered or shadowed, so to be ready in case of need. We'll start a large body of clever scouts as soon as you are ready. If you say so we'll start to work to-morrow. I'll send our scouts everything that is necessary so if anything happens to us, we can at least be on our feet again. And our success will be grand."

"For all of which thanks be to God!"

The sound of a galloping horse cut short what further reflections Gertrude was about to make and in general Linda's answer to "come in" the tent door covering way pushed aside and there in the entrance stood curiously

beautifully and smiling expansively stood Angelina Jennings herself looking newly ashen of her new uniform rather more like a princess than a girl scout.

"Oh Angelina Aronburg is that you? - Good morning General. I didn't know that the princess had you for company. I just came to tell Angelina Aronburg that General Hanson says everything's ready for the expedition to-morrow. General Hanson wishes to have me go along, and says that if I do wouldn't it be a surprise if all the boy and (general's) girl scouts will be jealous of me. General Hanson says to have me accompany you to-morrow."

"You are quite welcome to come my dear friend!" said Violet.

"And we had such a fine time making ready, and eating our breakfast this morning. Before we were through and our breakfast was over, I had to ride down to make a report to my scouts. We had to loosen up on most of our provisions, and when I told them what I was going to do, they almost choked with astonishment. When we said our prayers we put in 'God bless our expedition, and make it successful.' I'm going to say that prayer even while we are on the adventure. Oh Miss Aronburg, did you take a look at my new uniform?"

"The uniform is excellent, your shoes are strong and look well" said Angelina Aronburg. "But for goodness sake be quiet if you go with us you'll be taking too much danger."

"No I won't. Miss Aronburg I can do real dangerous stunts if I want to" replied Angelina Jennings, recovering the moral gravity. "But I just came in to report that everything is ready for the adventure adventure. So I guess I'll go now. Goodbye, princess, good bye Miss

Chonburg, good-bye general Vivian. I'll have to go now.

She made for the entrance - also fairly like in her gait - and then she astonished them all. She turned in the threshold of the big tent, faced them all and with the sudden movement that Violet and her sisters are so accustomed in observing in Angelina Riches, made a profound curtsy - more profound than that which they had observed in her entrance. She sank and rose like the crest of a wave.

"Miss Jennings" general Vivian called as she was turning to go "where on earth did you learn that curtsy?"

"I've learned it from Angelina Riches. She showed me how to do it when ever the Emperor came to review the army, and when he came to speak to me."

"It was I who learned her" confessed Angelina Riches as the girl scout disappeared. "There was a Nun I knew in Angelina's Gatha, Your Excellency, and when I went to school, she showed me how they used it when the Bishop or Cardinal came."

And then general Vivian recalled the days of his own better practice and of how long it took him to limber his stiff little knees for these curtsies. Ease in motion does not come handily to all of us. But these two girl scouts Angelina Riches, and Jennings could never - supposing her to have general Vivian's expression - have perceived his comment to save her life.

"They are fine girls both she and Riches" commented the Vivian girls together.

"Thanks for the recommendation" said Angelina Riches with a bow.

Your Excellency do you know that Angelina Riches and Jennings has everything that you in the making of good deeds in the near future" said Angelina Chonburg.

"Indeed" the general answered, and being busy with something in his mind presently forgot her observation. But it was to be recalled in the light of later events to come.

It must be said that general Vivian did not know these two little girls very well yet having seen so little of them. But he felt sure of them nevertheless and therefore trusted they would make good in the adventure with Violet and her sisters.

Introducing their closeness to the Glandelinian camp and showing Angeline Richee in her first known stunt.

"May Violet" said Angelina Cronburg, her faithful companion toward evening with the Glandelinian camp in view. "Angeline Richee says to be careful what move we make now. She says she's very fond of reading, but not of Glandelinian camp."

"Indeed."

"Yes Violet, she's suspicious that we're being watched. If we be careful entering the foes' camp, will be like listening to a fairy tale."

"It's quite a natural thing for me to enter a Glandelinian camp," Violet made answer. "Not one of us yet had ever been afraid to enter a Glandelinian camp. Don't you think we ought to go forward now?"

"Yes Violet, but if we are not careful we won't have much of a chance to enter, see as far as the camp extends there are so many soldiers on guard duty. They guard no large open spaces between them."

"Well Gertrude what are you driving at?"

The surprising part is that they had approached as near as possible to the Glandelinian camp, and after scouting carefully saw no chance whatever of slipping into the Glandelinian camp. There were too many sentinels on watch, and not far off from where the girls were hiding was a large group of pickets well armed. There was only one road leading into the enemy's camp, and a number of well armed guards were lined up on either side. It seemed even impossible to approach the camp.

The fact that this made Angeline Richee somewhat uneasy and have her hint to Angelina Cronburg that she was suspicious they were even made them all cautious. They had advised all their followers to scatter out a great distance, each one far apart and to also enter the foe's lines at scattered distances but also keep the girls always in view.

The fact is Angeline Richee has already hinted to me several times that she'd like to go on ahead and see if she can discover some opening into the enemy's lines."

"Oh that it is it?"

"And she paid you an awful compliment."

"She did? Set, have it."

"She said that any thing you'd success on any duty you recommended or picked out for her would be just three times as exciting because you picked it out."

"What an inspiration for excitement the girl must have."

"She considers this a very dangerous undertaking Violet."

"She didn't use that expression Gertrude."

"No but that's what it came to. She wants to know whether there's any chance of any of us entering the enemy's lines."

"Did you undeceive her?"

"Sure I did. I told her we won't fail. And that no one asked to go where we went go."

"A very nice way of putting it," Joice commented.

Angelina Cronburg, as it said was just eleven and yet despite her early years, thought that Violet and her sisters were taking an awful chance in making this expedition, and therefore decided to accompany them to watch that nothing happens to them. She was a just the same age as Joice Cronburg and knew better than they what to do.

"I told her we were going to --"

"What's that?" Joe interrupted.

"I beg pardon, I told her you intended us to go."

"I thank you, Gertrude --"

"We were going to find out if possible which of the German generals made the order for these big disasters, and that you wouldn't accept any backing out, or any what you may call it."

"Quite clear, Gertrude."

"Well I did make it clear. I said you or your sisters would not attempt anything that you couldn't do, or anything of the kind, and that you or your sisters couldn't be such famous spies, scouts, or army panthers if you were not successful, and she said you and your sisters ought to lead armies against the foe then."

"Gertrude are you and Angelina Riches trying to make our vocation seem greater than it is?"

"Not at all Violet. But we sure would want to see you in a higher vocation than a princess, as well as your sisters. But just now I wouldn't want you and your sisters to give up your present vocation on any account. Who'll run the boy and girl scout regiments then?"

"All the boy and girl scouts in the Christian armies, no matter what their rank, fully worshipped Violet and her sisters. If they don't find heroines in the Vision Girls, then they can't find any anywhere else. Children are here worshippers. If they don't find heroes in their daily round, they create them out of the common clay."

"Well Gertrude to return to Angelina

Riches. I am glad you told me that she wanted to scout for an opening for us to enter the foe's lines. The girl scout seems to have the eyes of a cat, and though she seems to walk in a jungle, she can have as a lion. What a pity so many boy and girl scouts with their qualities have not the means to do what we can. See that Angelina Riches comes to interview me as soon as she can."

Accordingly while the girls had edged themselves forward closer to the enemy's lines, to get a better view of the dangerous locality, Angelina Riches duly listened among them. She was quiet and grave, though about her tiny person radiated youth, hope and spring and the brightness of a Puma.

"Well Princess we are as close to the foe's lines as we dare to go. I'm awfully glad you have sent for me. I haven't had a chance to see an opening in the enemy's lines so far; I've counted the guards and there's a thousand of them. You know the way things look now. we do not have any chance to enter the enemy's lines unless there is an opening somewhere. Angelina Aronburg says that you alone know what to tell me to do."

"I suppose Riches you'd like me to send you to scout ahead for a short distance, and to send you occasionally."

"Oh yes Violet, I should like it very much."

"How often about?"

"As often as it is necessary."

"Do you like to go and do it now?"

"Oh!" cried Angelina Riches, rising on her toes rolling her eyes upward, and remaining thus ecstatically while she spoke. "I should say I would. I've just love to go and scout right now, and I surely love a thrilling adventure."

Saying which, Angelina Riches settled her feet one upon the floor. In so doing, the nearly level to go out on a scout ing venture, she had thrown out her hands in such wise that she gave one the impression that she was about to fly away.

One of the nearest boys crouched giggled. He was standing behind a tree with his face in profile. Violet looked hard at the boy who at once changed his smiles into blushes.

"Have you discovered anything that will admit us softly past those guards?" Michael?

"No Princess Violet, I could not see anything yet."

"You know I'm waiting for an opportunity to enter the enemy's lines," Violet said dryly thus extinguishing Michael. "Now Angelina I'm going to send you off to scout some distance ahead and you have my permission to go as near as you like but be sure to come back as quickly as possible when you are ready to bring me the information. Then we'll all slip into the Glandelinian camp. Then you'll get some one to waylay a Glandelinian general and force him to tell what he knows. Bring him if necessary, Michael."

"Yes Princess."

"I hate to lure you from your hiding place Michael but would you kindly accompany Miss Riches on her scouting tour. Get a number of the boys together. It'll only take you a minute or so you know."

This sounds like success but Michael knew Violet was slightly

angry at him for giggling at Angelina Riches and therefore believed she was "pulling it in" but on the whole enjoyed it.

"Don't you like Lieutenant Michael, Violet inquired Angelina Riches when that young hysscut-hut gone to gather together some of his comrades."

"I certainly do."

"Why did you talk that way to him then? If you talked to me that way I'd feel just terrible."

"I hope then that I will never have to talk to you in that way Angelina. As for Michael he was laughing at your notions and I'm a little sore at him for it."

"Oh I see. Say ain't boys funny?"

Michael saved Violet the trouble of pursuing this rather vast subject by returning with the desired number of boys.

"Oh thank you for the permission, thank you ever so much Violet," cried Angelina Riches. "I don't care now whether I meet with some of the enemy or not."

"What's that? You're not going that close to the enemy's lines?"

"No!"

Violet looked closely at her friend's face. The roses of her cheeks were in full bloom. Her complexion always fine, was evidently clearer than before.

She now went off with the boys. During the time they were waiting for her return all had gone well so far with the girl spies. They had not been seen by the enemy as close as they were to his lines, they had a steady view of the camp, and all the other boys and girl scouts had well accomplished much, thanks to Violet and her sisters. In a word as any one might observe, all that was needed was to enter the

the enemy's lines. All the scouts were well supplied with weapons and ammunition and as Michael had observed: "The Virgin Girls had put them on their feet, and they had stayed put put put."

There might be quite a lot of so called romance in dealing with desperate spying expeditions, expeditions not heard of in any story book of course, as much romance as parables, and yet less gratitude from those for whom you do it for.

If one spy or so was working for earthly appreciation it would be on nineteen cases out of forty be time absolutely wasted. But one is working in a war fought only in God's only cause and beside the saving grace of it all humanly speaking is that there is always hope for the successful spy. The leaders and others are too often slightly afraid and would not go through any dangers that Violet and her sisters would ask. But in the Abreannian armies brave spies swarm like bees.

However as regards to the boy and girl scouts in the Christian armies the reader may be dealing it would seem with the bravest of child spies.

And all those whom they watched for were grateful, they did all they could to insure the safety of the spies during their expeditions kept them well supplied, and they gave promise of being able to help without any outside help, their ability to do what they are able. Angelina Riches feared

Violet and her sisters as she departed with her famous army, on seeing which Michael also imitated, and even then at his attempt Violet and her sisters choked hard in a vain endeavor to keep from laughing. The boy nevertheless thank God had a sense of humor. He was a good boy scout, very reliable, for them as regard to such matters, but no one yet was like the boy scout, Pennod.

But to tell the truth the expedition seemed so risky that Violet and her sisters did not want to make him share the dangers with them. They made a great blunder in this.

Chancing to watch Angelina Riches as she went to do her scouting work close to the enemy's lines, from their own place of concealment, as she went through a small wood, Violet and her sisters took in the view before her. Angelina Riches was directing her followers to maneuver and while doing so was executing a "pas seul" - body whirling hands and feet flying.

Little as Violet and her sisters knew of the poetry of motion it was clear to their somewhat astounded eyes that this spy fairy was one of the few with the natural gift of translating feeling - joy or excitement into motion.

They recalled general Virriano's remark about "The dancing spy fairy." While they were still staring almost spell bound, the "fairy" suddenly disappeared. The flying arms and the flying feet shot into positions most demure, and Angelina Riches no longer the fairy was walking along with a sedateness which

was plainly more than natural, she was so near to the enemy camp as she dared to go. Yet unknowingly Angelina Riches had illustrated to Violet and her sisters the saying of the prestidigitator "We move so quickly that we deceive the eye." Yet none of the enemy observed her or the other child scouts.

The other girl and boy scouts saw nothing of her graceful movements and Violet and her sisters certainly did not tell them. It was not necessary and besides what they did not see was not theirs to know. Angelina Riches of course was unusual in her ways, full of cheerfulness in face of all trials, fearless, crafty and as sly as a panther. When even she was joyful she expressed it by all her graceful actions, but if she was angry she was as uncontrollable as an engaged aggressor.

Therefore the enemy feared her exceedingly.

Narrating Angelina Riches 127 Visit close to the Glandelinian camps.

Angelina Riches in the ensuing six or seven minutes must have missed anything she wanted to observe, it was not uncommon for her to look in every direction to get a view of an opening but none could she observe. She felt that she would rather miss many a supper than fail in her quest now. She not only strove to observe some point of vantage for Violet and her sisters to enter the enemy's lines, but she retained every thing she observed. But as yet she did not say anything to Michael. Even though her memory was unusual. On one occasion during these few minutes, on cautiously going forward a little closer she heard as she quickly darted behind a tree to escape observation she heard a silvery voice. It was the voice of Angelina Jennings somewhere, at some distance to her right.

Angelina Riches paused and for nearly five minutes listened. It was not her intention of course to play the eavesdropper. But Angelina Jennings was not engaged in actual conversation, she was giving direction to a number of girl scouts, for it seemed evident she had discovered something. She was telling them something and whatever it was it made Angelina Riches feel as if she was Aladdin, and the owner of the Wonderful Lamp.

The flow of language was so easy the words were so well chosen the sentences so satisfying that at first Angelina Riches believed she must be reading. But on second thought, she rejected the inference, no child of her age could read with intonation so easy and so natural.

This girl scout I must surmise seemed to have committed some entire story to her memory. After a time Angelina Riches made her way over to where she was. A circle of girl scouts seated around her was

gazing spellbound at Angeline Jennings then
 all of them paid strict attention
 to her with wide open eyes, and gaping mouths,
 as if listening to some stirring fairy tale. Indeed
 here was Pongma in its primitive innocence.
 Angeline Riches was hesitating as to interrupt
 her when Little Miss Jennings, in a mad-gest-
 ture intended to signify what she was explaining
 running partly round, and suddenly observed Angeline
 Riches watching her.

"Oh there you are Riches dear. I was just tell-
 ing my followers what they should do. Did
 you hear her?"

"I did. Tell me An, did you learn anything
 about the enemy's camp?"

"I made an investigation twice and I
 got some information for you. You see that long
 road well guarded. Well I never need to
 explain anything very much. I overheard
 one of the officers and I know what to do
 if the Princesses will follow the plan. You
 see Angeline Riches I overheard everything
 he said to another and then I decided to
 tell it to all the rest. But I had
 orders not to leave this spot unless told to
 and as you came out this far to scout you
 can convey the message to Violet and
 her sisters. Oh we'll have an awfully
 good time. Sixteen large party of
 Glandelinian boyscouts went out early
 this morning and have so far failed
 to return. I know the password and the
 number who went fortunately equal
 all ours. The best thing we can do
 is pass as those boyscouts on the return.
 Did you ever hear such a good plan
 before. We can put out for the
 Glandelinian camp in column formation
 and as I know the name of the boy-
 scout leaders we can do everything
 the best way - and then hide in

the Glandelinian camp until dark. Then
 Violet and her sisters can carry out what they set
 out for. Do you think such a plan will work.
 Angeline?"

"Violet and her sisters will try it Jen, on your
 recommendation."

"It'll save lots of time too," pursued Angeline
 Jennings. "And if you haven't any fear as to
 the consequence, we can attempt it at the
 hour they are to return. And if you haven't
 any pass you don't need to know the pass
 as my pass will pull us all through. It's
 just like putting out the lamp for a story in
 the dark."

"Isn't the same sentinels on guard
 now?"

"They're going to be changed in fifteen
 minutes."

"Are not those boy and girl scouts on
 the return now?"

"They'll be coming within another two
 hours."

"Come behind this tree Jen."

She followed Angeline Riches, and they
 and they stepped behind a large tree.

"Jen, tell me just what you have discovered?"
 "That that road is the only way into
 the enemy's camp."

"Jen what did you have to enable you
 to go so near the foe?"

"Never Angeline."

"Anything else?" with a smile.

"No Angeline though of course recklessness
 is not very happy so they say."

"How long did it take you to dis-
 cover this?" Michael told Angeline

Angeline to come right away.

As Michael ran off to obey Jen moved.
 "About twenty minutes. The officers
 were close to my hiding place
 and I overheard every word. I lost no

time in observing what they said. The officer said general Federal had been wounded in the awful battle at Cedarline just past, that he was having a sick spell, and conspicuously lost his command as a consequence. General Alde Adede Alde De Garbe who is in command sent those scouts out to watch us, but we outwitted them. General Vivian says we are just born for good luck and therefore must see that it stays with us. I wish Angelina Aronburg would hurry up. I wish you knew general Adele De Garbe, he's just the most dangerous Glandelinian general you ever heard of. The officer said of him: "He's going to tell us what he's going to do about the disasters inflicted upon the Christian dogs. The name of the general who ordered the creation of the disaster is nicknamed the 'Hardly Ever' he says."

"Well it's up to the prisoners to look for 'Mr. Hardly Ever' and when they see him come along we can try to capture him, and then he's going to tell us why he's ordered these floods and make a good confession all written, and then he's going to come along with us and make us all full of the information as to the cause of all the biggest disasters ever known, and then he's going to come along with us as a prisoner. If he refuses."

"It's certainly a good plan if it works," said Angelina Riches. "But when do you expect we'll ever capture him. You know it is easier said than done."

"Well when 'Hardly Ever' comes into our trap he's at least going to give Violet and her sisters a library full of all the information that's ever written, and he's going to tell them

what explosives were used and to Angelina Aronburg he's going to make a map of the next states. Glandelinia desires to devastate, give them information, what's going to be done in the future and a collected list of all the generals who are any leaders in the plots if he wishes to continue living.

And he's going to make a list of the names of the Government officials who are responsible, and Angelina Aronburg will obtain a written list of the names of the spots previously blasted as well as the dikes and levees and I am going to have a collection of all the towns previously named, that were destroyed, with a scout to do the checking and a girl to do the grilling and reversal of the Gemini to do or make the cross examination. Wouldn't that be fine as a record breaker?"

"It certainly would. When do you expect to capture that general? And when does Adele De Garbe expect that general to come in?"

"He won't tell. We'll have to find out for ourselves. The general keeps it a secret. The staff generals of this 'Hardly Ever' are Government officials of high rank and no one knows who. The Captain general of this officer is Captain Romane and his lieutenant is not known."

"I'm afraid I see a good many things will happen before we'll ever capture general 'Hardly Ever' or his Confederates."

"I guess so but there's no harm in trying. I've been thinking about it all this while."

"Are you sure I see about the time the rebel boys and girl scouts come back?" I wonder what's keeping Gortugle?" to herself. "Just positive. You understand I've overheard

every thing. When I discover any thing I'm not the girl to let an opportunity slip.

"Are you going to inform Violet, Jan?"

"Yes the sooner the better, you see I have no fear of the outcome. When I have an opportunity I take advantage of it."

"And how about the pass?"

"Oh I've got that handy. If I have time I'll show it to you. Here comes Angelina Cronking. She's always on the alert. You ought to see how she can manage a pass. — I mean when she gets a chance."

"Yes here come Gertrude. Go and get Michael and come back here."

Presently with Jennings clinging to her petol and on the lookout, with Michael and others followed Angelina Riches was walking under cover toward where Violet and her sisters were hidden, making a vain effort at dignity. With one little girl on the lookout for ahead, and the others in her eagerness to take in all sights and sounds, walking now sideways, now backwards, and now not at all, locomotion while possible, was anything but dignified.

But they had to do this to be on the lookout and Gertrude Angelina acted worse. The reader must be reminded they were perilously close to the enemy's camp. There is not far away between a large group of Sycamore trees a small pool of water, and near this were hidden the Virgins. Into this place went Angelina Riches and the others and explained things to the princesses.

"Are we to do it Violet?" asked Gertrude.

"For small a chance but we'll try," she answered.

"Are you going to lead the procession Violet?" asked Riches.

Violet explained that the discovery of the opportunity would make such an attempt on her part ill advised and presently the whole party was waiting for the time to arrive. And

while they did they partook themselves of a small meal. Violet had taken along with her two small beef steaks and a small bottle of milk which she started to make good use of.

"Aren't you going to eat anything Gertrude?" inquired Joice.

Gertrude explained that a breakfast just taken when she had one, and a hearty one just before, was not desirable, and presently the rest were enjoying the meal splendidly.

Angelina Riches, serious and solemn eyed now started in to eat her breakfast with a will, while the others resumed to play with their food, resumed for in the long run their execution quite equalled Riches. Within a quarter of an hour they were busy through and had an hour and a quarter to wait.

"I'd like to start now, as we'd never have a chance to come here again," said Gertrude "that's the sort of a move I'd like."

"Would that we could, but if we do the sure won't work. We have to wait an hour at least. It'll take a quarter of an hour to reach the road."

"Would that be all?"

"I thank you, yes."

"I hope the real party will delay long enough for us to slip through," continued Gertrude.

"Yes and I hope we'll enjoy our adventures," added Angelina Riches, inspired to this kindly wish by the shining eyes and more than placid content of the rest.

"We will very much if the enemy gives us lots of excitement," answered Joice. "But for the success of our undertaking I hope the enemy for the time being will not discover us or otherwise we won't feel quite well this morning."

"You bet we'll successfully do it, we must," answered Angelina Cronking. Not saying so the other girls could see by her watchful glance at Joice exactly what she wanted to the good.

girl, like so many of her class said not what she
to say, but what she could.

"You're a little worried about the outcome of the
adventure," continued Joice serenely. "But as you know
I and my sisters have adventures, especially one of
deep mystery like this one. I hope Gertrude you're
not thinking of backing out?"

"I should say not," answered Gertrude, more anxious
to proceed than quit.

"It's very kind of you to volunteer to go with us Gertrude,
isn't it Violet?" asked Riches.

"It is," returned Violet decidedly.

Angelina Aronburg was glum. Over the delay red
signals of impatience and distress were spreading
over her features. Considering it time to end the
watchful waiting Violet looked at her wrist watch
and wore. They had twenty minutes yet. Angelina
Riches made a dash for her horse.

Riches said Violet and her sisters together,
shaking her fingers at her "you forgot something.
We must first pray for success."

Angelina Riches looked a trifle disconcerted
but she turned and stood at attention, fastening
her eyes meekly on Violet and her sisters and
waited for further orders.

Then Violet and her sisters with all the
other girls in line, made a big sign of the
cross, the next following their example.

"Oh dear Sacred Heart of Jesus aid us in our
Mission, as it's a most holy cause."

As Violet pronounced these words all heads were
lowed, their eyes were closed and twelve pair of
hands were clasped in unstudied ritual.

"Amen!" cried Violet with vibrant earnestness and
solemnity. Then each remounted their horses and
the procession a little more difficult in the
way of actual progress than before made
slowly toward the appointed goal. The leader
of the girl scout column who met them
was no less a person than a crafty spy her-
self, a slight light eyed trim affable

little girl, a child scout, who taking the advan-
tage at its best grasp, had by her attention
to detail, her urbanity, and her executive ability
sided herself in extreme favor of Violet and her
sisters. She had from her hidden position behind
a tree taken in with impatient interest, the consultation
of Violet and her sisters with her leading scouts.
They had listened with deep concern to the con-
versation between the princess and Angelina Riches
concerning her discovery, and when the prayer was
said by them, the tears came into their eyes.

The reader may understand, just a few weeks
before, a number of her old elder scouts including
her brother who day after day scouted on the
enemy, had probably made that trip for the
last time, for they never came back. They
had even said that prayer, said it with
such faith, innocence, and devotion, but now she
feared the enemy had laid them down to
a sleep, which this side of the grave knows
no waking.

As she awaited their approach with a smiling nod of
welcome she was saying Angelina Riches.

"How did the plan come out Jen," said the girl scout
as Riches made her familiar outcry. Jennings attempted
the same feat with partial success.

"Violet where did you get those two angel scouts?
Girls you must go through an adventure with me some-
time."

"We'll be glad to," answered Riches. "wouldn't
we Jen?"

"Oh yes," asserted Jennings earnestly.
"Did the Glandelinian girl and boy scouts come
in right yet?" queried Angelina Aronburg.

"Not yet," the girl answered.

"Then let's get started said Violet as
she slipped something into her pocket. "It
may pass," announced. "It ought to pass
as through."

"Then forward we go," Joice continued,
and gathered in a long column, in squad rank

formation and proceeded in silence to the head bend of the road, a silence of several seconds, broken by Angelina Riches.

"We have to be very careful in this case," she said.

And so it proved to be.

On reaching the bend of the road he signalled to Michael to deploy his column and told him what he knew of Riches' discovery.

"But danger lurks if we fail," the lay scout said. "I'm going to send my scouts to cover our rear in case the scouts of Glandelina come at the appointed time. We must be on our guard."

"All right," Michael said Riches with a smile.

That smile was solved subsequently. No one was ever so cautious as these. They know they'd pay for it if they wasn't. But the Glandelinian boy and girl scouts were late, thus giving them the opportunity they were looking for.

Violet and her sisters takes (into) Angelina Aronburg and others into the enemy's lines. 137

Violet and her sisters were prompt in following out Angelina Riches' plan, and to their uttermost and dismay matters, she discovered were not so good as supposed for the Glandelinians looked carefully at their faces. By signal the Vinan Girls spotted the situation at once and warned them to be on their guard.

"It is an extraordinary case," Riches observed. "The Glandelinians are more watchful than ever."

"It certainly puzzles me," answered Angelina Aronburg. "But it strikes me our faces are not the same as the Glandelinian child scouts and therefore the Glandelinians are suspicious. The officer of the guard looked far fairly stung at us, and will not let us pass directly. But even supposing he'll let us pass in the end, there's a good reason of his being suspicious of us, but how comes it he can almost tell by our faces that we are not the ones he's expecting. It might be we'll have to fight our way out."

"I think," said Angelina Riches. "It would be advisable. Well, after all the pretence are allowing us to pass."

And so they were. Therefore they made carefully on while Gertrude said.

"Our guns are lovely and well used for and we can trust Violet and her sisters to lead us safely through the adventure as they're a sort of supernatural phenomenon to us. I even heard them telling the guards all sorts of strange stories. She even told the officer of the guard that she intends to be an author and write books on war."

"Who knows?" said Riches as they continued on past the quartet of guards. "Who sure can do better than anyone thinks. But isn't it a thing that such beautiful girls

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Like they are have the desire to go through such adventures like these, when what heavenly music what lofty aspirations may be already germinating in their beautiful hearts.

"Despite their dangerous adventures they certainly have beautiful thoughts, Riches. She says the successful issue of the adventure is going to be dedicated to you, and if they succeed in obtaining the information they desire they are going to give you all the credit. But if none of us are careful, we can turn this expedition into a circus, and probably end in disaster."

"A Circus of a circus," cried Angelina Riches "that reminds me of something even more peculiar. I notice that as we pass by all the guards closest to the Glandelinian camps are looking at us very intently. But they are all looking us through just the same. If we succeed in getting in, Violet and her sisters will certainly enjoy it. Yes I don't know of any girl or boy scout in any expedition who would enjoy this adventure more. It is the most desperate move on their part, and I fancy that we'll all share some of the excitement. It is a pity we can't arm ourselves with machine gun pistols or rifles."

"I think we can arrange fair enough with our customary weapons Riches. We are close to the camp now. My followers intend to follow on every move and they have to arrange for that before we get into camp."

"They were now in sight of the camp. But before they were allowed to pass they were examined closely, even examined. I'll call it that. But they answered every question carefully and shrewdly without even flinching apparently, satisfying the Glandelinians who finally allowed them to pass in."

"I think said the officer it would be advisable to allow them to pass in. They are all right."

"But said the officer 'the child scout is a

to be too lovely for those who went out. The leading girls appear to be unusual."

"Who knows?" said the first. "They might have disguised themselves to escape the Christian dogs. Wouldn't it be an awful thing if we unconsciously allowed the Virian Girls to slip into our lines. Manley likes to meet these children every day for a good purpose, but not without first getting his hands on them and they must know what dreadful thoughts, what great desires of awful revenge what awful aspirations may always loitering him."

"What ever they are, those Virian Girls have unusual bravery Captain. But Manley's reward for their capture dead or alive will be given to only the one person responsible for it, but if he gets the huge sum he is supposed to give his helpers part of it. With the rest of the money he could do as he likes."

"Talking of a reward," the other officer cried "that reminds me of the impossibility of it. I have noticed the difficulty of capturing them, and the greater difficulty of retaining them. I notice also that other things are to be given out to those who capture. If they were captured Manley would certainly enjoy it. Yes I don't know of any general who would enjoy it more. It is his favorite hope, and I fancy that their cries from torture would be music to his ears."

"I think some one will arrange their capture. Captain. If they are anywhere about my boys can catch them and they can easily arrange for bringing about their capture."

Being permitted to pass however Violet and her sisters and their followers gained an easy entrance into the rebel lines and were even assigned to a boy and girl scout camp. To avoid detection, and to obtain the information they desired they released the best plan was to make pretensions of serving in the Glandelinian army as Glandelinian child scouts. Therefore though it was a sacrifice to themselves in the unpleasant

task. But they saw no other way but to go through with it.

"Don't you think it is a wrong against our cause?" asked Gortuile the second day after they met.

"I think we can arrange that Gortuile," said Violet. "It is our only way."

Some time later the following code letter reached Violet:

"Dear Violet:

I and a number of my followers were to day summoned to general Manley's headquarters to take a message to general Wade Adèle De Garbe. Angelina Richer was with me during this important mission and I must write to tell you about it. We took turns examining the message before we delivered it, but though otherwise important, we did not find it indicating anything what we were seeking for.

Angelina Richer claims she thought she discovered something but I do not. When she was in general Adèle De Garbe's headquarters, she missed nothing in new, as a bad audience does from the rise of the curtain to its fall.

As for myself, I was compelled to go and spend most of my time in watching her and preventing her from doing anything rash. While the general was reading the message, she stood motionless, her body at least was motionless gazing at everything on his table.

But her face, you should have seen the changes - caution, alertness, awe, suspicion, curiosity, temptation, movement, laughter, enthusiasm, and anxiety. I could not begin to describe the emotions that were passing one another upon her face.

During the time I was waiting for his return, she seemed to be looking all around the

room too, and still nothing moved but her eyes and her face. That is it, her eyes were observing every thing, and when officers came into the room in stately uniform, Angelina Richer looked, looked as I imagine little girls look and ought to look when suddenly put on their guard. She was at attention apparently.

The officers were turned their eyes upon her and one or two officers (all were generals) sat down, but she took no notice of them.

She had some plan in mind. When the officer cleared every thing away from the table, she came to herself with a little sigh, like a sigh sort of Peri at the gate of heaven, getting one glimpse of the splendor within only to have the gates closed, in her face.

I sometimes think that all girls can be like her if they wish, but most grown folks don't give them a chance for an adventure.

Anyhow I'm so glad you suggested taking Richer with us, and though I paid no attention to the comment of the officer the two and half hours I spent in the general's headquarters was the most surprising in the way of adventure I have ever spent.

Your little dancing fairy spy seemed quite at home in the general's headquarters. I might if general "Wadly Ever" comes to her tent I intend please God, to try and make him prisoner. I escorted Richer to her own tent and all the way her conversation was a succession of ahs and ahs, and exclamations for a while.

There is one circumstance on our arriving at her camp - God helps us - which caused me a little wonder and suspicion.

We had not quite started up the Company street to leading to her tent when Angelina Jennings and others came hurrying down to meet us. In some reason they seemed ill at ease. I thanked one for bringing Angelina Richer softly back and back and most, most anxiously to stay saying,

"it aint safe for us to explain things now. but the enemy is suspicious. the real child scouts have returned and we are on our guard. she spoke in a low voice and was evidently very nervous. This is a long letter but I thought you would be interested in it. Come to us real soon. joined by all the scouts in best wishes and prayer for seeing the adventure through. I am,

Yours sincerely
Angelina Asenbury."

But this letter was by no means the last she wrote about Angelina Riches. Ward soon Violet was called to the telephone and there ensued the following conversation. The author may as well give all the preliminaries, because it illustrates what a busy Christian girl a spy must endure with Christian scouts within a Glandelinian camp, numbering hundreds of members of boys and daring girls of eleven hundred and, covering parties of they don't know how many, besides keeping your eye on Glandelinian soldiers.

"Yes this is the girls scout camp" she declared.

"Halloa?"

"Yes."

"Is this the Glandelinian child scout camp?"

"Yes yes, that's what I said, and this is the chief scout leader talking."

"Is that you Princess Violet?"

"Say who ever that is do you want me to betray myself while here?"

"But are you the person I'm inquiring for?"

"Please?"

"Yes."

"Are you?"

"Yes that's what I said" impatiently.

"What?"

"Yes she began to bellow, "This is the party you are seeking."

"Oh good morning Princess, don't you know me?"

"Well who is it?"

"This is one of your girlscouts Gertrude by name?"

"Gertrude? Gertrude who?"

"Which Gertrude? Angelina Asenbury?"

"No my name is not Angelina Asenbury. It's Gertrude Angelina."

"Gertrude Angelina? Gertrude Angelina who do you say?"

"Why just Gertrude Angelina."

"Which Gertrude Angelina?"

"Oh don't you remember me?"

"Then Violet became heroic."

"Probably I do. I know of three Gertrude Angelinas in Pennock's regiment of girlscouts, two Gertrude Angelinas in my special scout brigade, four Gertrude Angelinas now in Angelina Asenbury's company of spy boys two in forces, four who have recently attended Riches in the last six weeks and about eighteen Gertrude Angelinas who neither belong to any girl scout regiments in either general Winans or Hanson's armies."

"Well I'm one of these Gertrude Angelinas who Captain of a scout regiment under you."

"Ah Gertrude now we can go on." (No wonder Violet reflected that people at times will use for one words) "Glad to hear from you, Gertrude Angelina, what is it?"

"There was a little girl come to see me about an hour ago, about ten year old with a few smaller companions. She said her name was Angelina Jennings. Do you know her?"

"Certainly do. Did she want to capture the whole Glandelinian army?"

"Very is a dangerous thing on the phone. Gertrude Angelina at considerable length pointed out to Violet the improbability all things considered of Angelina Jennings intending any single handed of placing a whole Glandelinian army under arrest."

"Well what did she want?" Violet asked. "But why not come and tell me, I'm one might be ever dropping over the phone and will be detected."

"Can you speak English?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes, I've learned it. How did you suspect?"

"Perraud told me. So can I. I learned it from him. I'll tell you my story in English. She asked me if I knew you Violet, then if I liked your penic, and when I told her I did and was your friend she took me by the hand and said: 'I hear you are good at making codes. Then I said yes, I've got a nice selection of paper handy for such work. Would you please make this out for me?' I took her to my table in my tent, Violet and looked over the sheet of paper she handed me. At the moment I explained to her what it contained, Angeline jumped and whispered to her companion 'That's just it.' Then she listened to what I read, standing perfectly still, holding fast her companion's hand. Then I thought I saw a Glanadian soldier pass the tent and I turned to see whether I was right. Are you listening Violet?"

"Most intently."

"Well as soon as I turned my back your young friend began to make a copy of the code. I could see everything she did in a looking glass on the wall of the tent. I kept my face turned from her and the little girl thinking that her companions were the only witnesses, made ten copies of the code with a speed that was simply amazing. Is she a professional code writer?"

"Not to my knowledge. I certainly did not know that about her."

"Well I never saw the like. She worked on those codes as if she had been trained to do them all her life. You know, a rather I should have said it is something mysterious about the big flood disasters. The way Angeline Jennings did it was simply astonishing. It was a code letter written to some Glanadian general known as 'Blackly Ever.' If I could only secure his full name, how could she have learned it?"

"So far as I know Gertrude the girl never took a code lesson in her life."

"Well can you beat it? When she was finished she asked me to give the codes to Angeline Riches to take to you. Then she asked me whether she could first bring all her discoveries to me. I told her she would be welcome. You say she never took lessons making codes?"

"Then she must be a spy fairy."

"You have guessed it, Gertrude, Angeline Jennings is a miracle."

"A What?" Gertrude's voice expressed all manners of question marks and exclamation points. "Angeline Jennings," Violet repeated firmly "is a miracle."

"Oh I understand. Well Angeline Riches is on her way with the codes," cried Gertrude and hung up the receiver.

Angeline Richee and Jennings surprised Violet and her sisters, and the Vivian Girls surprises Gertrude Angeline.

About two hours after Angeline Richee, and Jennings presented themselves in the tent grounds of Violet's headquarters with a certain amount of formality.

"Are the seven leaders in Michael?" Violet asked her Richee inquiring.

"They are."

"Well, I'd like to see them on particular business. But warn us if soldiers wish to see us."

"Perhaps you are thinking of playing chess with them," suggested Michael pleasantly.

"Not at all," Angeline Richee made answer. "It is private."

Duly announced the two entered Violet's tent.

"Good afternoon girls."

Angeline Richee with a small package under her arm was evidently despite her customary smile in a state of tense excitement. Jennings was as usual solemn-eyed and burdened too with something she was hurrying to tell the Vivian Girls.

"I see," girls, "there's something on your minds."

For the first time in her dealings with Angeline Richee she seemed to be at a loss for a speech. She looked at Jennings. Angeline Jennings looked at her. She leaned over and whispered in Jennings' ear, who in reply shook her head stoutly.

"It isn't bad news, I hope," Violet said in an attempt to break the silence.

"Violet," said Richee, "it's—it's a surprise!" and she looked around cautiously.

"Oh you want to surprise me do you? I thank you very much. I love to be surprised! Go on and surprise me."

"Haven't you got room for something on your table there?"

"We have."

Then Violet would you and your sisters please come over and look over these codes? Angeline Richee held up her package—"and then sit down and Jennings and I will do the rest."

They gathered around the table. Violet and her sisters noticed, as they sat around the table that the two girls were beautifully and daintily uniformed in gray. Of course they had a fairly good idea of what was to come. Angeline Aronburg had given Violet and her sisters the suspicion to what would otherwise have been a mysterious proceeding. The Vivian Girls were prepared then to guess that the codes then was of the "Hardly Ever" general and having placed them on the table they seated themselves according to directions. The two girls, in the meantime explained the codes.

"Hardly Ever" is general. "Cannonballs" announced Angeline Richee.

"And he knows who ordered the flood disasters to be made," cried Jennings.

"With the first code they explained the amount of explosives used, the number of men who set the mines, the power of the batteries, the length of the war, the parts of the country in which they were to be placed, the names of the rivers, lakes and lakes, points and directions. Violet and her sisters had seen codes explained by professionals. But they had not seen in those professionals work done so complete. It was indeed remarkable, a miracle.

"Capital, girls," Violet and her sisters exclaimed at the end. "Who in the world taught you?"

"Angeline Aronburg taught me," answered Jennings, "and she had a hard time but took patience with me. Once she almost beat up me, ever drop/ser."

"Oh Jennings, how good it was she did, I've

could any one stand an ever-dropper?
Well she certainly gave him a good slap
and shaking up. We all saw he did it.
expedited Jennings.

That sure way great. An ever-dropper would
get a saint mad he's such a snail.

But who did you say taught you Angelina?

"I saw how codes were made" answered Richee,
and I watched Angelina Richee. Angelina
Armburg when she made out codes, and then
seeing I was interested she learned them to
me. Then I went down to general Virrion's
headquarters - he's an awfully nice gen-
eral - and got him to take a lesson from
me before I forgot the mysterious signs I
saw.

There was to be some headway in this dis-
covery hoped to be made on the next day
to the extreme and volubly expressed de-
light of Violet and her sisters.

"How Angelina Armburg getting along
with her work" Violet asked as she re-
turned the codes to their envelopes.

"Oh she's getting along very well thank
you Violet" Angelina Richee made reply. "She
been working on everything she discovered.
How do you like the results of the codes I
brought?"

"They are just right. You are a good ex-
pert with them, and so is Jennings."

"For the first time we stayed up all hours to
do it and she said she was only too glad to do
it for you, in her teaching us."

"How nice of Gertrude Angelina. Is the rest
of her girl scouts working as I planned?"

"They lost their chance yesterday. But they
have been watching all the Glandelinian
officers, and listening to all they said, but
the Glandelinian officers seem suspicious
of them too."

Singular! Violet and her sisters reflected.

We are either watching the Glandelinians for im-
portant information while in their camp, and they are keep-
ing their eye on us. We are either losing our chance
for anything for our cause, or just getting suspected. We
are either pursued or their pursuers. Some day I hope
to see our scouts run successful and hope to hear that
they're both well organized and working like a ma-
chine. These reflections they did not voice but having
dismissed the two girls with renewed congratulations,
Violet telephoned Angelina Armburg to look into
the affairs of her scouts closely.

So far their efforts was an uncommon success. Through-
out the war so far Violet and her sisters had been
successful again and again. And unknown to the Gland-
elinians, this was the first appearance of so many Christian
child scouts within their camp since the war began, and
though the Glandelinians were ignorant of it their
camps were filled with Christian boy and girl scouts
for miles who were bent on averting the movements of
Violet and her sisters.

Angelina Armburg and her two most trusted companions
were with and her sisters and took care of them to such
effect that they felt sure of success. For to ally all
suspicions Angelina Richee continued to be the light
particular for but them all had to be careful.
Angelina Richee proved her merit again and again.
With this first part of the adventure concluded
Violet and her sisters took care that the Glandelinians
did not get onto their game, and every one did their
best to such an effect that so far Angelina
Richee had succeeded in discovering part way
what Violet and her sisters expected of her. In
the next two days the girl and boy scouts
continued their work successfully and
then something happened which made a considerable
change in their hitherto pleasant successes.

Violet and her sisters had noticed for some
reason or other that things had not been just
as they wish it. They knew something was
wrong. It was their second day in the barracks.
Seated at their table Violet and
her sisters were going over the accounts of their

work so far a pleasant duty when one of the girl scouts with very big eyes entered.

"Princess Violet" she began coming to the point at once. Angelina Aronburg gave me this note to give to you, she says she does not know what to do about it."

The note in question had been placed in an envelope and sealed by the teacher Angelina Aronburg. It ran thus:

"Dear Violet,

And your sisters,

I am keeping Angelina Riches in her tent this day as she has been injured through her blunder. All day long she has not been herself. Angelina Jennings is out trying to learn the cause of it. Michael too is out of shape and today is very sick. Could you get some one to investigate this? I have heard you have some of the Gemini with you. It is very hard to stand for this but I do it for the sake of the cause.

Respectfully

Angelina Aronburg."

Jane," said Violet carefully folding the note and putting it inside her waist, "you tell Gertrude Angelina that she need not trouble about this affair at all. I'll take care of it myself."

Then she went to the telephone.

"Is that you Gertrude?"

"Yes."

"This is Princess Violet speaking. Did you really send me this note?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen Angelina Riches lately?"

"Yes Violet. I was with her just ten minutes ago, and things does not look so good. Michael lost his opportunity this morning or rather what he did succeed at he could not hold because of her condition. The

was in bed in his tent this morning and he said he must not be disturbed."

"Do you know Gertrude that I have not received any news whatever since yesterday."

"What?" screamed Gertrude.

Violet repeated her statement adding "And to day I've received no communications, and there's not a thing like news come to me or my sisters here either."

"Why Violet you've been misinformed, I sent you six mysterious codes yesterday, I almost risked my life yesterday morning getting them."

It was now Violet's turn to scream "What?"

"Who said the notes were sent?" continued Jane.

"Gertrude" answered Violet. "You know I have in my possession her written statement. To day Angelina Riches is not in (camp?) or not on duty because through some reason Angelina Riches is laid up temporarily and so is Michael. We have nothing to replenish our success."

Finally Gertrude again cried:

"Violet listen. There's something wrong, and I'll go around and see what's the matter. I'm afraid we're under suspicion."

"Wait a while Gertrude. Before we do anything rash let's try to get our facts in good shape first. To begin with are you sure the new codes were delivered?"

"I take it for granted," I ordered them to be sent from Cathlyen's headquarters."

"Well I suppose I'll have to call up Cathlyen and find out."

Accordingly (Gertrude) called up this girl scout by telephone to Violet's question Cathlyen thus replied:

"I certainly sent the codes yesterday afternoon before 5 o'clock. I prepared the sending of them myself. There was something mysterious written by you and I don't know myself, something about a flood well enough information to

to give us sufficient clues. There were designs of lakes, rivers, map of Lake Selicia, the lakes of the flood making rivers, a plan of mine making — and — and — well plenty of evidence to prove that some Glandelinian general or more is at the bottom of the whole business. My boyscout John was to have delivered them into your own hands. I was surprised and worried that he has not returned yet.

Telling her aide-de-camp who blessed with excellent hearing had taken on the situation thoroughly to get Gertrude Angelina to make a good investigation, she summoned Mildred Maxwell to her tent.

Mildred came in looking troubled.

"Mildred is it true that the codes got way-laid somewhere?"

"Angelina Riches didn't want you to see that note."

"So I suppose, but that doesn't answer my question. Are the codes mislaid somewhere?"

"I could not tell you Violet. The boyscout did not return."

"And Mildred is it true that Ned did not return early to his camp as is his time?" asked Violet.

"I do not know Violet, not unless he had something to do with the disappearance of the codes."

"And how about yesterday?"

"We had an awful time. We ought to dismiss Ned from the army."

"Go get your horse near to the boyscout camp and bring Ned to my office tent as fast as you can."

"Within an hour Ned entered. His step was slow and his smile was gone."

"Ned began Violet, is it true that you have lost all traces of the codes from your tent?"

"Yes Princess Violet," he made answer, hanging his head.

"And isn't it true that you didn't have the chance to report the loss to our church?"

"you knew of it all day yesterday?"

"I had no chance to report of the loss to you." And is it true that you didn't have full control over yourself all day yesterday because you did something and Ned got sore at you?"

"I had some maps and plans made."

"What about yesterday evening. Did you have the chance to trace the loss then?"

"No, but I tried to do something."

"Something." Violet exclaimed with an energy which caused Ned to jump and blanch as though she had slapped him. Good heavens. Ned Parker what about the codes John was supposed to deliver to me. Why is he missing? What about the plans, Angelina Riches sent you yesterday afternoon?"

Ned had gone white. His head was down, he was squeezing his hands, but he gave no answer.

"Do you hear me" Violet cried, losing her patience.

"The Glandelinians discovered what I had and took them all away last night."

"Ned, you have lied to me and I am simply disgusted with you. I never thought that Ned Parker would tell a lie like that. You know it is a sin."

Then Ned raised up his voice in protest to her reproach. There was no mistaking the sincerity of his opposition or of Violet's grief. Excited though he was and carried away by anger, the pain in her eyes, the poignant pain remained to haunt his memory for weeks to come.

"Violet ordered him to sit down and was waiting for him to compose himself, when there appeared on the scene, Angelina, Aronburg, and Angelina Riches. The latter was a distressful sight. Her face showed the haggardness of weariness and watching, one of her eyes was badly discolored."

"Violet said Gertrude, while Ned tried to escape out of the tent, we've got the truth at last. Ned is a good boyscout most of the time, but when ever he thinks he faces a great risk in anything he does he gets scared at once and then he hides, until there is no Glandelinian soldiers in sight and then he's like a frightened lamb. He's a coward then."

"I do not like to tell on my boyscouts," said the patient little girl scout of the black eye. "And I never would have told if I could help it, but I cannot stand a coward no matter who he is. But I didn't think he would do that. When I had it and found it out I had Angelina Anselmy to write you that note. After Ned failed me in time of peril I couldn't so much as look for him."

"But what became of the codes?" Violet asked.

"I do not know. Ned and John went out to deliver it to you. It was in John's possession. A number of Glandelinian boyscouts suspecting us attacked us. We tried to escape and though I succeeded in fighting my way through the boys escaped disappeared. I am Ned came back greatly scared and he came back without the codes having deserted me and Ned."

"How did you come to injure your eye Riches?"

"Oh I just ran against something, that reminds me of the first of a Glandelinian boyscouts."

"Oh stuff!" Violet exclaimed impatiently to Ned. "You've been deceiving me and the others right along. You're a deserter. I've been through with you for all time and so are my sisters. We are too merciful and won't expose you. But the best thing for you to do is to leave the army and go back home."

"No Violet I wasn't responsible," said Ned.

"Any how I did not mean to do it."

"Now again Ned was lying."

"Perhaps you didn't," said Angelina Anselmy doubtfully. "But you are a scoundrel cat just the same. You should see what happened to Michael through your carelessness. Everything was in disorder, our whole plan has been smashed, the codes are gone, and probably all of us are under full suspicion."

"By all means let's have him Court Marshallled and sent home in disgrace," said Jennie.

"My girl and boyscouts," said Angelina Riches

with some spirit, are the kindest, the clearest, the best any one could desire, and they are the most loving, the most attentive scouts that any boy or girl commander could have — she paused a moment and then added — but they won't have Ned no more. Neither will I or Jennie Turner."

"Yes," said Gertrude Angelina harshly "and in order to keep himself out of danger, we'll put him through our Court Marshall and vote him to be discharged and sent home."

"Angelina Riches and Gertrude," said Violet "I'm sorry to have put such a boy in your command. We have been deceived by him. Good bye Ned."

The poor Virian Girls went through a whole lot during the whole war arose and turned away. Any one could see the repressed tears struggling to their eyes. Looking back now the memory almost brings the tears to mine. But who could blame the Virian Girls, who were too angry too, mortified to stand his cowardly desertion and too foolish to perceive the sad note of the situation.

God helps us all, we try always to do good, but there are many who allow their feelings to influence them, so that therefore they are cruel when they profess to be kind, merciless when they talk merciful, heartless when they assume philanthropy. Ned's wounded self love had obscured his judgement and as an unreasoning consequence he deserted his girl scout leader and a boy, and wounded to the quick the loving hearts of the princesses. And they need strength and consolation during those awful times.

The wonderful adventure of Angelina Anbury and Jennie Sumner.

"Say Violet" said Angelina Anbury during the early hours of the next morning. "I forgot to tell you about that one up that day, when Ned deserted us."

"Why did you forget to tell us?"

"I was too angry at Ned and so forgot. It is nevertheless a pretty good story and I kinder believe it will be of great interest to you."

"Did you tell any one else?"

"Yes I told Michael about it."

"Why did you tell him?"

"Oh, because he was one of those who got hurt. I also told it to one of the Gemini officers who shadow us. It was a pretty good story, you know and I was very sure it would interest him."

"Was he interested?"

"He certainly was. When I told Captain Jack about the big floods in the past caused by the enemy about the great numbers who lost their lives, and the many millions of women and children nearly starving and the great plagues raging he sighed like the engine of a freight train when its pulling a big load."

"The picture was vivid if overdrawn."

"Was he excited?"

"Yes."

"Did he not say anything?"

"I'll say he did. He made speeches. He told me never to stick up for the Glandelinians as long as I lived and that he didn't respect any nation who making wars would cause floods and other big disasters and massacre and starve millions of children. I shot back at him and asked 'Suppose Manley is responsible. He said no one knows who is really responsible.' I said that what everybody in the world says. And that's true. Violet I told him you I once got cornered by a Glandelinian officer who got mad and attempted to throw me out of the window."

"How did you escape that, Gertrude?"

"Oh easily. I put a knife into him. I said Michael let me tell you how it all came about, and why we are trying to find out who are responsible for the floods. That drew Michael's attention and when I told him all I knew he hopped up and down, grunting and choking to beat the band. Then he told me what he thought of the Glandelinians that caused these mighty disasters, so brought on the starvation of a whole big state of people, and what he did say about them was plenty enough and what he said he also thought about them was not fit for a prayer book. He said that little Christian children was worth more in the eyes of God than the whole Glandelinian nation."

"Well Gertrude what was the result of your talk with Michael?"

"It's a long story Violet."

"Set us hear it."

"Well Captain Jack did the most of the talking. After making a lot of speeches he said that something ought to be done. I asked him what? He said 'Mrs Anbury we must get all the Abbeonian States into line. How are you going to do it?' said I. Then he got me to promise to go with him to waylay some Glandelinian general and force him to tell who caused the floods to be ordered that night. At first I did not care about going, but Jack insisted it would be a good help to the cause. The fact is Jack didn't have the nerve to enter a Glandelinian general's headquarters alone, and I did. That was why he wanted me to go with him. I think so. After supper I met Jack outside in the Company Street."

"Upon my word" Violet put in.

"Yes we met all right, and on the Company Street down you should have heard the line of talk Jack handed out to me. He said the only way to bring a stop to the disasters was by finding out who orders them, capture them, and make an example of them before the world. Measuring the Glandelinian

Glandelinian armies does no good, furnishing the wicked nation by making for them big flocks, fives and other disasters, or starting any kind of a roughhouse with Glandelinia herself is bad - always bad, and would have a terrible result should Glandelinia win the war. Jack got so worked up talking this way about the results of the awful flocks, that we were both crying, and when we came to an army canteen nothing would do Jack but go in and get sixty fives cents worth of provisions done up in a bread basket to act as bait. Jack had only thirty-five pagatas about him, and I had to loan him thirty pagatas. He repaid me the first thing this morning and -

"Yes, yes go on."
We did go on, Violet, and Jack finally explained to me how he would pretend he was a distributor of provisions and would present the basket to one of the officers and then get to talking with another of the generals. The great mistake spies make, Angelina, he said, in these efforts is that they go pottering about among officers, pretending they were one of them. Why, Angelina, he said, you can't do nothing by trying that, and there are many spies who even don't know their own minds long enough to make them up. What you want to do is to trap and get the Glandelinian army officer. You can force a Glandelinian officer to tell anything you desire if you are enough reason, said Jack. You can make a Glandelinian officer tell the utmost secrets just as easy as not. And then Angelina said he once you've got a Glandelinian officer in your power you'll have them feeding right out of your hand. Then he got back to his first line of talk. He told me always to be patient in everything I do, even when good common sense told me to go at anything I wished to undertake rashly. He said that any spy who always showed patience in anything he does, was the one who ever always won out.

"We'll have to wait Jack to see

speech to the whole army," observed Violet.
"Well he did give me a real good speech and by the time he had finished in fact before we had finished when we reached the headquarters of general Manley. 'Now remember Angelina, as long as you live' he said 'in dealing with such desperate people as these, never to lose patience. Much as I admire Violet and her sisters, if they were only a little bit - just a little bit - more patient, they they'd accomplish more.'"

"Did you agree with him Gertie?"

"I - why yes Violet - at the time I did."

"I thank you Gertie. Proceed."

"By this time Violet we were on our way up the last flight of stairs. And then we began to hear very loud talking (upstairs) up above. It was general Francis Santa Anna Schmidt who was talking. He was saying that he defied the whole world to interfere with his plan, if he wanted to make a secret map, he'd liked to see who was the Christian spy who dared to come and take it away from him. He said that he did not see where Abreannia had any right to interfere with the child slavery going on in Glandelinia, if he wanted a child slave he had a right to make it suffer, that he was a free born Glandelinian citizen, that Glandelinia, a cause which as it was, was in the right and don't you forget it, that if anybody from Abreannia up to the world tried to interfere with Glandelinia when it wanted to win a war, Glandelinia was the nation we that would show them where to get off." That's general Francis Schmidt talking," said to Jack. Then we heard another voice. It was general Fednals. He said the Glandelinian armies were not trying to win the war because the Christian generals were too familiar with the country.

"So you mean to say that is the cause

only?" cried general Schmidt. "I'm afraid it's true," answered Federal. "Then we heard a noise as if there was a convention going on."

"As if the generals were holding a council, Gertrude?"
 "Yes, a council. We were at the door by that time, I with the basket on my arm and Jack in front. He gave a thundering knock at the door and when one of the generals said "Come in," he threw open the door. About twenty generals were seated around a large oblong table with lots of books and papers on the table, and general Francis Schmidt was walking toward me. "What do you want?" he said. "Good morning, every body," says Jack. "I want to see general Schmidt." "I'm that officer," says Schmidt, "what is it?" "I'm sent by 'Marilyn,' but I want to speak to you in private," says Jack. "It's very important." Schmidt stepped out, and secretly Jack closed and locked the door. "You're not a Christian dog, are you?" says general Schmidt. "No, I'm not such a thing," says Jack. "Suppose general, we come downstairs, where no one will overhear us." "Yes," says the general, and down the steps they went arm in arm like two long lost brothers. When we got to the first floor we walked to the rear part of the corridor, where there was a rear entrance. "That house used to be belong to your Aunt, you remember?"

"Most distinctly Gertrude. Violet answered. She could see that Gertrude had something worth talking. Go on Gertrude, don't leave anything out."

There was a large smoking lamp at the center of the corridor - the end looking north toward the National lines, and right below it was a water faucet, and Jack marched him up, turned on the faucet, so and said in a voice that was louder than a whisper, "Now you Glandelinian stoppards, you of a shunk farm tell me who ordered the making of the flood and forest fire disasters in I'll send you to help the devil shovel coal. What?" continued Gertrude, "did not exactly bring any results in fact he -"

"You may let that pass Gertrude."

"Thank you (Gertrude) Violet," said Gertrude visibly relieved.

Then as the general refused to say anything he gave him a sudden squeeze and a whirl, and before you could count one he had his head under that water faucet. "Now will you tell," demanded Jack. "But in answer the cursing, swearing and blaspheming that general Schmidt let out was terribly shocking, but Jack stopped that pretty quick. He gave a sudden jerk to the general's head, and the water got into his mouth and set him to coughing and choking something awful. Then he began kicking Jack on the legs but he just held on and didn't seem to notice at all. "Now will you tell?" yelled Jack. "No," gasped the officer. "Hey Gertrude turn on the faucet stronger," shouted Jack to me. I obeyed turning it all the way. My leg is sore yet from the kick I got. I thought the Glandelinian general would be drowned, but Jack did not seem to take notice, or didn't care. By this time three or four Glandelinian soldiers were out in the hall making comments. They would have rushed us, but I covered them with my punch.

One of them had a face that looked as if he had small pox, his face was so covered with black heads. But Jack did not notice them either. "Now who caused the floods?" But in answer the Glandelinian general kept on kicking. He landed this time squarely on Jack's stomach. "Stop your kicking or I'll hold your head here forever," roared Jack. Violet it's a wonder by this time the whole Glandelinian camp full of soldiers wasn't on the corridor - Jack was making such a row. He didn't know it, I guess he thought he was whispering. You see he was mad all through because he could not make him tell. The Glandelinian officer gave another kick and then stopped. Jack was choking him. It was all quiet for a minute - nothing but the sound of the water spouting over that many head. Jack was dripping water too, but he didn't notice it.

Then that Glandelinian officer whose face seemed all locked
 it into small frowns says "No a wonder two generals can't
 take an extra drink or two without fighting over it and
 trying to drown each other. Lieutenant what ever your name
 is" bawled Jack "mind your business, or my foot will
 do a near guard action. Seeing that the general would not
 tell what he desired he took the man's hand and led
 him under the faucet. General Schmidt had no fight
 left in him, he stood there blinking and sputtering.

Jack "I whispered 'you're forgetting the lunch basket'.
 Give it here. he shouted, and 'I'll give this Gland-
 elinian skunk a hat that'll fit him.' I handed
 it over to Jack, and the next thing you know he slipped
 that basket food and all, over general Schmidt's
 head; he made it fit too, somehow, or other. Just then
 the Glandelinian generals in that room above had
 managed to break down the door, and came running
 down the stairs and when they saw Jack Barnett
 lynching general Schmidt they shouted and set
 up a hellum of cursing, swearing and blasphemy.
 Then they came surging down the stairs,
 some of them with drawn pistols and made
 toward us. Run cried Jack, upsetting the smoke
 lamp to the floor on purpose and down
 the stairs we went nearly breaking our
 necks, and not stopping until we were
 far off.

During this graphic recital Violet and
 her sisters tried in vain to keep a sober face.

"You and I Jack might as well get up a
 new organization for practical spy bandits. By
 the way isn't Jack out there now? Call him
 in."

Jack when called entered and saluted. Indeed
 he looked too virtuous to be true.

"How are you legs Jack? Did the Glandelinian
 officer kick you hard?"

Jack looked at Angelina Anselmy and then
 he understood that the young girl's secret
 ledger had told of the adventure and he burst
 into a laugh that caused a flutter in

Violet and her sisters afterwards learned among a
 large group of soldiers outside.

"I have been very much interested Jack by Gertrude's
 account of your spy work."

Jack grinned and reached for his knee which he
 rubbed gingerly.

"It is not so easy - this spy work of that kind
 Jack."

"I should say not, Princess Violet."

"How did you know that general Francis Schmidt
 knew something about the making of the flood disasters
 Jack?"

"Oh" cried Jack. "I learned all about it. I'll go and
 get the information right off, or kill every Gland-
 elinian general there is. I knew of another officer
 who knew of the ones who ordered the floods and
 when I cornered him, he fought me like a tiger
 to get away he was so anxious to escape. I held on
 here I cried, 'I'll make you tell me your secret
 or kill you.' 'Go to hell' he shouted in answer
 swinging at me with his sabre. I missed one,
 and in the melee I shot him."

"I understand Jack that you've made up some
 very good ideas as to how we princesses should deal
 with the Glandelinians when we spy upon them,
 especially officers when there's great information
 to be obtained."

"We must always get the Glandelinian officers
 first - always the officer who knows the
 most information" put in Gertrude Angelina.
 "There are a lot of these so called spies
 who go snooping around among the ignorant
 Glandelinian privates and there's nothing
 found out."

"You're right" said Jack. No doubt he
 intended to whisper these words. But any one
 out in the company street could have heard
 it.

"And" continued Gertrude with solemn
 face, no matter how often we fail
 we must never lose our patience. We
 must strive harder for every time we fail."

Jack said nothing but he showed approval of his words. Also as Violet and her sisters saw out of the corner of their eyes, there were certain faint mimic signs directed by Jack at Gertrude Angelina, expressing clearly that he did not want her to leave anything out.

"And on no account," Gertrude went on, "is there to be any recklessness, any over-cautiousness, over-confidence and especially no backing out of the very game."

"What about the reputation of those generals Jack?" Joice asked.

"What do you mean Princess?"

"Their reputation. Did you look up the reputation of those generals?"

"I didn't notice any what you call it Princess. You see I didn't have a good look into the room where they were gathered. Besides we didn't have the chance to remain as long as I intended."

"I should say not interjected Gertrude, "and the way we did get out with a bunch of Glandelinian officers chasing us and trying to shoot us, was a sight for sore eyes."

"Sure" said Jack almost laughing, "the sight of the dramatic leaps and pie faces of some of those Glandelinian officers would start a whole world of blind and near-sighted persons to going to moving picture shows."

"And then Jack," Joice continued "did you go into the matter of caution?"

"I went as far as their room all night," answered Jack.

"Ah Jack you may be a good spy but you're not at all scientific."

"Aint I inquired Jack anxiously.

"No you are not," Gertrude put in "he gave General Schmidt the water treatment. If that ain't science I'd like to know what"

"And the general looked like a fish out of water."

skeleton," said Jack.

"If you had been scientific you'd have spent a week at Glandelin in studying the surroundings of the rebel generals - that's commission, and then you'd have spent a month or two out all about what the generals know, that's caution."

"Sure, out of information, I don't want to know anything about them - the old gray uniformed fellows."

"Well that heredity," Joice went on saying "if you had been more scientific you'd have done nothing if you saw a Glandelinian general would not give in to your demands."

"Well then I'm glad I'm not at all scientific."

"But he sure was patient," said Gertrude sweetly. "Pretending he also was a Glandelinian general he walked down three flights of stairs arm in arm with general Schmidt. The two of them at that time looked like a pair of coming doves. And what followed, makes me almost believe that Jack got you princesses beat in spy work."

He says, you Violet, and also your sisters are great, but you'd be the biggest set of spies on record if in your work you only had a teeny weeny bit more of patience. Oh Jack has studied it all out. He knows what he's talking about. I never saw any one so patient as he was as he stood for ever so long holding general Schmidt under the water apart because he would not tell him who entered the flood."

Jack looked at Gertrude in open mouthed wonder, and he was about to say something in answer but the proper words not coming he remained open mouthed.

"Jack" said Joice "I must say I wouldn't have done what you did."

"You were too rash, and could have caused us all to be under detention," interpolated Gertrude.

"But all the same Jack," Joice went on, "you did in one way what I'm inclined to believe was the right thing."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."
"How?"

"You acted on impulse and sometimes impulse is the very thing to act upon, even though it is like throwing yourself into a hot air furnace."

"Thanks you Joe," said Jack with a smile.

"Only," Joe continued, "I would not advise you to get the habit of using the water faucet whenever you in your efforts to get information go capturing or kidnapping Glandelinian officers."

"Do you think I placed myself in more great or danger, even if I would have been a little more patient?"

"I rather think he did."

Jack looked as though he could never smile again.

"Never mind, Jack you were perfectly right. Cheer up, Jack."

"Everybody's doing it," added Gertrude.

Introducing more of Jennie
Turner, and a novel surprise
letter. 167

Not suspecting who they were, a number of Glandelinian girl scouts paid Violet and her sisters a visit that afternoon.

"Did you hear what happened at general Manley's headquarters some time yesterday?" one whose name was Jamil asked.

"What was it? sister? anything unusual?"

"Two Christian spies, a girl and a man, giant in size, called on the general, found general Schmidt and during council time got him to come out side of his room. When they got him out, the big one seized him and forced him along to a water faucet, and kept him there till he was nearly drowned. They would have killed him the soldiers tell me, if the general had not broken out of the room, raced down with arms drawn and driven them

away. One of them, to be ignorant of the fact Violet asked:

"What could have been their object? Were they really spies, or were they bandits attempting to rob him?"

"No they did not do anything to show they were thieves. They were trying to force some information out of him concerning floods."

"Possibly," said Joe. "The Christian spies wanted to steal his plan?"

"Plans?" exclaimed the girl scout. "That's about the last thing I could imagine."

Gertrude who was in the tent at the time had pretended to be reading a large geography.

"You see Gertrude," Joe said as the astonished girl scouts withdrew, "the system (you and I) of spy work you and Jack have inaugurated is of such a kind that fortunately for us all the Glandelinians instead of taking you for spies imagine you to be a pair of cut-throats. Did not any of the Glandelinians recognize you and Jack?"

I hope not. When it was outside it was quite dark, and besides we didn't fairly get into the room where the generals were, and when the officers finally came running down and started yelling and cursing at us, we both dashed off before any one could see us well in that dimly lighted room. The glass of the lamp was black from smoke, and didn't give much light. I say Violet I hope we all do not be detected for what I and Jack did last night. We might all be either taken or forced to "flee the camp, and our mission will be of no avail."

"I and my sisters promise Gertrude that if we can help it that mission will always remain a dead secret to the enemy."

To this day the best of the Glandelinian generals do not guess the identity of the two Christian philanthropists who in their excess of desire for information, held the head of general Francis Schmidt for some eight or ten minutes or even more under a large water faucet.

As a result of Jack's philanthropy, the whole camp was being scared for him and his small companions. General Schmidt assured his generals that he was sure the little girl who helped his assistant was Angelina Aronburg. Danger for a while lurked every where for her, the suspicion of her presence showed on the faces and every conversation of all Glandelinian soldiers met with, and also in their actions. Much of this Violet and her sisters learned from Jennie Turner and to keep her under cover for their sakes as well as hers, she could not visit them so more for a while. To avoid suspicion when they chanced to meet her she always smiled and bowed with the winning grace so peculiarly hers, but to avoid suspicion for them and herself she pretended to show no candor, no confiding openness unless no soldiers

were around, I hope not knowing the true situation, would have thought that she had lost faith in them, and that she was ashamed of the princesses. No one knowing the real truth could answer the question. For the same reason too Angelina kept out of their way.

Meanwhile Jennie Turner, the young Albarinnian tresser girl was in close communication with the Glandelinian generals, serving Manley in particular as a messenger which notes she received before delivering. Through her efforts Angelina Aronburg who had been keeping under cover for several days, was persuaded to cleverly redress herself, and return to her work. The good girl scout like so many heroines overburdened with the strain of keeping out of the reach of her enemies, had simply lost hopes of any successes in her undertakings.

Although Angelina Aronburg through their advice visited Violet and her sisters no more, they had no reason to worry about her. The child scout was still leader in all her efforts and through Jennie Turner acting through their signatures was supplied with such help as they thought would best develop the girls success and her efforts. Busy as they now were with a multiplicity of important affairs, and also to keep the enemy from being suspicious they did nothing to reestablish with Gertrude Angelina their old relations. Of course this had to be pretended otherwise disaster might ensue.

Many would believe by this that Gertrude Angelina was now thinking less of Violet and her sisters when in reality it was not the case. These few days had passed away another day came. On that morning Jennie Turner were on the hand for the opening hand of the adventure and with them to the surprise of Violet and her sisters they brought Rulred Maxwell, the same prettily little girl heroine we saw well?

know what she was to go through during the remaining months of the war was enough promise for any little girl of her age. Whether truly existing or not, little girls and boys in this story are sure of heroic stuff.

"Good morning princesses" said Jennie Turner. "I hope and pray that some or other will be successful in our undertaking. This you know is our friend Mildred Maxwell. Mildred shake hands with the 'Darlings of the Nation'."

In answer to which Mildred clasped the hands of the princesses most heartily, while at their order the auto-de-camp retreated to a more respectful distance as was the custom, from which, owing of vantage, unobserved by them, he peeped out at the girls with large investigating eyes.

"Why Francis?" remonstrated Jennie severely, "you are always a peeping curiosity complex, and you said you do not do any such thing. You are always talking good of Violet and her sisters, and you said you wanted to see them succeed in everything they do so awful bad."

"I do want them to succeed" said Francis stoutly.

"Well then try to overcome your curiosity. We'll mistake you for a spy some day."

There were several pieces of paper on Violet's table. She glanced over them and then held one of them toward Jennie Turner. She took it with noticeable alacrity and glanced over it with promptness.

"What do you think of that Jennie?" asked Violet beaming.

"That's excellent Violet."

"Well Jennie," Joice inquired, "do we have you succeeded so far?"

Yet Violet and her sisters could to a certain extent anticipate the answer. The two girl scouts were nicely uniformed, the color was good, their eyes were shining with intense excitement. Both notably Mildred had grown taller.

"Princesses we have made success but had a delightful time of it. All our followers have been working steadily, and Gentle says she would not at all be surprised if final success did crown our undertaking. For most of our efforts had been sat and yesterday we were working for a Glandelinian general at camp Bell at Morning View, and we had just no end of fun. I learned to do new things."

"And," said Mildred, "discovered something very important."

"And princesses" continued Jennie, the Glandelinian generals had such a great council, and they had even so many generals attending it, and one of my followers went into the general's big tent barefooted with a long stick in her hand, disguised as a goose girl. And Mildred was the attendant to the generals and brought to any one of them what they called for.

"I served one general thirteen times," said the accurate and solemn Mildred.

"And many of the boy and girl scouts were with us. One of the boy scouts tried to teach us many tricks but we proved that we could do anything ourselves."

"Yes we sure did" said Mildred who at this time, was standing before Violet and her sisters, not so much in token of her growing confidence in them, as for the reason that it was a good strategic position for getting on the good side of them, an advantage of which she was by no means slow to avail herself.

Just then Michael in all the splendor of a dazzling new uniform stepped in to announce that there were some Gemini Maabers in the outer tent to see the Virgin Gals.

"Why Michael" cried Jennie "how do you do?"

"In any way you ask," answered the lad.

"Did you discover anything important?" asked Violet.

"Yes. I was taking a little march-homant from a general's table while he was not yett here and learned that though your Glandelinian knows who ordered the making of the fleet disasters they pretend uttermost ignorance of it, and all our followers are taking turns day and night watching every general."

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with the hope of learning something."

"You haven't been successful have you?"

"I haven't, but she has." pointing to Jennie Turner.

"Have you Jennie?"

"Not so, as you could notice it."

"I thought so," exclaimed Michael. "It's not so easy as you think."

"Things ain't so well Michael and we're all being watched."

"Now what do you think of that?" growled Michael. "That's sure beautiful news you're giving me. Maybe it's not true."

Michael's face was growing red fast.

"Yes it's absolutely true," declared Mildred. "I never saw so many looking upon us with suspicion before."

"Can you beat that?" gasped Michael. "I'll have to get busy," and saluting he disappeared.

"Well Mildred," Violet said as she surveyed her from head to foot, "do you still think you are able to continue your dangerous work, or do you still want to go home?"

"This vocation," said Mildred "is good enough for me."

"She was a little timid when she first began to serve with us in the army," explained Jennie Turner. "but she's very fond of the work now. She always talking about the holiness of the cause and every night and morning she prays most heartily for the success of the cause. Don't you Mildred?"

"Yes I do," answered the girls.

"I taught her myself Violet, and as for you and your sisters I'm going to try my best at everything in the future. And to begin with we must capture some Glandelinian general and force him to tell us the truth about who originated the flood and so will Mildred and we are going to prove to the world what good girl scouts we are and can be."

are too are you not Mildred?"

"Cross my heart and hope to die" came the earnest answer.

"Thank you girls and as you are so good in doing all this for me I'm going to make it a point to lend you all the aid possible, and to remember everything you did for us every day at our own prayers as we have been doing the the past eight or nine months."

"Oh princesses," cried Jennie Turner coming up on her toes "have you really remembered everything we did every day?"

"Surely my dear."

"After all you have gone through yourself - all those dangers. The way she gasped these words was dramatic."

"Forget whatever we do Jennie. We do not fear anything."

"I'll never never forget all you do," vowed Jennie coming down on her heels with savage emphasis.

"And princesses have you still expected success for all our adventures?"

"Long ago Jennie."

"Oh," cried Jennie, her eyes shining and her face flushing red "I thought you couldn't the war the war is going on so far. Vivian Girls I'm so happy! And so is Mildred aren't you Mildred?"

"I feel like a bird flying away," cried Mildred. Jennie then executed her famous curtsy something similar to Angelina Riches, Mildred bobbed and then the two disappeared.

So this day passed as it had begun and for a time real success appeared to come for Violet and her sisters. Jennie Turner, Angelina Riches, and Gertrude Angelina kept their eyes on the movements of every Glandelinian general and from points of advantage listened to their conversation, and brought Violet and her sisters the most favorable reports. The loyal followers of these girl scouts had every justification for their assertion that no better girl spies, no better girl scouts could be found than Gertrude

Angelina Jennie Turner, or Angelina Riches, no more dangerous when pursued. Between that day and two days later, they never let a Glandolinian general out of sight once, but yet they never overheard anything concerning the ones who ordered the flood. On the morning of the 4th of August, among other important code letters, the Vivian Girls received the following:

"August 4 1913

Dear Darlings
of the Nation,

Once more we have almost succeeded in our quest. But dear Princesses may nothing you dreamy for patience always wins. You Darlings of the nation are the main spies who take the places of those who cannot do the work you can, for you are the Chief Professional Spies of Albionnia, and we are merely your aids.

Of course dear Princesses, we cannot write to you what we discovered as it might be observed and I don't think Gertrude Angelina would approve of it either, if she made a regular thing of it.

On this day of success we feel as good as if it was Christmas day. But especially we feel good to all Christians who have been especially kind in helping us. And Violet and your sisters nobody knows how awfully good you've been to us. If I was dead and if our Blessed God allowed my spirit to do so I think I would be able to guide you safely through all future adventures.

On next Christmas day Dear Darlings of the Nation I hope that the Infant Jesus will bring you everything you need, and more, the end of this awful war. Then it will be:

"Oh tidings of comfort and joy!"

Once more we must make a final effort, but even now I do so wish we had already succeeded in the quest we are after, and returned to the Christian lines. I wish it mostly for your sake. But we will and do pray for you and our success dear princesses who are our good friends.

Your loving
Companion
Jennie Francis Turner."

There was a number of other letters like this — only none quite so original — which stirred Violet and her sisters strangely. These brave Albionnian children had humbled even many of the greatest Christian generals. Yet who were they that so many innocent yet brave children like these should think of all men with love, reverence them, whom the generals should serve and yet pray for them with such fervor.

It is claimed that poets have gone into ecstasies over the laughter of a little child. Yet what is their laughter to their laugh. No poet has been able to answer that question. It is above and beyond all poetry. And yet to gain it, one needs but to be kind, sympathetic, and to show the little ones that supreme reverence which the poet says justly, is due them.

And even if one fails now and then in kindness and in sympathy, there should never be failure in reverence — these little ones forget and forgive so easily and, here the hand that wrote them.

Introducing one of the
boy scouts at his worst and
Gertrude at her best.

The next morning a boy scout met Violet and her sisters as they were returning from breakfast.

"Violet" he said, "there's a little girl over in your tent waiting to see you and your sisters."

They found Angelina Riches huddled up in a chair. On seeing them she rose, not however with her usual sprightliness.

"Oh Darling of the Nation," she said, and burst into tears.

"Don't cry Riches. What is it my dear? Are the Glandelinians getting worse to us, or is Jennie Turner failing in her efforts again?"

Angelina Riches after a short struggle controlled herself.

"It's worse than that, Ned threatens to desert us to night."

Their hearts sank. Fading away "like the unsubstantial pageant of a happy vision" they saw their plans in which they had high hopes of success being frustrated.

"When did he decide to do this Angelina?"
He went out last night with some boys who sided with him and when he returned to his camp at ten he remained up with them, and lying close by I could not help overhearing what he said.

"Riches we are sincerely sorry."
"And Violet, please, please don't give him a chance to know you suspect. And don't have him arrested now."

"Why not my dear?"
"Because then he might feel so offended that he might turn against us altogether, and even betray the cause which is so good, and which we all love so much, and it would be terrible if from anger he went to take sides with the Glandelinians, and he betrayed us all to the enemy. You know such things is so common nowadays. We

have to be careful which way we turn."
"Angelina Riches you may be sure that just now I'll not have him placed under arrest, but you may be sure that I'll have to report him to some of the Gemini so that they'll watch his every move. In the meanwhile I and my sisters will go down to see him, and try to coax him to turn from his evil ways."

"Oh will you princesses?" exclaimed Angelina, beaming, rising on her toes and throwing out her hands with fashion. "How good. I hope he'll give in. We will await you there to night. And Violet and your sisters, you'll say a prayer that he won't do it?"
"I certainly will."

"Good bye princesses."

With her sweeping curtsey she was gone.

Really it was a sudden disappearance.

Due to their promise, Violet and her sisters entered the camp of the disguised Christian boy scouts, as the bugles were sounding for the call of officers. They were admitted by a delegation, Angelina Riches, Gertrude Engelline, Mildred Maxwell, and others, all of them uniformed in taste that was actually exquisite. They were in looks and in attire lovely little girlscoouts, and as they appeared that night fit to grace the palace of any Emperor or kings palace. Even in any camp these little human flowers of the earth change dull camp life into joy and cheerfulness, and touch the surroundings into a strange and unnamed beauty.

All smiles the girls saying nothing made their respective and carefully rehearsed salutes. Angelina Riches her elaborate curtsey, Mildred a less elaborate sweep, Jennie Turner her graceful bob, and so on.

"Come in Princesses," said Angelina Riches. "Let me have your umbrellas. We did not think you would come out in this awful rain and thunderstorm."

During these ceremonies Violet and her sisters glanced over the camp. It was large indeed for the small number in it, and

for some reason or other the tents were further apart, than usually seen in any other portion of the Glendale camp, but clean as a Dutch parlor. Not far off was the Child Scout Mess Hall. Beyond it in farthest array, glittered a long line of brass field pieces. They seemed to show to the best advantage, and a long line of heartworks was decorated with these pretty little Glendale standards which gave the earth-works an air of refinement even in wartime.

But what surprised Violet and her sisters most were long decorations of Glendale hunting with here and there red, yellow and blue, flags hanging across the Company streets and giving the entire encampment a very decorative appearance, indeed. Jennie Turner herself, smiling timidly, said:

"Come I will lead you to Ned!"
"How beautiful every thing looks in your camp," Violet observed as she took her hand. "Your girl scouts with your sunshiny way, would brighten any place, but this camp is surely got a Glendale appearance."

"The other girl and boy scouts have been working all day princesses to get things in shape for you. We told them you were coming and somehow or other they managed to obtain these decorations, and worked like little beavers."

"We helped too," protested some of the boys.

"So you did my dear friends assisted the Virgin Girls," and without you I don't see how they could have finished."

These boys thereupon looked proud and smiled at everybody and everything in general.

"Where is Ned Perkins?"

"He is in his tent. He says he's not feeling well," said Gertrude with a suspicious smile. "All day he's been lying on his side. Oh princesses thank God any how that he did not begin thinking of deserting."

till last night else we should not have discovered it. But now — "here she looked down and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Excuse me," she said recovering herself "and I'll try to get Ned to come to see you," saying which she entered a large tent. Accepting the invitation to seat themselves Violet and her sisters were at once surrounded by the smallest boy and girl scouts. Nor did they exhibit the least surprise, when Ned came walking out.

He was a fine looking lad, tall for his age, slightly built, and a decidedly blonde complexion. He looked harmless enough, only his eyes and facial expression gave hint of his high spirited nature.

"Greetings princesses," he said advancing to meet them.

"The same to you my friend. I see you have a swell camp here."

"Yes princesses it is."

Violet motioned her girl friends to have the other scouts go aside, as she wished to talk to Ned alone.

"You are going to spoil everything for us by backing out on us," said Violet.

"I was advised to by some friends."

"And you believe you would have a good time by being so foolish as to leave us flat like this?"

"Yes princesses."

"And by leaving us flat on the mud you mean to revenge my scolding is that it. Look at the situation Ned. It's desertion. You are making a dangerous move. And you call it a good time by listening to the advice of your wicked friends, and desert your best friends because one of them reproached you?"

"You nearly spoiled everything for me when you scolded me that morning."

"But your blunder was so serious."

"But I was accompanied by some of my friends."

"And you had a good time?"

"Yes Violet."

"And by a good time you mean creating a blunder?"

"I did not know it would happen."

"And yet you lose your reason and want to desert the cause of God. Look at your hands had they're trembling. Your nerves are gone. You excited over your intention."

"That's so, princess."

"And you call that having a good time spoiling my plans do you? In the name of God my boy, tell me what it is to have bad times come to you, if you call that sort of thing having a good time?"

"Princesses I think it over before I quit."

"If not for yourself then for the sake of the cause and the many millions of children who our nation is trying to free from bondage. Just think of the condition of these child slaves now. They are just as well off as lost souls almost. Suppose you had been a slave for about six months it would be quite bad for you and you know it. When did you say by our prayers and go to Confession, Mass and Holy Communion last?"

"Four years ago."

"No wonder God has withdrawn His graces from you so you cannot resist the temptation to do this awful thing. A careless Catholic, boy scout like you need not expect the blessing of God in his daily life. You must resume your duties as a Catholic should, and resolve to remain with our cause as long as you live. To desert our cause now would be the same as betraying our Blessed Lord to His enemies."

"Well I'll make my final decision to night but I cannot promise you until anything until to morrow. To night I'm fully undecided, I'm not able to think or what a fool I've been. I'll try to be ready to morrow to make a

final decision. Princesses I'd like to go to you alone if I give in if you please, for in all ways you have been very good to us and to my followers and they are talking of you all the time."

"Now would it be morrow evening at eight o'clock?"

"I asked Violet."

"Anything that suits you suits me. Princess."

"Very well be at our tent to morrow evening at eight o'clock. Now girl and boy scouts."

Violet continued raising her voice "you can resume your duties, we've had our little talk."

Presently Violet and her sisters took their leave with thankful hearts. The possibility of an ideal boy scout remaining firm to his cause - and still following him a column of lovely and bright child scouts, gave promise of at length becoming an actuality. Gertrude Angelina and Jennie Turner insisted in accompanying Violet and her sisters to their tent. Once they were out of earshot of any Glancelinians, Violet and her sisters stopped, Violet holding Gertrude by the hand.

"Violet is Ned going to stay with us?"

"Yes Jennie I think he is. He has promised me to interview us to morrow evening."

Jennie's face became transfigured.

"Oh princess, I've been praying for it day and night."

"Ned my dear means to do right but he is weak. Keep on praying for him."

"Shall we ride all the way to the tent with you Violet?" Gertrude asked on the girl scout camp.

"Oh no my dear. We have angels for our companions."

"You have all the angels of heaven I think" said Gertrude simply. "Good night. Prayers of the Nation and sleep tight."

Before Violet and her sisters could turn a hair was actually racing down the camp street. Gertrude Angelina joyously brought encouragement to Violet and her sisters.

That following evening, punctual to the stroke of the clock, Violet and her sisters returned to their part of the camp after having been questioned three times by very suspicious Glandelinians. There were they observed their own girl secrets at their duties, but in the casual glance, they gave them, they failed to discover the presence of Ned Perkins. Scarcely had they seated themselves for supper when they heard someone stop in front of the tent. Violet went to the tent door and was about to ask if it was Ned, when a girl's voice gave her answer.

"Don't be alarmed princess. It's I, Mildred."

There was bad news in her accents.

"And where is Ned now Mildred?"

"He went away last night about two hours after you and your sisters left Violet. He said he had to go away somewhere on an important mission which he must perform or get into serious trouble. Jennie Turner wanted to accompany him, but he wouldn't let her. So he went out himself and Jennie, Angeline and I stayed up all night. We repeated the Rosary eight times while waiting for him to return. He got back at half past four this morning, and— and— here the little voice broke into sob— and Violet, he made his final decision to desert. When I reproached him he told me to mind my business, and threw a rock at Jennie, and beat some of my followers, and his for staying up— and he's making preparations to leave. And he'll be gone for before very long if you don't stop him quick."

"The poor foolish boy" said Violet, "it is his one great weakness, Mildred, and we must all continue to pray for him, and in the end perseverance will win. We must be patient. Surely all our prayers will do some good."

And Violet, I was about to thank you and your sisters for all the

trouble you have taken. Oh, and Gertrude was so happy last night. I myself felt as if I could fly. Gertrude and all of us were so sure he was coming to interview you and your sisters to night. And Violet I'm afraid he'll betray us to the Glandelinians. I'm also afraid he'll tell Angeline Riches, he gets so savage when he knows any one is shadowing us. I don't mind his deserting us so much."

"Did he really say he was going to desert, Mildred?"

"Yes he did Violet, but he did not really say when he was going to do it. And I found it hard to ride home last night as there the horses left leg is a little stiff. He fell once and threw me and my legs and arms and shoulder are black and blue from the way I was thrown, and therefore I am a little lame too."

By this time Violet could feel my blood tingling in every vein. Her sisters felt furious.

"If he deserts us he ought to be poisoned!" Violet said.

"But he only is that way because he's still hurt over the scolding you gave him Violet. Oh if you knew him when he's himself. But I must go, or my company will miss me."

Violet and her sisters repaired to their inner tent in a state of mind far from calm. The picture of their well trusted, long friend, who had helped them escape from the wicked traitor Captain Snakeley to turn against them just because he was chided for a blunder— impossible. Why he had chided them in all perils before. The scene of him now deserting them— rose so vividly before their eyes that for almost two hours they could not dismiss it. They had remembered him in all ways, how he could not bear their cries of pain, so the shame, grief and terror in their eyes and faces. Oh God that in such a Christian country like Albion such things

can actually happen. Gradually they seemed to hear the sobs and moans of countless persons made victims by the war, and the suffering of the whole human race in general. The low sad music of humanity rose up into a wail. Presently I was meditating and also praying. More than two hours and a half must have passed, when they were brought to themselves by a call at the tent door.

"Miss Violet," said the guard, "there's a little lay outside in front of the tent. He looks wild and he wants to see you in a hurry."

Her heart jumped. It must be Michael and a visit from him at none of the night could spell nothing but calamity. Could the worse have happened. Had the girl scout leader been right in fearing that Ned Perkins in his anger would have really deserted. The guard had scarcely delivered his message when Violet and her sisters swung by him and clattered out in the open.

Michael it was — standing in the road wringing his hands.

"Oh princess," he cried running to Joice who came first, and pillowing his head on her arm. "Something awful has happened and I am afraid."

So it was not Ned deserting yet after all. Violet and her sisters breathed more easily. Gently lifting the boy's head Joice said:

"What is it, Michael?"

Jennie Turner sent me to watch Ned Perkins four times which struck me very funny. I decided to keep my eye on him and finally discovered him making some kind of a preparation. I therefore I thought I'd try to stop him. I heard about a way and I thought I'd try it. So I had his tent surrounded. Some one came out.

He was a Glandsteinian officer. As soon as he looked upon to me

I jumped my horse and came to you. But

before that I cautiously followed him, saw him slip something into his pocket, which through a clever trick of mine I easily secured. As soon as I secured it I raced here to you.

"What was it that you secured?"

"A letter."

"Which pocket did he put it in?"

"The right pocket."

"What kind of a letter is it?"

"I don't know Violet as I took no time to read it. It's this."

Michael produced a small envelope which he had kept concealed within his right sleeve. Violet took it inside the tent, held it to a candle light and read "To General John Manley."

"How did that soldier come to be in possession of it?"

"I don't know exactly. I guess Ned wrote it, or it may have been a message or an order."

"Wait," Violet said and shot over to where she had her telephone booth. Her good friend Angelina Aronburg fortunately for her on more than one occasion was quite near.

Gertrude's headquarters came a voice.

"That you Gertrude?"

"No, who's calling?"

"Violet Viriam."

"I'll get her."

A few moments of waiting.

"That you Gertrude?"

"Yes."

"This is princess Violet. I've a cherry call. Can you start with me at once?"

"My horse is right at the tent door."

"Good. Come to my tent and we'll both go together. It's a case of capturing Ned before he gets away. He intends to desert us to night."

"I'm coming," said Gertrude, and hung up the receiver.

Although it took Violet and her sisters

hardly two minutes to get there their horses ready. Gertrude Angelina was awaiting them before they had gone out into the road.

"Come along quick Michael," Joice said, and together the whole column of eight girls and one boy, trotted, literally trotted from the child scout camp to the street of Company S a distance of one third of a mile to Ned Perkins tent. Joice fairly threw Michael toward his horse, jumped on their own at the same time, and thanks to the late hour and the scarcity of guards at this spot got off at a pace swifter than was legal for their prey.

"Tell me what I'm to know," said Gertrude as they dashed down a vacant company street.

"Michael wanted to stop Ned Perkins from deserting. As he hid near the tent a man came out and Michael secured a note from him. The note happened to be a message to general Manley. If it had got into his hands it would have betrayed all of us. Ned is a traitor and we must capture him before he escapes."

"Michael, how did you chance to get the note from the man?"

"I followed him, trapped him, knocked him down, gagged him, searched his pockets and found it. He had it inside the inner cloth of his coat."

"Did you know it was a most dangerous move on your part?" asked Gertrude as the whole party swung west, turning into the street of Company D.

"It did not seem so," Michael declared.

"If that officer has recognized you," said Gertrude, "he and all of the Glundelinians will surely see you of the habit of attacking Glundelinian officers in the dark, effectually."

"Fortunately, Michael did not understand the importance of her coach."

"Did anybody see you take that—that message out of that officer's pocket?"

"No."

"Any one know of it?"

"No one Gertrude, but you, and Violet and her sisters and two boy scouts."

"Well no one is to know, not even your command."

"Do you understand young man?"

"Yes Miss Aronburg."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes Miss Aronburg."

"Well you keep this a deep secret or the Glundelinians will capture us all."

Michael was duly impressed no less by the earnestness of Gertrude's voice than by the warning.

"I'll keep it Miss Aronburg for our own safety, and my heart."

They were now in front of Ned's tent.

"Come in at your leisure Gertrude," said Violet.

"See all the horses well you and Michael and my sisters will go ahead at double speed. I'll let you know when I'll want you."

When Gertrude and Violet reached the tent they found some of the girl scouts on guard. Though they did not show it the guards appeared to be very excited.

"Oh princess thank you for bringing Gertrude Angelina. We didn't know what to do. Ned had deserted us for sure. I'm afraid."

"Remain on guard," said Violet. "Come in quick Gertrude."

The guards listened to the various sounds and the whispered voices within for what seemed to them two generations. At length the girls came out with sober looks on their faces.

"He has escaped all right but he won't get very far. Girls' scout Violet addressing the guards, Ned Perkins our ten year old boy scout has deserted us for fear and only for the quick action of Michael have we not have succeeded in betraying us all."

Tell Jennie Turner that she must not allow any boy to leave the camp under any conditions until further orders. Tell her also that by to-morrow that she is to watch every Glendelminian in conversation. As for you Michael there is no need of further advice to-night, and none of us are in a state to make a permit. But early to-morrow you call on us and we'll see what can be done."

"Taking Gertrude aside Violet gave her a few directions and presently they were on their way out."

"My boy friend," said Gertrude to Michael, "you might have brought about your untimely end, by securing that message in the way you said. As it is, there is no harm done. In fact it's going to turn out a good thing."

Gertrude was right. The capture of that message saved them from detection. A number of the "shadows" were detailed to capture Ned if possible. A number of boyscouts were asked to accompany them and they received their instructions and pledged themselves to capture him or die.

"And now Gertrude," asked Violet, "what's your opinion?"

"Set me free," mused the girl, "my opinion is to drum him out of camp in disgrace. Jennie is to tar and feather him and Riches made up her decision for hanging him after two hours debate. Now my horse broke his leg, and while on the gallop, I lost my nights sleep and spent twelve hours today trying to have him located. Suppose we call him before a general Court Marshall."

"Yes suppose," said Violet, "with a strong account on the last word."

"Of course," continued Gertrude, "with the usual case of having a general Tribunal of our highest

officers in rank, especially generals."

"And who is to be the judge?"

"The highest general we can get?"

"And who is that?"

"General Harrison?"

"What severe general?"

"Yes."

"Why not make the poor fool face a firing squad then?"

"To be sure, why not? But I didn't think of it in time."

Introducing some successes
of six hundred scouts,
and entertaining angels
unawares.

As regards the boy and girl scout spies who accompanied Violet and her sisters into the foe camp to learn who was responsible for the past disasters everything was not as it should be though they were in the camp longer than a week. The child scouts had grown in shrewdness, loveliness and grace, boldness and cautiousness, and to avoid suspicion, served in the Glendelinian army as Glendelinian scouts, and Gertrude and Jennie Turner became the model head of them all.

Gertrude employed her scouts at everything possible to learn what she desired with an exception of serving in anything that would be an offense Abner's cause, and actually started on a good point.

Violet and her sisters remembered the day when Gertrude Angelina with shining eyes told them how she had a full chance to capture one of the Glendelinian generals who knew something of the information they were after, they remembered how she was able to tell them six hours later that there were many Glendelinian generals who knew those who ordered the disasters and how she was planning of capturing some of them and bringing them to the Christian lines and before general Hanson who would try to get them into confessing. Gertrude had set her heart on accomplishing this at all costs.

"It is so near the time that our generals will begin to miss us," she said, "We must succeed soon so that we can be back to the Christian lines after we do succeed."

Many a visit did she and her followers make to every Glendelinian

officer who could, a task happily easy because she pretended to serve them. She came in one morning with dancing eyes.

"Oh princesses, I've found a general who if we capture him will probably give us the information we want. You know that little one story house of the camp belonging to Company B?"

"Very well Gertrude."

"About fifty generals including Manley are going into that house to hold a secret meeting or council to-morrow night and we can get in there before they come and hide some where and listen to what they say. To-morrow morning, I'm going to bring Jennie Turner, Gertrude Angelina and Angelina to see it and I'm sure she'll make her plans. Then we'll come to get you and nearly all the other girl scouts will be near to give us aid if anything happens. There is no other chance anywhere else."

But the next morning which had been so full of promise brought its heavy disappointment. The generals had suddenly changed their plans and held their council at an unknown spot.

It was Jennie Turner who brought the news and she came with saddened face to tell Violet and her sisters that the generals had fooled them all.

"The old story!"

"Yes," said the girl scout. "We have all failed again. But it's not so bad. Mike is getting well enough to get about again, Gertrude told me, and princesses do you know what?"

"What is it?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Some one bringing good news?"

No. Ben had also happened to us has been shadowing us. He is afraid to leave us out of his sight for fear something will happen to us.

But I'm afraid he done a very foolish thing Violet."

I believe so too. I'm afraid that in

entering the camp Pennod is like a ship heaving for the breakers during a storm.

"But he knows how to take care of himself, as he is just as good as a ship coming into the harbor. Princess I believe through him, God has sent us help."

"God bless Pennod and keep him safe," Violet said.

"Amen," murmured her sisters and Jennie, "and girls," the latter continued, "Pennod wants to accompany you on your quest."

"But why Jennie? Why did he not stay within the Christian lines where it is safer. The Abheannian officers of our armies as I happen to know are his guardians, he couldn't get better care anywhere else."

"Yes princess, he says so himself. But you see, he says general Vivian believes you'll need the aid. He thinks if they had accompanied you on your mission he can watch every place you go into and give you aid in case of necessity. But you must realize princess that you will need his secret assistance. Everyone thinks if he secretly watches you he can keep you and your followers out of unnecessary danger. He's very experienced you know and I guess he desires your company, more than anything else."

"Ah, we didn't think of that."

After consulting with Gertrude Angeline and as wing themselves the the young deserter was out of the camp, Gertrude decided to detail a number of her followers to trail him, and if capturing him bring him under arrest to the Christian lines. Michael himself a day later was brought back to his camp. On his arrival, he found out from his lieutenant that he had sent half the number of boys after the deserter Ned. There was no further talk of listening in on the gossamer at the same spot.

It was then by reason of this unlooked for misfortune that Pennod again came to the rescue. There also

was with him the boy, called the "Battlemate" who had accompanied them into the Glandelinian camp. He sent a number of messengers with written accounts of Ned's desertion to various generals within the Christian lines, who would at once take the matter up with an energy which would bring about the deserter's capture in no time. Pennod knew that well trained members of the Gemini would be sent to look for him inside both the opposing camps, and far and near outside, while Pennod and Radcliff themselves came upon Ned one time followers, and in language that was very much to the point told them what they thought of them for not keeping the eagle eye on Ned.

The first few days proved to be the more tedious in the history of the boy and girl scouts of Abheanna, and it was made illustrious by the regulations of the Vivian Girls concerning the first successes of those scouts. All the little ones from nine years and upwards, even the tiny toddlers of six and seven, whose mental development was above the average were to be suffered to do what they too could do on the scout work.

Previously to this adventure only those who were full thirteen were allowed to accompany Violet and her sisters in their more desperate undertakings.

There were many of this age still held from such adventures and once looking over the child scout record, Violet and her sisters found there were to be six hundred children to be prepared.

Fortunately there was a large tent in the center of the camp and thither on the following morning repaired this army of child scout. The leading boy and girl scouts ushered them up, and when the Vivian Girls arrived on the scene they found themselves facing an array of boy and girl scouts varying in age from six to fifteen years. After a prayer, Violet motioned them,

and down on the ground sat the ground thrown. It was a sight beautiful to behold. All were intensely interested and in earnest for the adventure, especially the elder children, from ten to fourteen.

Violet to learn. Violet and her sisters were to learn during this hour of council that these little girl and boy scouts were quicker to take in the simple instructions than boy and girl scouts of thirteen.

During other times when within the Christian lines they continually receive their religious instructions.

As their (will power) white robes of Baptism was long spotted, and the world the flesh, and the devil could not get their unhallowed hands upon their tender souls, and as they took in the great truths of the faith and of the Catholic Church with an ease and simplicity not to be expected naturally from minds so immature, they did not fear to go through any adventure.

During all these past days before coming within the Christian lines with Violet and her sisters, the attention of the smaller children in everything was perfect. Once in a while it had been necessary for the instructor to say a word of warning to an overgrown boy scout, or a silly self-conscious girl, but the little scouts were perfect.

This column of six hundred was so quiet that one outside the tent would find it difficult to imagine that it was filled. All day it was an inspiring scene for a child scout class.

All were in dead earnest for the sake of Abba's holy cause. The elder child scouts had since they entered the army had run through many a thrilling adventure, and contracted the taste — or rather the want of it — which comes of doing a holy cause, the latter had been led to conceive a stirring opinion of the Char-

of Abba's holy cause in the conflict and spent much of their time in wondering what the different generals thought of them. Not one of those daring scouts had been caught or shot yet. And they were as good candidates for Holy Communion and love of God as they were for Abba's. Thanks to the holiness of Abba's, and the Pope of the Blessed Sacrament their day is done.

Of all these girl and boy scouts however, there was one who stood out prominently as leader and that was Angelina Aronburg. She lost no word which Violet uttered, she seemed to get the idea immediately.

Any difficult question asked would find her when, all else were puzzled ready to make answer.

There is no branch taught all child scouts of all the child scout military schools which serves better while training them to serve the cause to also develop the intellect and the Christian Doctrine.

One may suppose it to be properly taught — teach flag and other signals, and all that boy and girl scouts should know, and yet fail to discover the mental grasp of many such students.

The same may be said of the teaching of successful scouting adventures. The former branch does not in a way appeal to a large percentage of otherwise bright child scout students, the latter, owing to its perilous and in some achievements may at first fail to engage the interest of many a girl and boy scout.

But with the help of Catholic Faith and Christian Doctrine, properly taught while a thing of intense absorbing interest appeals both to reason and imagination and gives them the courage to go on with their scout work.

Logic, poetry, exactness, also comes in for their share, and any private or military teacher who knows how to be interesting will discover very early in his vocation that he can best gauge the intellectual gifts of his pupils in hearing them ask and

and answer questions during the time devoted to the study of this most important branch. Other things being equal the Abbeysian child scout who studies Christian Doctrine is far better equipped for the military adventures of his career than the boy scout or girl heroine who would have been trained in a young military career alone.

A rose however is never found without its thorns however. At the beginning of the plan to bring boy and girl scouts within the Glendalough camp, Violet and her sisters were occupied in receiving visits from puzzled and more or less indignant girl scout or boy scout leaders.

"My little girl scout is too young to go on such an expedition" one would explain "she only six" and I enlisted as a scout when I was ten."

"Oh have you have you been going on scouting expeditions every day this year?"

"Oh yes. And is it possible that you haven't heard that we went through hundreds of dangerous stunts and spying expeditions with evident success. And have you not heard our father say anything about the new legislation made by the Government as to the age of children going into the army, as any how the enemy would massacre them anyway if out?"

"I - I - don't think so."

"Then read this please -" and Violet would hand the inquirer a printed document on the subject - and when you read it carefully and understand what's it all about come back and we'll talk it over most intelligently. Good morning be sure to come back."

However that boy scout failed to appear and "he" stands for that class of boy scouts who enter the service

only for sight seeing. But there were some who had more serious difficulties and among those were Gertrude Angelina Jennie Turner and Angelina Riches. The child spies had not been in the foe camp quite nine days when Angelina's brother called again on the Virgin Girls. Since she first entered the army up to now she had grown into a tall slim graceful girl and was within half a year of twelve. Her oval face was a trifle thinner but lighted with those contrasting beauties, innocence, shrewdness, and intelligence.

"Violet tell your sisters that I'm really sorry to trouble you and them, but for our safety as well as yours, Angelina Riches and Jennie Turner have asked me so often to come to you every time there is a difficulty that I really must."

"About what Gertrude?"

"About us girl scouts making plan to capture those knowing the secret about the originators of the flood. You see there are four of us girl scout leaders in this effort, myself, Jennie Turner, Angelina Riches, and Mildred Maxwell and she's the only youngest leader. That means we have to do the main part of the work, and also means one returner for each of us. Then there's to be the four of us dressed differently each day. We have already used four different pairs of shoes, new uniforms, note books and ammunition for our pistols too. Percod says he's going to fit us out and Redcliffe is going to assist Riches, but he says two of you princesses are elected to accompany Mildred or all of us will remain a year in the foe camp and accomplish nothing."

"I'll take care of the situation and so will my sisters" said Violet. "At least" she added "I'm sure all my scouts will be glad to do it."

Thank you Violet. I and my followers are so ashamed of the slowness of our efforts to succeed, but since Pennock and Radcliff came, all of have been working harder most of the time, and there's scarcely any success yet, we are still more under suspicion, you know how dangerous this work is, and Pennock says this adventure is like hunting tigers in the dark without weapons. He doesn't see any success coming for us, untill heaven reveals it itself. He says we ought to offer Rosaries, and Litanies, and Novenas for success. How about Mildred Maxwell? She wants to try a desperate plan."

"Well we can let her wait a while at least."

"Thank you Violet," my followers will be so glad." She paused a moment, then added, "But I'm afraid Mildred won't."

"Indeed!"

"Oh Violet, for the cause, she is the most enthusiastic little girl scout leader you ever saw, both for that and Holy Communion, the latter most, she's talking all this about all this more than any of us. Every day she makes me go over what you said at our instructions, and she asks the wisest instructional questions, and you ought to see her pray."

Even in this dangerous camp especially at night she fixes up a sort of a little shrine with a picture of Christ in his Crucifixion and when all is quiet she kneels before it every night with her hands clasped praying for our success in this adventure with her hands clasped, and she stays on her knees till we bundle her

into bed, for fear the Glandelinians will see her.

Violet and her sisters had noticed during that day of the council, little Mildred, the most daring yet fragile child scout leader of them all. Her earnest eyes followed every motion of Violet, or her sisters, and her enthusiasm was striking. Mannerizing the prayers for success at night, her voice rang out clear, sweet, redolent of such living faith as is found in saints and smaller children. And if the Glandelinians did hear her, they evidently paid no attention.

"By all means Gertrude, we must first see Mildred about this," before taking any action. Go get her Gertrude."

Gertrude left, and half an hour later presently returned with the youngest girl scout leader.

"Good afternoon Mildred."

"Good afternoon Princess Violet."

"I hear you all are making unusual plans for our success, and offered your Holy Communion for that intention?"

"Yes Princess."

"How do you expect to succeed?"

"By the help of God."

"How old are you Mildred?"

"Nine."

"Nine? That's rather young, and yet you are as good as the rest of us. When were you nine?"

"On the 28th of January."

Mildred was standing before Violet and her sisters, shoulders squared, her head erect and her hands clasped behind her back. She though no relation whatever, bore a remarkable resemblance to Angelina Riches, as Violet and her sisters had first seen her only Mildred's oval face was paler, her body slighter, and thinner and her hair decidedly less golden.

information you seek in so dangerous a situation.

"Was it your angel that whispered you the suggestion, or the angels of children murdered by the enemy, or of that little girl there?"

and Violet pointed to Mildred upon whose face still lingered two belated tears.

"It must have been her angel as well as theirs. But Princess Violet, you don't mean to say that that very small girl next - she looks like your princesses too - is one of your girl scouts?"

"The fact is," Violet answered "she is. And when I suggested that we have to miss Holy Communion or give up the adventure, Mildred at once became a Niobe, all tears. When you just now announced your willingness to cut us all in this difficult undertaking - I thought that the angels of children - particularly Mildred's angel, were taking a hand in the affair. Miss Jennings, you will be good enough to dress for the occasion wherever you can, seeing that you are also provided with the necessary weapons."

"Gladly princess. Who knows, but she too will turn out to be as great as the rest of us?"

"Ah who knows."

There were Violet and her sisters felt afterwards angels in that tent, angels who entertained by them unwares, had not a little to do with the success of their expedition. Nudged by the attentive Angelina Armbury who took in every word of the conversation, Mildred came over with extended hand to "Miss Jennings".

"Thanks Angelina"

Angelina Jennings took more than the extended hand, she caught the younger child up in her arms, and embraced her. Then when Angelina Jennings' face a little flushed and

her eyes blinking put the child down again, she turned to Violet and in a tone of humbleness, said:

"Here Violet," handing her an envelope "it's a message of warning. Read it carefully, and I'm coming to see you again. Pray for me, and for our success."

Left off here! Mildred Violet said presently "we'll see a way to make our Communion. It'll be our First Communion in a Glendelorian camp. It's been settled in a higher court than ours."

Mildred looked like an angel a few minutes before. She danced out of the tent now as angels dance, and the other girl scouts were dancing with her.

A little Flower of the
Blessed Sacrament within
the Glandelinian Army.

Violet and her sisters, including her followers had been in the Glandelinian camp now longer than ever before in their career when on coming to assemble all her girl scouts, Violet and her sisters missed Mildred Maxwell.

Violet and her sisters could not help but miss Mildred Maxwell who in the front row led all other younger boy and girls scouts in all signal practice and in answering all questions.

They could not help but miss the little girl scout leader whose attention caught Violet and her sisters that often while instructing the whole class on everything important one of them after another would discover herself unconsciously addressing herself to the child.

Somehow that morning the time dragged, the class of six hundred because of the absence of one little child scout - seemed to have lost its nerve.

Pennod was awaiting the appearance of the Union Girls at their tent when they appeared on horse back.

"Princesses" he said, "Mildred was injured yesterday evening, and last night she had a high fever. She was talking of nothing all during the afternoon but of Holy Communion and the success of our adventure, and of you, Violet and your sisters. She wants to see you so awfully bad. She made me promise to ask you to come and see her."

"Is she any better to day?"

Gertrude thought she would be but she was very weak this morning. When Gertrude asked her whether she wanted breakfast this morning she said she wanted

Violet and her sisters.

"Tell Mildred, my dear boy that I'll

be down with my sisters this afternoon, the first chance I get."

Accordingly at two thirty in the afternoon, Violet and her sisters entered the girl scout camp. All the family of girl scouts, save Mildred were all lined up for inspection, the officers being in looking them over. They all obeyed the word: (Attempt) "Attention!" but "At rest" they all at once in various language expressed a hearty welcome.

"Mildred will be so glad," said Gertrude, squeezing up to the princesses. "She's been asking every five minutes almost whether the 'Darlings of the Nation' was coming."

"Indeed! How is she?"

"I don't believe anything is seriously the matter with her," answered Gertrude, "except that she received an injury when her horse threw her, and therefore she is very weak. This morning after the other scouts had gone out to seek the information you desire, she begged me to let her get up and go with them, but of course fearing for her safety, I kept her on her cot. When a little later she asked whether she would be able to get up at eleven o'clock so she could go out with the rest. I told her to wait and I would see about it. Between ten and eleven o'clock, I went away a short distance to answer a call and Pennod, and Radcliff came along with me. We were gone only a minute but when we came back, we found Mildred lying on the floor, partly dressed. She had attempted to get up and dress. She was not unconscious either but she had fallen over and was so weak, and couldn't get up again."

"And 'Darlings of the Nation' supplemented

Angelina Richer, "when Gertrude said, Mildred, why didn't you remain on your cot?" she answered, "I don't want to miss my duty." And when Gertrude told her she'd have to remain still on her cot for a good number of days, she turned her face toward the tent door, and said not a word. But Gertrude could see that she was crying.

"Gee" said Pennod "And I wish I was as anxious to go oftener to Holy Communion as Mildred also desires."

"Have you had a doctor for Mildred, Gertrude?"

"No Violet, I cannot engage the service of a Glandelinian doctor. We'd ask too many unhealthy questions. But do you think it really necessary. We have always been able to take care of our own injuries and have all been so healthy that I've never even thought of getting a doctor."

"If you have no objections, I'll find a reliable doctor to night or to morrow morning."

"Thank you Violet, I'd have sent for one myself, but - but -" "I understand Gertrude, but don't worry about the peril of it. I'll do my level best to find a doctor who'll not be suspicious or ask a host of questions. If he does - And now let me see Mildred."

"Gertrude and Violet and her sisters went into the adjoining tent together."

"Oh Princesses," she cried for she evidently had been awaiting them. "I am so glad to see you."

She was supported in a half reclining position on two pillows.

"Well Mildred my dear little girl, what's the matter with you?"

"All right, only I nearly injured my spine and I have a pain here," she said putting her hand to her right side. But I don't believe it is very much. Princesses are you going to send me back to the Christian camp as a failure?"

"Why Mildred?"

"Cause I got injured to day."

"Mildred you may be laid up a year and we promise we would not send you back, put you out, or desert you. You know, and so do all of the other girls, and boys as well that to day all the smaller scouts of the first and second sections are in this very Glandelinian camp before we proceed with our adventures are going to receive Holy Communion privately. There is a disguised priest among the Glandelinians and he will chance it for us."

"And do you think I can make it with them, Violet, even in this camp?"

"Yes, my dear, if we can get the disguised priest to come here without exposing himself to unnecessary danger. Jennie Turner will explain everything to the priest, and Gertrude knows how to manage things better than any scout. Is there anything you want Mildred?"

"Yes Violet, can you manage to get the priest now so that I can go to Confession?"

Violet decided to try and off she went.

(More details written special)

When the priest finally arrived every one retired and the pale beautiful child scout told her confession in perfect innocence simplicity and love. At the end the priest gave her a special blessing and with all his heart expressed the hope that she would be well enough to be again in the ranks on the morrow. But the hope was not realized. Jennie Turner herself called at the headquarters of the Virgin Girls the following morning just as they were preparing to go in search of the information they were after.

"Princess Violet, our little girl scout Mildred, Maxwell, is I fear more badly injured than I feared."

"You don't say Jennie."

"I certainly do. She is weak, very weak. And unless matters takes a turn for the better in two or three days I don't see how any doctor can pull her through. I suppose you are rather surprised to see me coming to give you the information myself, when I could get you on the phone."

"You read my thoughts Jennie."

"Well the fact is Mildred insisted on my coming to see you personally before nine o'clock this morning. She does not care a rap of her pretty little finger what we girl scouts think of her injury, but she does care everything concern- ing as to your opinion. With your help too she wants to make her Communion as soon as possible. That in this Glandelinian camp would mean a miracle. I left off here."

"Very well then," said Violet looking about cautiously. "If it is necessary to have one, we'll ask our Blessed God to enable us to have the miracle."

"Are you going to see to it that she receives Holy Communion in this dread- ful Glandelinian camp where we come for that information?"

"Yes sure."

"How can you manage it. If its found out it will expose the Sacred Host to wicked insult and us in deadly insult and peril combined."

"It can be managed secretly. It has to be done."

"Just as you say Princess," said Jennie Turner with her dry wire smile. "But one thing is certain, not one of us are going to get out of this camp alive if we are not careful. Its extremely dangerous as it is."

"How come."

"Because I say so."

"Accordingly to the fact that I am a princess who's running this thing?"

"Just now for good reasons for our safety I am."

"How much per risk."

"Five hundred hours per peril with the usual usual discount to Glandelinia."

Having heard through conversations among Glandelinian soldiers, officers and boy scouts that the forest fires of northeastern Calvernia had gone wild, and spread to the northwestern section of the Mic-Holleston woods, and that a new explosion shock had devastated many more towns and cities, Violet charged her boy scout Michael to call up Gertrude Angelina, and Angelina Richee, and let them know that Calvernia was being dreadfully devastated.

Mildred of course was getting better and that was some comfort, and her Holy Communion was forthcoming.

As the week went on there came rapid improvement in the injured child scout. She recovered fairly good, and now sat up in her anary cot - gift from the others - so arranged that her eyes fall when she lifted upon her favorite picture. She showed no anxiety to give up the plans of her friends, except in so far as it would enable her to go to Holy Communion, as soon as a priest could be gotten.

On the next day, Jennie Turner called Violet up.

"I'm sorry to say Violet that your sweet charming and patient little friend Mildred received word that Angelina Agatha is not long for this world. There's no hope for a city like her. Shes shaken by big explosion, and endangered by a big flood. There's no stopping the shaker line either."

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Violet at once telegraphed Gertrude Angelina and her other friends to try and find out if this was true for she and her sisters had noticed that the sky was heavy with smoke and the sun had not shone for days. Then she flew to Mildred Maxwell and soon was again with her little injured friend. No flower was ever fairer than her face - illness from her injury had made it sweeter, and seemingly added to it an otherworldliness, the beauty of which, in the face of deadly peril is born of childlike faith and innocence. The interior of her tent as usual, spotless, was bright and gay with lilies, and fragrant with violets.

Gertrude Angelina and Angelina Riches were present as Violet could easily account for the flowers.

"Violet," said Angelina Riches speaking as Violet could see, in the name of all her friends, "Mildred has become so worried to day. A boy scout told her at last that no one can get any communication with Angelina Agatha. That all southern California is fire swept another big explosion has shaken down many towns, and no definite news can be obtained of how severe the disaster really is."

"And I told Jennie the other day when she said that it would take a miracle to get her ready for Communion that if it were really necessary we might find a disguised parent honoring she is a daily Communicant other wise, even if it would take a miracle."

"Oh Violet," cried Riches "are you sure you can work a miracle?"

"No," I didn't say I was going to work a miracle. But what greater miracle is there than for our Lord to

to come to Christian boys and girl scouts within a Glandelinian camp when they can't come to him. And Mildred knows that. Mildred my dear, how would you like our Lord to come to you, to morrow morning in this camp?"

Mildred sat up in bed.

"Oh so much." Out went the two hands, fluttering like two white doves in a sweeping far flung gesture, and with it she sank back upon the cot.

"Would you like me to question you about the startling news you've heard my dear. You are a successful scout, and you know all of the girl and boys have been examined already, and all have told me the same story."

"I believe there are none in this camp who received the reports better than you so you needn't be afraid. The enemy won't suspect anything."

"I'm not afraid of the enemy," said Mildred making an endeavor to sit up - and failing.

"See just as you are Mildred." Now when the scouts came to you what did they say?"

"They were not so sure either. I asked them, Now when you received the news from some source what did you do? Who first heard it?"

"I told Gertrude," he replied. And he said no one could tell for certain as Angelina Agatha is cut off from all communications with the outside world."

"And when he told you this what did the news you receive seem or sound like?"

"Disaster sweeping California everywhere."

"Do you believe it is true?"

"At first I didn't" and Mildred shook her head with vigor. "I don't even now."

"How did he know it happened?"

"By some of the Gemini and the conversation among Glandelinians."

"And do you believe it firmly?"

Mildred nodded her head with a still

greater in. "Some part of the news I do. Especially the forest fires. They I know are awfully big."

"Now concerning such news what would you do? And supposing I went to Angelina Agatha to investigate, what do you think would be the result?"

"The real truth would be known."

"Now when the scout came in with the report what direct news did you receive?"

"That a big explosion again shook the country and that Angelina Agatha was the center of the disaster."

"And when you received such a news, what the news of the disaster you receive appear like?"

"The greatest disaster ever heard of yet."

"What did it appear to be like?"

"A earthquake at first."

"Then was it an earthquake?"

"I don't know for sure."

"May you have the chance of hearing more about the disaster soon?"

"Not for twelve hours from then, unless every one is very sure about it."

"Are you very sure?"

"I don't know. It is only what they told me. I want to be positively sure before I spread anything around. A blunder is bad you know."

"Well Mildred, to morrow at nine o'clock, a priest is coming here in disguise as a Glandelinian officer with Our Lord, and afterwards if you wish you may tell me more if you wish."

"I'll give you a good thrilling story" she said decidedly. "But do you think I'll need to fast?"

"Not unless you want to. And Mildred as I need to I must ask another question. Did they tell you anything about where the forest fire is

heading, and what does it amount to?"

"One of them said the fire is cutting off all communications entirely and that so far no report about the spread of the fire, or the direction its heading can be obtained."

"Then I and my sisters are going to do all we can to investigate these reports so that if its Gods will we may know what's going on."

"Thank you Princess Violet. But I too would like to ask a question. Is it safe for me in this camp of the enemy to wear my Communion dress, and if necessary to receive Extreme Unction?"

"We will see that it certainly is." put in Gertrude Angeline. "And Violet if you have no objection Angeline Richee and Jennings, myself, and the two boys will be here."

"Nothing would please me better."

The two young girlscoats were near to tears. The next morning which strange to Violet and her sisters was very dark when all seven of them entered the tent hallowed by their saintly little girl scout, they noticed in a glance the so loving care of having little hands on every side. Where ever they were obtained from, there were excellent goes in profusion. The table was covered with a cloth as white as cloth can be, and everything upon it from crucifix to silver spoon was immaculate. Upon the cot lay Mildred, in the white splendor of her Communion dress. Should an angel be called upon to assume a human nature within a wicked and dangerous Glandelinian camp he need have gone no further than the tent in this camp.

Love, devotion, faith, gave the fair face the beauty that is almost beyond the gift or power of earth. Gertrude Angeline, "whispered" "She is an angel scout," seemed to have a

literal meaning. Supported by Riches on one side, and Angelina Aronburg on the other, Mildred received him who still calls out "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heavens."

After receiving devoutly she slowly was allowed to sink back upon her pillow where with closed eyes she remained perfectly still. Only for a slight movement of the lips one would have thought her dead. With the cautious departure of the disguised priest, Violet and her sisters and the other girls tiptoed out of the room, a great reverence having come upon all, and for several minutes we spoke in whispers. So low were their tones, that a faint voice within calling "Princesses" caused them all to start.

"Well Mildred" said Violet in answer to her call.

"Princess may I tell you all about that now. I've even heard the Glendelinians speak of it so often that I know now it is really true."

"Well Mildred if you like, but it is best to make your thanksgiving first." A wave of beauty swept over her face as she answered. "After I offer my thanksgiving, I'm going to pray for you and your sisters."

"By the way the priest who still remained observed to the Virgin Gals, as they picked their way down the company street. "I've heard that down south there has occurred three awful disasters at once. I learned it when I gave four Sacraments to a dying repentant Glendelinian soldier two days ago."

"Three awful disasters Father?"

"Yes I heard they were disasters too awful to compare here, and a Gemini gave me the news. And then you might

to know, fearing the results of these awful disasters I received far from here money enough from many people to say enough Masses every day all day long without stopping for a year."

"Why Father I understood that our National Government was using the most drastic measures to stop these awful flood disasters, that have been going on with such terrible effect for the last three months."

"Yes but the time there were going on the government had overlooked the forest fires which had been sweeping southward California for so long. Well as you know, this has been an unusually dry season and added by others this immense fire has spread destruction for months without abatement and recently struck a mine of explosives or something, but all communication has been cut off and little is known."

As a result no one can get any communication with Angelina Agatha, and so the news of the greatness of the disaster there went by default. Gertrude Angeline here found out some of the circumstances and brought it to me. Angelina Agatha suffered along with Dorothy Gale but not so bad."

"Gertrude observed Violet, while I and my sisters have been wasting our time you have been doing good. I've heard of how you, Jonnie, Dummer and Angeline Riches have brought even this information to us. I wish I and my sisters had done more. Oh Father I wish I've simply got to do something to find out which Glendelinian generals are responsible for all this."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. But we've got to make a different plan. Gertrude Angeline is my adviser. I know every one is praying for our success and

actually I can feel it affecting me."

"Well princess Violet any time you and your sisters want a companion in your work" said the priest, "call on me."

So every morning the Viriam girls strove harder than ever to obtain the information they were after, while secretly the disguised priest brought the Sacred Host into the tent, and every morning either Gertrude Angelina or Jennie Turner was over to see Mildred Maxwell to inquire how she was doing and if she had heard any further news about the new disaster. Even she was touched into something finer for the (present) or the presence of the wounded child.

On the sixth day from the news heard everywhere Violet and her sisters could not but observe that Mildred was perceptibly growing good in her efforts to obtain all the information necessary. Before giving her Holy Communion the priest heard her confession at the end of which he asked:

"What do you know to day Mildred?"

"No real news can be gotten as the fires cut off all communications" she answered.

"How are you feeling about it?"

"Not so good here" she answered putting her hand over her heart "I feel almost like crying."

"Do you want the disasters to cease, or do you want the sorrow of the nation to go away?"

"Yes but first I want Holy Communion."

"And Mildred my dear if Our Lord wants our Country to win this war despite all this havoc are you willing to sacrifice

everything except your life for Calaveritas redemption from such an enemy? Are you willing to go through or make any sacrifice to see Glendale healed?"

"Yes Princess Violet."

"Then tell Our Lord that you are willing to give up your life even now if necessary to help our country win its cause, if He wants it to."

There was a short pause, Mildred's lips were moving feebly, then she said in a voice grown a little stronger.

"I have told Him." The child looked up at the Viriam Girls princesses as she said these words and smiled. After her Communion while Violet and her sisters and the others knelt about her, they assisted her in her thanksgiving.

Gertrude Violet said to her faithful companion as they had left the tent "I think there is more about the new disaster than we'll ever learn within a Glandelinian camp. Mildred must know this herself for just now as I was going she took my hand and said 'Be careful Violet, and also caution your sisters not to appear too interested about the news of the disaster. Now if anything unusual takes place tell Miss Turner to send for me at once. Understand Gertrude dear?'"

All right, Violette, oh how I wish we could obtain that information now. I'm sick of this old wicked Glandelinian camp."

Slowly Violet went her way down the Company Street over toward her own part of the camp slowly up the hill from the Third to the Fourth Company Street, and then hearing a strange sound paused. It seemed to her also that in spite of being in daily peril while remaining in a dangerous Glandelinian camp that in a sense she was walking with God, that angels, the angels of the

of the Blessed Eucharist, the angels of little children were accompanying her and her sisters, so why should the strange noise make her apprehensive? Slowly almost reluctantly she and her sisters resumed their way.

Suddenly out of the hurly burly of the great city of Glandelinian encampment, her ears picked up light footsteps coming rapidly behind her and her sisters; she turned, and she was not at all surprised to discover Jennie Turner. She had on Violet and her sisters surmised, from all the way from her own tent in that light graceful manner she had observed in her, and also Angelina Riches so many a time before.

"Princesses" she said. "There is something wrong concerning the messenger reports of the new disaster. Mildred quicks me that it looks as if Calvernia has taken the turn. The state is like one in agony while crucified. She called for you six times. She has overheard something very important from some Glandelinian officers in conversation near her tent."

Had Violet and her sisters had or heard that call? And why had their steps become slower and slower? Why had they even paused and waited? Why had they listened for those footfalls and caught them out of all the military noises of a great Glandelinian camp? They hastened back.

Mildred was gasping and breathing laboriously as she excitedly related how she overheard the officers tell of the disaster being the greatest on record that Angelina Agatha was a lost city, that from all the disasters the war was as good as won. Violet took her hand.

Mildred, she cried three times with passion between "Is this all true. Are you not dreaming. Did you

really hear all this. A hundred thousand dead in Angelina Agatha. Millions refugees before the forest fire. Why I can't believe it."

"It is what the officers were talking about. They seemed to get the secret somehow. They say the forest fire is responsible for the explosions that made the biggest flood of all in the war. And the flooded State is Angelina this time."

Filled with dire distress over the facts of such a disaster, Violet and her sisters wept for a while to their hearts content, then recovering herself Violet set her sister Jennie on guard outside the tent and then said to the rest who were assembled about Mildred's bed:

"Set us all say prayers for the hundreds of thousands of departing souls of our disaster and war torn country and forth she first began the Litany for the Dying which she and her sisters knew by heart. For fear of the Glandelinians however they said it quietly in a murmur. With every invocation they became more impressed, and at the end of the Litany they paused to meditate, and then Violet went on reciting the prayer which follows the litany."

"Set Us Pray."

"Depart O ye armies of Christian Souls, out of this sinful war torn world and when you stand before the Great Judge to receive your good reward please intercede for our dire distressed nation and bring to a speedy end these awful visitations, in the Name of God, the Father Almighty who created us all, in the name of Jesus Christ, who suffered and died for thee, in the name of the Holy Ghost who sanctified thee, in the name of the Angels, Archangels, Thrones, Dominations, Cherubim and Seraphim, in the name of the Patriarchs and Prophets, of the Holy Apostles and

Evangelists, of the Holy Martyrs and Confessors, of the Holy Monks and Virgins, and of all the Saints of God, let peace come to us all and to our Country as soon as possible and why thy abode be in Holy Zion, through Christ our Lord, Amen.

And there in that lone some tent in a strange hostile camp, with Violet and her sisters and the rest weeping silently, any one with them could have been filled with the sense of invisible presences. There was no safety in this camp for them, but of great danger and yet they took those awful chances.

The horror of apparent doom that hung about the Calveronian country and her sister states, seemed to Violet and her sisters to reach all over the world, and of it they and nations loving our Blessed Lord were all partakers.

And also hundreds of thousands, nay millions of little children, whom Catholic priests whom the had baptized, whom they in the name of the Church had adjured saying "Receive this White Garment, which mayest thou carry without stain before the judgement seat of God, that thou mayest have left ever-lasting, whom the Church had further adjured saying "Receive this burning light and keep thy Baptism so as to be without blame, observe the Commandments of God that when Our Lord shall come to His Nuptials, thou mayest meet Him together with all the Saints in the Heavenly court, and mayest have eternal life, and live forever and forever, those little children, having at the bidding of the Church preserved their white garments unstained and kept their baptism without blame had by flood and fire and explosion horror had departed out

of that terrible world and into their abode in Holy Zion which if really happening they would have testified against the Glandelinians before the Tribunal of God. If this story were true, these probably among victims of massacres, disasters and dying Child Slaves would be chosen bands in Heaven, so like the Holy Innocents first flangers of Christ's coming, yet so different who would be full terror, terrible witnesses against all things recorded against the Glandelinians recorded in these fifteen volumes. The child slaves would have been some of the first, the numbers of the others have grown into the millions. These beauteous band who either in reality or in this story follows the Lamb whither soever He goes would have been made up of dear children who might have evidently, after death been changed into other Christs by early Communion, and brought by these disasters early to Heaven - to be the Holy Innocents of the Blessed Eucharist, brought Our Blessed Lord's speedy intercession in behalf of Abbeinnia and her states and bring a downfall of a wicked nation in a way that would flabbergast the world and astonish all historians, writers, and all college professors including the author.

Introducing a boy scout and showing how it seemed to the double enemy light.

The boy scout called Radcliff who had followed Pennel and others into the Glendelinian camp to also aid Violet and her sisters in their unusual quest, seemed to the enemy and those who knew him to lead a new or a double life. It took Violet and her sisters some time to find it out, but they did. Like all the other well known boy scouts in the Christian lines he was always successful in his missions. He still retained his dark and slightly freckled face, - a Celtic one at that - large eyes and the same air of solemnity which often led Violet and her sisters to think that he would in time qualify as an exceptional undertaker - for the enemy. As long as Violet and her sisters had seen him, they never knew him to smile. Under his strangely dark hair, more like that of a girl he wore an expression for which apparent vacancy is a word sadly inadequate, and made them think Radcliff was a girl in disguise.

As we all know he began his service in the army at the time the story records it, some time before the battle of Delight Junction. He served independently with a column of well selected boy and girl scouts. There was something queer about him, and what had been said about him concerning the fiercest of the enemy being afraid of him had caused the Virian Girls to choose him, especially because Pennel being his constant comrade and dearest friend needed his help, because he struck Violet and her sisters as being sincere, honest and thoroughly honest, and because while he helped them in their expeditionary work, they intended giving him a chance to pursue his studies for emba-

ment as a scout. Also the fact that Jennie mentioned she had seen Radcliff in Manlay camp of the last, mysteriously shadowing and frightening Daldon. His story to her, with the advice to keep it a secret, seemed strange to Violet and her sisters, and they always watched him secretly.

Violet and her sisters in their clever & brewed way tried to discover in every possible manner his news - if any of nature. From day to day, they had pried him with questions. So day in the camp they pried him with such questions as follows. Many of his answers Jennie jotted down in her diary.

"Radcliff how would you like to be Gertrude's brother?"

"Radcliff raised his eyes from a map he was studying and made answer - Gertrude's brother? What Gertrude you mean?"

"Gertrude Angelina?"

"I wouldn't object."

"Well how would you like to be a Glendelinian who responsible for these disasters?"

"No princess I don't care to."

"Why not?"

"Because I'd be guilty of all the honors that's going on now."

"Well Radcliff how would you like to be one of us?"

The boy scout looked at her.

"Violet I don't think I'd care to."

"Why not?"

"It's wrong to be wishing for your position, ain't it? Couldn't you accuse me of being envious?"

"Radcliff, which would you rather be, - a girl a boy scout of the enemy, or one of these responsible for all these big disasters?"

"Violet I think I'd rather be what I

"Why?"

"Violet I don't think I'd like to lose my soul. Those disaster makers killed whole nations of people. I therefore don't like the idea of facing our Blessed God and have my guardian angel say: 'Master this wicked one killed all the Saintly Calvermings.' And I don't think I'd like to kill all good people, even in war."

"You'd rather make big forest fires?"

"Violet I wouldn't like that either. Violet I don't think I'd like to be responsible for anything the Glandelinians do..."

Gradually it had come to this that whenever Violet and her sisters needed any kind of advice they would come to him and ask Radcliff. They might ask important questions they could think of, to which he invariably returned the most serious reply they could imagine. In this single detail of answering unusual questions Radcliff fairly earned his reputation.

Radcliff also was as daring as he was solemn. If any of the Virgin Girls sent him to some part of the camp on a hair raising errand, he would return in some two hours and twenty five minutes absolutely successful, though the place was six miles distant and the mission exceptionally dangerous. Many times when surprised by the enemy Radcliff and had won his nickname in an excellent manner.

Radcliff Jennie said one day "you don't happen to have any information as to what's happening at Angelina Agatha, do you?"

"No Princess."

"You never did?"

"Well you did not happen to see any Glandelinian newspaper did you?"

"No I did not see."

"You never did have a paper?"

"Princess I think not. But I think I know a place where they're sold. Do you want to buy one?"

"No Radcliff but I'm going to send you on a mission to the general Glandelinian newspaper office up Horton Road. The place is three miles from here, and I thought if you had a chance to buy a newspaper, you might also have the chance to over hear and bring to us the information I and my sisters are after."

"Princess" said Radcliff "I think I can even secure general Manley's uniform if you like."

"Oh very well. We'll see about that when I've written the letter I want you to take to Gertrude Angelina."

Violet was signing her disguised name to that particular letter when Radcliff asked:

"Princess how far did you say it was?"

"Three miles or so."

"Princess I think I can easily go anywhere you sent me and come back with all the information you desire."

"If the enemy surprise you by the wayside, signal to some of your followers, and I'll send you aid."

"I thank you Princess I will."

Violet and her sisters then asked him whether he really would succeed if he went to try his luck in obtaining the information they desired.

"Oh yes Violet I would. And Radcliff smiled. For many weeks after first knowing him, Violet and her sisters had sent him on stirring adventures that were perfectly ridiculous, and made him take conspicuous messages, only to gaze upon a boy that failed in nothing. A simple invitation to an expedition had effected what Violet and her sisters thought to be the impossible. During his first few days in this Glandelinian camp with them they had caught Radcliff three different times in the act of making

a Glendonian officer of some rank or plan. When a Glendonian officer would observe him at something he had always checked himself on catching the attitude of the man, and would become against all seeming possibility more funeral in expression than ever. Violet and her sisters therefore took great interest in Radcliff.

The day following Radcliff was on his way to Gertrude Angelina, with a note that resembled a check for five dollars in Glendonian money, when a private waylaid him thinking from his looks the lad could speak only English, and able to speak it himself he demanded?

"What's that zat ye have in hand?" Radcliff could not understand, but said loudly in Latin to himself.

"Funny thing this. An Englishman a greenhorn in our armies. He made us if to pass on but the soldier halted him and said in his own language."

"I am no greenhorn, nor an Englishman. What have you got there boyscout?"

"A girl scout gave it to me for a golden haired girl scout down in Company D. I believed one of the Virgin Girls dropped it."

"One of the Virgin Girls dropped it? Who is she?"

"She's a girl of course."

"Yes I know but what make?"

"Why she's made of dust."

"Now now none of that you dumbbell. What have you there?"

"It's a piece of paper."

The soldier looked at it.

"Why you simpleton, can't you see it's a check?"

"Oh is it?"

"Did you think it was a piece of wood? You feeble minded moron can't you read? Why boy it is a check for

five dollars in our money on the Gratz Bank."

"What bank? Of a river?"

"No, a bank, house where they keep lots of money."

"Oh is it?"

"Can't you say anything else but 'Oh is it?' you spindle-legged poll-parrot? Yes, and what you would you want to be carrying a check, when some Christian dog will be stealing the money. Do you expect to go to a bank in this camp to have it cashed? And what would that golden haired girl want with the five dollars?"

"My Captain never told me."

"Oh good night. Gracious Goodness. Are there any idiots in your Company besides yourself? The trouble with you sonny that you never try for anything unless you are told about it. You are I believe a stupid boyscout. When I Starning was here he used to think things out for himself and that is the reason general John Manley thought so much of him and got him a fine position in the army as the head of boy and girl scouts. If you keep on the way you are doing general Manley will end by reaching you as a dunce to the Christian dogs."

"That girl scout's camp is pretty far away isn't it?"

"It's in Camp No. 6 - a mile and a half or so. You'll be surprised when you bring her the check and see her face."

When two hours later Radcliff footsore and spent dragged himself into Gertrude's tent with the check and told of his conversation with the Glendonian soldier, he was surprised not only at the look on her face but also with some of the comments she made on his way of fooling the soldier. As for the

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the latter, that distinguishes had Glandelinian soldier kept redoubtably out of Gertrude's way for the ensuing five or six days. To him she gives the credit of almost losing her "check" and she was laying for him. It was in the third week of their being in the Glandelinian camp, when Violet and her sisters noticed a change, slight is true, but striking in Radcliff's humor. On entering her tent one morning, Radcliff appeared on horse back dismounted and said:

"Good morning Violet. I have some news for you. Up to this time Radcliff unless spoken to had never spoken. All he did say when passing them was Good morning Princess, or Good afternoon. But this particular particular morning Radcliff visited Violet with a surprise. After dismounting from his horse he bowed made his customary speech and then said the words as written above. Then he continued "I hope Violet, - you heard - you heard - about the situation at Angelina Agatha?"

Her suspicions were confirmed. "I did hear news recently that was not good, thank you. And now my boy, will you be good enough to tell me what it is and who gave you the news?"

"Yes Violet. First I'll tell you the news gives Princess it was Jennie Turner. I indeed."

Yes. She and Angeline Riches were looking for the same information and Gertrude came over to see them and she gave me pointers.

"Did she tell you to express the hope that Angelina Agatha is safe?"

"No Princess, she's been telling me that all of Northern Angelina is devastated by an enormous flood, and forest fire together. I tried several times to find out the real details but I

just couldn't. I don't think Violet I got the news quite, but I hope to do much better to morrow."

"Well Radcliff, I'll tell you what, you needn't ask me how much I've heard of the news of these new disasters. Because I generally listen for every information possible. But I'm just now more interested in what Glandelinian authority is causing all these disasters. That's what we're here for. But if you ever see me or my sisters coming in with flashing eyes, black frown upon our brows and our fists digged up, there'll be no need to ask the question for that's a sign I've received bad news."

There was a long pause. Radcliff looked completely lost.

"Well Radcliff why don't you say something?"

"Princess do you ever get discouraged when things go wrong like this?"

"No." "Do you or your sisters ever lose your temper when everything goes on like this?"

"No, we practice meekness."

"Do you and your sisters ever have real fire or anger in your eyes?"

"Wait and see. Anything else?????"

And Princess Violet, as Glandelinia stringing Albrannia, and crucifying our beloved Calvernia?"

"I really don't know Radcliff."

"If she is I'll fix her" said Radcliff.

It was on this very particular day that Jennie Turner called Gertrude Angeline on the camp telephone.

"Say Gertrude, some one in your camp has faged my name to a letter of mysterious origin."

"What? Are you sure?"

"It looks pretty sure I've letter head reads, Tent 10, Company 5."

and the envelope is a military one too. I'm sort of suspicious. Could you find out who did it and for what reason? I'll say to my reckoning it'll put me and all of us into a terribly embarrassing and situation, not to say extremely dangerous. I'll send you the letter at once.

"Very well Jennie. I'll be glad to trace the matter up. If I don't like the looks of it I'll show it to Violet and her sisters and they'll investigate it."

Twenty minutes later a Boy Scout dressed in the regalia of a small Gargolian Kneel appeared with the mysterious document.

After looking about him cautiously he handed the note to her and said:

"Read that Princess."

Sure enough the paper and envelope came from Jennie Turner's camp. The letter ran as follows:

To Jennie (Francis) Turner, Vicar.
Girl scout of South Camp.

Dear Jennie, I have heard that you, the Virgin Girls had come to this Glandelwen camp this month and that you are going to force some of the enemy to give you very important information concerning the design of the flood. It would give me pleasure to give you all the news you want. Send Pinned at my tent as soon as you get this letter.

Your true friend.
Jennie Turner.

This unusual letter, with the including of the signature, was as near to Jennie Turner's handwriting as possible.

"Now what do you think of it?" ejaculated the Boy Scout. Yesterday afternoon a delegation of thirteen girl scouts accompanied by your sister

Jennie were ushered into a Gertude's tent where she, and Angeline Riches, with Angeline Jennings and others were, examining a map. They were all smiling.

"Well princess" said Gertude rising and saluting. "Your maidenship," said one little girl scout, "I'm Mildred Supie."

"Oh you are. I'm glad to know you Supie." "Well Jennie dear, what's up?"

Jennie looked very uneasy.

"I came about that letter, sir."

"What letter?"

"Oh you know you wrote to me about it. That information you were obtaining."

Jennie looked surprised.

"Got that letter, with you. - Oh you have. Sets see it."

Then Jennie Turner read it and said. "Jennie either some one is putting up a joke on you or other wise, some fog within this camp has discovered our intention and is trying to trap us with or by a sure."

All of the girl scouts ceasing to smile began to look, with unfavouring eyes in every direction.

"Are you sure you did not write it?" asked Jennie.

"I certainly did not Princess."

"Oh ejaculated Jennie" I and my sisters will have to investigate this. Notify all our followers Jennie. And have Gertude notify my sisters."

It was edifying to see how quickly Jennie herself edged her way through that crowd and made for the tent door. The next thing you know after a salute all the others dispersed for various parts of the camp. We all had a start of two hours and I hope we'll get through this safe.

Evidently said Violet some joking

rogue, as a mischievous boy scout managed to get hold of our paper and envelopes. I'm sure that it wasn't none of my boy or girl scouts, because they're incapable of a joke of this nature. However I'll inquire of Perce or Radcliff, they may know something. What I learn I'll send you word."

Accordingly when Radcliff returned from delivering a message Joice herself asked, "Lieutenant Radcliff do you know of any of our boy or girl scouts who might have used our papers and envelopes to write a letter?"

The boy scout looked at her in blank amazement.

"No Princess I did not."

"I'm sure you did not let any boy or girl scout have the use of our writing materials without our knowledge my boy?"

"No Princess I did not."

"Did you allow any scout have the use of a sheet of our paper and an envelope?"

"No Princess I did not."

"Radcliff I and my sisters are puzzled. Somebody's got in our tent, and I think has used our paper for a letter."

"Maybe it was Gertrude."

"No Gertrude wouldn't do it, in fact she and Jennie Turner notified us of it. Do you see this letter?" and Joice opened the sheet for Radcliff inspection. The boy grew very pale and then red.

"Radcliff, she said anxiously, 'what do you suspect?'"

Joice, some - some - one suspecting our mission and wishing to lure us into a dangerous snare wrote that letter in Jennie's handwriting."

"Good gracious" Joice exclaimed, and fell into a chair, while her sisters cried together - "Sleeping Sizards."

"This is very serious Princess."

"Are you sure?" asked Violet.

"This is no joke girls."

"Does this place us in a very grave situation, Radcliff?"

"Not if we watch our step Princess."

"Radcliff, my boy you're just the lad we need. From what we observe in you, you're leading a double life, and you can help us out of this snare."

"How Princess?"

In answer to his question Violet and her sisters proceeded to give Radcliff a little talk on something mysterious, of how he should find first the boy who wrote the letter and force him to confess the intention.

"What if it was only a joke Princess?"

"Do you suspect it to be a joke Radcliff?"

"Not hardly Princess. But what if it is?"

"Well then bring him to us and we'll give him a little talk on the ethics of our private tent, and the danger in this camp of signing other people's names."

"What if he intended to trap us?"

"Then hold him prisoner if you can."

"Princess, I'll do everything you say."

It had also been the custom to dismiss every one of the boy or girl scouts every afternoon about five o'clock a dismissal welcomed generally with noticeable alacrity on his part in getting away. On this particular afternoon however one of the boys, in reply to Violet's "You're dismissed. You may go now, Princess if you please."

"I would rather stay here and do guard duty."
 "Was the boy suspecting something suspicious about to occur?"

"John how would you like to be a real Glandelinian boy scout?"

"I don't think I would like it very much Princess. The Glandelinians are too wicked."
 "Why not?"

"Because I want to serve you instead and I desire to become a Christian officer when I grow big. Do you want me to become a Glandelinian boy scout Princess?"

The next afternoon, and mornings dinners and the next met with the same extraordinary request.

"Look here John" Jennie said on the fourth occasion. "What is the reason you're so suddenly come to love itching around here for guard duty? Do we fascinate you?"

"Princess, they're waiting to enslave us."
 "Who are waiting to enslave us?"

"A bunch of Glandelinian officers and many of the soldiers and boy scouts."
 "What's the matter with them?"

"Princess I don't think they like the idea of who we are, and what we are here for."

"Oh you don't?"

"No princess."

"Why are they suspecting who we are, and what our intended mission is?"

"I don't know princess."

"Why don't you try and find out?"

"I'll do so but I don't think I'll make any success."

Violet and her sisters watched the boy scout depart on that particular afternoon. Instead of going down east to his own part of the camp and then southward to his company, a walk of two or three minutes he went up toward the direction of the headquarters of all the Glandelinian generals.

them as they afterwards ascertained, up to general John Monley's camp division and down that famous section to the locality he was destined for. This state of surprise lasted for nearly a week, and came to an end in a way entirely unexpected. But this happened with Radcliff.

Radcliff was all alone in the tent of the Virian Girls, being in the last half hour of his self imposed vigil, and was figuring out what new route he should take for his new investigating work, - he never it seemed, for good purpose, took the name on - when a man of six foot built, entered the tent almost unbidden, and asked to see Violet and her sisters. Radcliff invited him to sit down and wait while he sent a boy in search of them.

After leaving the tent, to stand outside when it suddenly occurred to the boy scout to go back and secretly look into the tent and see what the man was doing. "You see" Radcliff explained to Gertrude later, "the man looked queer to me."

Back therefore to the tent entrance Radcliff hurried, and looking in saw no one in the outer section of the tent. At first he thought the man had either left or that he had slipped into the main part of the tent, where the Virian Girls keep their secret plans. Radcliff tiptoed forward and peered through the opening which curtain he slightly thrust aside. Violet's small private table was within easy view of the bed and Radcliff saw the man rummaging through the drawers, and then finding one locked used some instrument in an effort to pry or force it open.

Radcliff's legs straightened up and took thought. He looked around him. A long rifle with a bayonet attached caught his eye. He brought it up over to the

entrance of the inner section of the tent. There was a repeat signal iron used for various purposes; this too he handled most gingerly, as he placed it within easy reach of the long musket. Then hurrying outside, over to a small shed he got an army fire-extinguisher, and placed that & the other articles.

Then going back outside, Radcliff, started off the signal, by giving two quick vigorous pulls, and then dropping it to the ground.

As one hand dropped the signal iron, the other was reaching for the fire extinguisher. It was however too heavy to handle with one hand, and Radcliff as he dashed to the entrance of the inner tent, dropped it.

This fire-extinguisher - lying on the floor of the tent, like some dismantled piece of piece of heavy artillery, gave forth, for Radcliff had upset it, a heinous sound, smell, and a ponderous stream. Radcliff however took no time to worry about the conduct of the fire-extinguisher, for now he grasped his third weapon, the long rifle, which was very heavy, in his two hands.

The spy, or thief or whatever he was, startled by the noise of the signal, was still more frightened, as the tent opening was suddenly thrust aside, by the mysterious gurgling explosive, destined, as it might be to blow him, and the tent up.

He had ripped an opening in the side of the tent, on hearing the signal repeat, and he ripped it much further in a frenzy of desperation at the sight of the "dangerous" fire-extinguisher. At him dashed the heroic boy scout, yelling at the top of his voice, "Officers of the guard! Officers of the guard! A spy! A thief!" at the same time producing with the bayonet with such effect that out of the ripped opening of the tent went the man

much sooner than he intended. He tripped on a tightly stretched rope and fell flat on his face, to find on arising to his hands and knees that he was surrounded by a crowd of soldiers brought partly by the signal, partly by the ripping of the tent, the scene he had afforded a number of soldiers who were passing by in tripping over the rope as he dashed out of the opening, partly by the vigorous yell of the lawless lad.

"Hold him," screamed Radcliff. "He's a dangerous spy."

The fury of the crowd of Glandelinian soldiers, showed itself, and the man, had not some officers come riding up, would evidently have been lynched. But just then two captains and a lieutenant came dashing through the crowd.

"Where's the spy?" one of them cried. "There" cried all the soldiers, two who had seized the man. With men like these Glandelinian soldiers and boys, like Radcliff to deal with, the life of a spy or thief would be full of unimagined surprises.

Later the whole camp was aroused by the news of a boy scout single handed capturing really not a spy but a notorious Glandelinian thief. Radcliff smiled often that day, and on the morrow he said to the Vivian Girls.

"Princess I think we'll be safe for a while now."

"Oh have you discovered who the party were who were going to enslave us?"

"Yes. It was some boy scout by the name of Gerald Starring and some of his companions. They know me, and I interviewed them. Despite the fact that they know me, and who

you are, and your intention, they'll keep him. They're afraid of me, and would throw the whole army down if I say so. There's something of the fear that put them in my power, and as I'm their captain, they'll not dare lay for you any more. There's something strange about me, which they dread.

"And how about the spy? Are they going to take it out on him?"

"Princess Violet they did take it out on him last night, after I proved before the Court Marshall why I caused his capture. They gave him a good whipping after tying him to a tree. Now they're a prisoner until they can transport him to a jail in Glandelinia."

November 23, 1928

Showing that Violet and her sisters are not what they seem to be.

"How are you this morning my boy here?"

"Pretty well thank you."

"Did you see the prisoner lately?"

"Yes. I asked him why he had been raiding the tent?"

"Whose tent?"

"I have of Violet and her sisters."

"What did he say?"

"You go chase yourself, you little Christian poodle dog. If I could I'd expose every one of you. If I get free I'll fix you for this."

Indeed such was the bit of information, or rather conversation, Violet and her sisters overheard a few days later, as they were just about to enter their tent. They had been out separately for two days, being at various points striving desperately to seek the clues of the makers of the flood and other disasters. But with no success. No Glandelinian officer said anything about the disasters. The voices of the child scouts they overheard were familiar — Jennie Turner and Richard Radcliff. They heard further:

"Radcliff, what's your opinion of the Virgin Girls, boys and other scouts?"

"Jennie, I admire them. They are grand."

"What about the Glandelinian boy and girl scouts?"

"They are silly and wicked."

"What's your opinion of Gertrude and us?"

"Miss Turner, they are like human fighting angels."

"Are the Virgin Girls the same too?"

"Miss Turner, they are the most glorious of the lot."

Then as Violet and her sisters entered, and on seeing them Jennie and Radcliff stood at attention, saluted, smiled and then Radcliff was the first to say: "..."

"Good morning Darlings of the nation."
 "Good morning Princesses," said Jennie Radcliff
 wishes to express the hope that you are en-
 joyed success since the past two days.

"Jennie, we did not have any such good
 luck."

"Well," said Jennie looking disappointed, while
 Radcliff glowered ferociously, "the prisoner
 Radcliff captured wishes to express his
 desire we all enjoy facing the firing squad
 now. He knows us all and our intention."

"Jen," said Violet "he's dangerous. If he ever
 gets free -"

"Violet," grinned Jennie Turner friendly,
 "I don't expect any such thing. But if he
 does, and tries to expose us, I'll lay for him,
 and end his existence."

"Radcliff said I see 'the Glandelinians
 are,' to borrow your own expression, 'stringing
 us.'"

"Princess," said Radcliff, "I get even."

"Well as everything is clear let's have a
 secret council for about half an hour, Jen.
 Radcliff" she continued as Jennie Turner
 led the way to a round table. "What do
 you think about our situation here?"

"Princess, it is more dangerous now, and
 seems a failure."

"Is Gertrude doing her best?"

"Princess, she's stringing the meat."

Jennie Turner had come to report on the
 scouting affairs. Violet and her sisters had
 thought Gertrude Radcliff and the others -
 that all their best efforts would bring
 about a good outcome in the expectations
 of their dangerous mission. They had
 also counted on the benedictions of the
 Saints in heaven. But so far they
 were being sadly disappointed, as so
 many of us are when we expect an
 answer to our prayers so soon. For
 weeks since they had been in the

camp they had gone the old pace of ever failing
 opportunities, and although they had strenu-
 ously, they were now out of ambitions and
 spirits alike. No Glandelinian general ever spoke
 about a single disaster or took notice of the
 news of the new one happening at Angelina
 Agatha. When the chance came Violet and
 her sisters, and all their followers had
 secretly examined in without disturbing or
 injury every kind of written paper of scores
 of generals, and hundreds of officers for that
 bit of information, but found nothing what
 ever.

They tried to secretly engage as many army
 child slaves to help them, but though
 they did, and used shrewd means, they too
 accomplished nothing. There were some times
 when Violet and her sisters felt really discouraged,
 and were tempted to give up their purpose. They
 had never ceased to pray for success, but so far their
 prayers were partly or apparently unanswered.

Sometimes I don't feel so strong about
 it myself," said Jennie Turner. "We all made
 three desperate attempts last week and were
 forced to give up. We couldn't get and
 the ordeal we were going through. Gertrude
 still continuing her effort, and Angelina
 Richee, and I hope that will help us out
 a good deal. Mildred's going to start at
 work again to-morrow. And say princess
 could I be selected to go to general
 Manley's headquarters, and be on apparent
 duty with his orders for an hour or so. I'd
 like to go about three when Radcliff
 comes on duty?"

"Why what's up now?"

"I might find some clue there. I over-
 heard some important conversation near
 his headquarters before, and if I go
 there again, perhaps with a little
 patience I think I can find some
 clue that'll help us."

"You are sure?"

Yes Princess. There's Pennod who is with us in this camp, and there's a girl scout whose name is Majorie Heidi whom he met here, and whom he knows very well. She has learned scouting work well. She learned to study a great number of codes last summer, and with a little encouragement I think she could find a way to get that information from us. She could get some child slaves to help us.

"You do?"

Yes Violet. There's also a clever officer in this camp whom I met. He had made successful work on his scouting, and said we all had unusual talent for our own spying vocation. He said that if we gave a little attention to Majorie she would and could help us, and that she'd get plenty of clues for us.

But Jennie, we'll be moving from here soon as we see no hope of success in this part of the camp. We intend to try Ambrose Fuller's Army, for we might secure the information there.

Yes princess, but something makes me feel that we won't be able to make any success there. I'll consider ourselves lucky if we'd get out of that camp unscathed. Most of his army would recognize us despite our disguises, especially he and his generals. And if we do go there we'll have double peril. We got along pretty easy in this part of the camp.

This information was quite unusual. After some thought the Virian Gl Girls gave the permission for Majorie to be brought.

By the way Violet continued, do you give Pennod all the help he needs? You know that we were unwilling he should come.

Jennie smiled merrily.

Princess we all do.

"Who?"

"The girl scouts of Gertrude's Company. And by such a wonder, you don't know him as well as we do already. You ought to see him when he's home in camp, doing apparent services for Glandelinian armies, or drilling the boyscouts. He makes efforts enough for a dozen spies in one, and he's the leader of his best followers."

Was he any splendid quality in him?"

"The Glandelinian boyscouts don't think he has, but we girls do. His boys think he'll make success for us."

Which will account for a little conversation I overheard this morning. Gertrude and Angelina Pichee, help him out every day.

"So you're sure of success Jennie."

There was another side of the situation. Violet and her sisters thought it would be an easy matter to obtain the information they were seeking. Indeed they thought they knew the Glandelinian well. And as for the various Glandelinian generals it had never occurred to the Virian Girls nor to their followers, that they paid them or any of the cleverly disguised Christian scouts the least attention. They resolved to try their own luck, and to watch all the Glandelinian generals more closely.

Violet and her sisters had learned that on three days of the week the highest of the Glandelinian generals hold certain suspicious councils in a certain room, situated in a large cowbarn. They resolved to be on the watch that afternoon. The generals who to day were going to hold the council were eighteen in number, and were generals of Wulthain Schloeders command. Just before the hour for the generals to convene at the Iron Redcliff came to Violet

"Violet have you any mission you'd like me to do?"

"No Radcliff."

A new light dawned on Violet and her sisters. They had been edified greatly for several weeks by Radcliffs by Radcliff actually desiring, and asking to go on missions. They always felt sure the busy boy scout was showing the initiative. Looking back Violet and her sisters now recalled that Radcliffs requests for this particular kind of work were proffered just before any of the particular Glandelinian generals came into the cowbarn to hold a council. Also Violet and her sisters remembered that whenever on such occasions they had sent the boy scout off he had contrived not to get back until the council was over no matter how long it took. And though he did not secure the information they desired she learned things of importance nevertheless. Jemmis Turner was right, as they did not know Radcliff, and what is more they knew very little about the situation they were in, in this Glandelinian camp. And still more they knew very little about the boy called the "Rattlesnake".

While Violet and her sisters were meditating humbly on all this, one of them seated herself close to a door leading into an outer room and making a pretense at sleeping kept her eye on Radcliff and the Glandelinian generals in the other room - especially Manley and his staff - all of whom looked as though butter wouldn't melt in their mouths. Her sisters kept watch elsewhere.

They were very busy too. These Glandelinian generals, looking over maps, picking out Geographies for one another, while the lieutenants waited on their superiors picking out important books for the higher generals and wearing each of

them a strictly business like an Radcliff meanwhile with an expression of ignorance on his face, stood by the generals, bringing everything they asked for. With stern determination on his face he was watching his chance to secure anything of importance he could secure without being observed. The whole scene as Violet and her sisters gazed on it out of the corner of their eye was most edifying.

And Violet and her sisters were proceeding to be edified when quite casually two lieutenants passed by close to Radcliff talking together about something which they could not make out.

Radcliff acted as though a fly had lighted upon the Celtic beauty of his face and in a moment he was all attention.

As those lieutenants returned to their work Violet had her eyes turned so as to catch the effect on Radcliff's face of the words of one of the lieutenants. The other Glandelinian generals she noticed while as busy as ever with their secret duties had their eyes just then on Radcliff and seemed by a quick interchange of glances to suspect he was never dropping.

To divert their attention from him Violet made a paper wad and unceremoniously by the generals threw it at the lad. "Who ever threw that cut it out" growled Radcliff frowning horribly and making a mouth and a glancing toward the generals though evidently he really knew where it came from.

Presently two officers passed close to the door speaking in whispers.

Violet caught the word "I love". Yet to avoid suspicion on the boy Violet continued to secretly throw at him and if looks could kill the room would have been strewn with corpses.

"I wish you officers would quit throwing."

November 22 1928
Thanksgiving Day.

"We are not throwing," said one of them.
"We were just looking at you," said another.
"Maybe you were throwing your eyes at me,"
retorted the lad.

At this the officers smiled.
"How did Pennod fare out?"

"Radcliff," Violet when she and her sisters
with Radcliff were back in their own tent,
"Radcliff for ways that are difficult and as-
tonishing, and for tasks that sometimes are in
vain, luck for all of us is peculiar. What
were those Glandelivian generals talking about
during the council?"

Princess, they spoke about floods and other
disasters, but nothing about who caused them.
The way they looked at me so often made
me think they were onto me," and Radcliff's
face expressed an intense sense of outrage.
"They did?"

Yes. And that Manley general slipped
something in his pocket that he even did
not want any of the other generals to see."

And Radcliff do you desire to know the
secrets of that "something?"

"What else can a fellow do. That one
known as General "Smash-in-the-head" handed
to Manley a written piece of paper which
was examined by all the other generals
three times."

"When?"

"Just before the Council was over."

"How could they have done that without
my seeing them? It is terrible that we cannot
obtain the information isn't it, Radcliff?"

"Yes Princess, I know it is."

Two days later Radcliff entered Violet's
tent with a new uniform. Violet and
her sisters had learned that Radcliff
had been secretly been shadowing general
Manley for those two days with the hope
of securing those secret papers himself.
But so far had not been at all

successful. For any careen of Radcliff, this pro-
ceeding was unusual and so Joice ex-pressed her
self.

"Yes Princess" assented Radcliff.

"Why did you do it?"

"Princess Joice, I was determined to secure those
papers for you."

Gertrude, Angelina, it happened, was sent
down that morning with a message from Jennie
Dumney. Upon seeing Radcliff, extreme delight
showed itself plainly upon her features. Then
saluting she said:

"Good morning every body."

"Good morning Radcliff. Are you and Radcliff
co-operating together in this unusual work?"

"Yes. I don't know much about the results
though. Yet his followers and mine are mak-
ing some success."

"Are you and Radcliff good friends?"

"Yes we and all the girl scouts are very
fond of each other."

"Radcliff" said Violet, "Are you and
Gertrude good friends?"

"Yes Violet we are."

Sending Radcliff on an errand, Violet and
her sisters tried to learn what Radcliff was
really attempting to do when he and his
followers shadowed Manley. Without
seemingly to Gertrude was not able to
answer the question.

"Radcliff" Jennie Viriam said later
that morning - I had noticed several of
Gertrude's girl scouts handling some slips
of paper - have these girls been
successful in some exploits?"

"Yes princess thank God they have."

"What did they do?"

That girl scout Angelina Riches, secured
the drawing of a recently flooded section
of Calvernia. She said as she handed it
to me "Oh what a strange map and
called her eyes until she looked sideways

and Angeline Jennings wanted to know if I'll bring it to you, and continued Redcliff. His voice becoming excited, Jennie Turner wants to know whether I'm going to continue to head our general Manley."

"And what about Gertrude, Redcliff?"

"Yes she wants to know if I realize how dangerous it is and whether I intend to abandon my job, purpose. Oh yes."

"And Redcliff have any of those girls been giving you any assistance in your work?"

"Yes Princess they have, - those Turners girl scouts."

"What did they say?"

I have under Angeline Riches say: "Oh what a lovely inspiration you got, and Mildred Maxwell what's to know where I'll get the clues we are here for - and continued Redcliff - Jennie Turner wants to know whether I won't let her in for fifty, fifty on it."

"And what about Remond?"

"He is helping me. He wants to know if I'll plan to raid Manley headquarters."

On the following day, Violet and her sisters informed Redcliff on coming to their tent that they would leave him in charge that afternoon at two o'clock as they had an engagement with Gertrude Angeline and her followers.

"And princess you're not coming back?"

"No Redcliff, we're going to a different part of the camp to try and find out something. Gertrude thinks she has discovered, so you can run the tent and drill my boys and girl scouts to suit yourself."

It however happened the party they wanted to spy on did not hold the expected meeting, owing to a misunderstanding in regard to the

the numbers that were to attend, and the day on which it was to be held, and Violet and her sisters with Gertrude and her followers had nothing for it but to mount their horses and go back to their own part of the camp.

"I think" Jorie said, as she dismounted from her horse near the junction of two company streets, "that if you'll excuse us Gertrude Angeline, I'll take a look in at my tent. Jennie Turner may have brought us some messages."

The distant clock in some distant steeple in a town near the camp was striking the fifth hour of the day as Violet and her sisters turned the corner of the Company Street on which their tent is located. They had scarcely entered the outer portion, when from inside the inner tent, a most unusual and astonishing sight caused them to rub their eyes.

When Violet and her sisters first entered the tent they had heard the sound of violent sneezing, as if from eight persons, sometimes all at once, sometimes in duets and trios, and occasionally in solos.

On entering Violet and her sisters observed they were eight Glendelinian girl scouts, and all of them sneezing violently, and they were a look of extreme distress whether sneezing or not.

Violet and her sisters recognized at once the girl scouts they wished to avoid more than any as they had tried to undo everything every thing they tried to accomplish. Violet and her sisters recognized at once Margaret Bethel, with her bobbed hair, Alice Jenter, Emily Januans, Lucy Angelo, and Jane Marie. The other three they could not distinguish. Dashing toward the doorway of this section and noting

as they did so a young boyscout bearing a suspicious resemblance to Pennod with some unknown contrivance in his hand, disappearing like a frightened butter into another tent. Violet tried to pull back the curtain. It was fastened. Drawing her hunting knife, Violet slashed the string away. These ropes had been fastened to the curtain and tied to the tent pole in such a way that those inside were effectually imprisoned. Yet it was the work of five minutes to unfasten the ropes.

"Girls" cried the Virian Girls, "what are you doing in my tent and what's the meaning of all this?"

"Captain Violet" began Margaret and sneezed.

"Captain Violet," said Jane, "it was - etchoo."

"It was Pennod - etchoo," supplemented Emily.

The little pink tailed - etchoo - rhumb - added Lucy.

The whole thing was incredible.

"Do you mean to say," Violet began, "that Schoefield Pennod, my com-etchoo, etchoo, etchoo."

Etchoo, etchoo, etchoo chimed in the girls in relays of two and three.

"That Pennod my best boyscout, caught you girls in my tent where you don't belong and - etchoo - etchoo - etchoo."

Etchoo, etchoo, etchoo went the eight.

Just then the meekest, solemnest lad that ever fell under their observation stepped as far as the entrance.

"Princesses" said Pennod, "for it was he, I believe you had better come outside with your sisters."

"Think there is strong Danish sniff in this room."

"Oh you think - etchoo."

"Yes Princesses, I think so. I put some of it in here myself."

The girl scouts were already out in the vestibule.

"What's that you've got in your hand?"

"Princesses" said Pennod, holding it up to the light as they reached the outer room of the tent and making the statement as though he were telling them of Calvernia's destruction complete, "It's a mouse trap."

"It certainly was, there were fifteen field mice in it. The girls, edged away and in their horror left off sneezing."

"What were you doing with that?"

"Nothing, princess."

"Nothing?"

"Yes, but I was going to. You see princesses when I got them through sneezing I was going to open the tent door and tell them to come out."

"Yes."

And then princesses when they got outside I was going to turn these mice loose on them."

At this solemn declaration five of the Glandelinian Girlscouts squealed, while Alaa, Lucy, and Jane looked fire and molten lava at the boyscout.

Pennod, how did you trap them in my tent?"

"Violet it was easy. I caught them prying around your papers and books. These four I told them there were some new codes in your diary that you did not want any one to see. And I trapped them."

"Oh protested the Glandelinian girl scouts in one scream."

"And they all fell for it Princesses. Glandelinian girlscouts when being suspicious of us just love to rubber."

"Come with me Pennod" said Violet.

and hurrying into their main tent room, Violet shut the curtain door and she and her sisters fairly shrieked and screamed with laughter for fully five minutes while Pennod looked on helplessly. Had Violet and her sisters been dying, he could not have been graver. He still held the mouse trap.

Pennod said Jennie at last, "do you know that you're a humorist?"

"No princess I was not aware of it." "Are you any relation to Charles Chaplin, Tom Sawyer or Ben Turpin?"

"I don't know princess, are they in this tent?"

"Aren't you a first cousin to Huckleberry Finn?"

"No, but to night I'll find out who my relations are?"

Pennod how would you like to be a comedian?"

"I haven't the experience Violet."

"How would you like to be a clown?"

Pennod smiled.

"I think I would be satisfied princess."

From that day till their mission was finished the Glendale Union Girl Scouts treated Violet and her sisters with profound respect.

Violet and her sisters surprise Pennod, and in conjunction with Gertrude Angeline practices something more surprising.

In the meantime the various spying work at many different points was going on day after day with what appeared the most unedifying results. The boy and girl scouts of the commands of Violet and her sisters, especially the very small ones were quick and responsive in their efforts. Every day it was a wonderful and yet touching sight to even see little toddlers of seven and eight, both boys and girls attending the seven o'clock secret meetings of their own initiative and without the guardianship of their leaders.

Gertrude Angeline and also Jennie Turner, reported the unusually marked change for the better both in efforts and perseverance which they observed in their little lance charges.

Among those who could be especially mentioned was Mildred Maxwell. The mantle of holy war saints seemed to have fallen upon her, in course of time she was outgrowing her friend Angeline Richey not only in conduct and attention, but also in quickness and grasp and nerve.

Two days or week I mean before the real success came, there appeared at the entrance of the tent of the Union Girls a girl scout and a man the size of a twelve year old boy. To their surprise he proved to be her father. At first Violet's heart sank at seeing them. Every morning for a period of over ten days they had been almost annoyed by child scouts from other parts of the camp, that brought anything but good news. Here, thought Violet and her sisters, were some more pests.

"Good morning Darlings of the National Abbeamria," said the little man, "My name is Mr. Ellenturn and this is my little girl, Gracedelina."

"How do you do, Darlings of the Nation" said little Gracedelina, a child divinity in uniform and carriage and strikingly pretty.

"The pleasure is ours," said Violet herself. "But don't call us Darlings of the Nation in this camp, or the Glandelionism will make us think of something much more important and serious than just Darlings of the Nation."

"Princess Violet," continued Mr. Ellenturn, "I understand that you and your sisters have in this camp lots of boy scouts and girl scouts looking for responsibilities of the post flood disasters."

"So you've found it out at last, have you?" Jennie said. "So many strangers seemed to be just hearing of the existence of their exploits within this camp which was already in efforts for two weeks, was getting on the nerves of Violet and her sisters."

"I just came to this part of the camp just yesterday, Princess," said Mr. Ellenturn.

"Oh - I beg your pardon, but all the same it is too late to put your little girl in our scout companies, especially in this camp, during work that has been going on since the beginning of this month."

"Perhaps it is princess." And the poor man looked very much disappointed, and perhaps Violet and her sisters imagined it, he sighed.

"Oh," said Violet, beginning to realize that she and her sisters might be over cautious, and touched also by the evident dismay which had come upon Gracedelina's face "perhaps I and my sisters have been hasty, and has

your little daughter had any military training?" "Oh yes, princess," said Gracedelina, "I was prepared in general Conventinian Aronburgs army for ten months and mama and I had to go away last week, because a big forest fire came upon us unexpectedly, just ten days before general Aronburg was to resume his advance northward, the fire is coming here."

"It is what?" "It is coming here."

"You don't say?" "Yes." "Come into our tent," said Violet. On examining Gracedelina, Violet and her sisters found that she was well instructed. And Gracedelina told a lot about the unusual immensity of the conflagration. "Why, Mr. Ellenturn," Violet said "this child scout is fit to take up girl scout work now."

"I knew it - I knew it," cried Gracedelina with evident joy. "Papa, I said all along that Violet, or her sisters would let me in her girl scout company."

"I'd hold on," said Joice. "Where did you say the forest fire is?"

"Southwest of us, and 100 miles away." "Where is general Conventinian Aronburgs army?"

"Twenty miles west from here. A part of the army fights the fire."

"Where do you live Mr. Ellenturn?"

"Where ever we check our trunks. We have been homeless since the first disaster."

"Ah. And where are you staying just now?"

"In this camp. It's safe as long as we camp far from Manley's division. This is Bicknell's you know."

"Why, Mr. Ellenturn," said Angelina Verrin, "this child scout is fit to do the work now."

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"But" continued Violet "where did you say you were staying?"

"On this part of the Glandelinian Camp."
"Very good, that's our section too. Well if you stop hanging for about three weeks longer it will afford me and my sister great pleasure to have Gracedelina make her first trip, with my special Girl Scout companions. As for receiving her daily Holy Communion even like we do here we'll provide."

"Thank you very much Princesses. This will take a weight off my mind. I really had to leave Conventual Armyburg army. It was a case of necessity. The army encountered an enormous forest fire, near a big flood zone, and he fought several good engagements against the fire but the conflagration keeps driving him back. Many places threatened by this fire and also the flood. I look and forest fire?"

"Yes."
"May I ask what general Armyburg's engagements are?" Violet echoed. "May I ask what he is doing?"

"He has over half of the army fighting the blaze." put in Gracedelina. "We are flood refugees, and now refugees from the forest fire. We popo?"

"And how do you like the whole experience?" Jane asked Gracedelina looking at the child with renewed interest.

"Oh I've been so long going through the experience so often and so long at it, that I'm tired of it and it's getting on my nerves." she said with a gesture perfectly expressive of great weariness.

"How long have you been going

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through these experiences?"

"For nearly two years. I've went through fairly disastors." I was a participant of the flood at Abbeism. I was at So Polama, and went through all the honors."

"And how old are you Gracedelina?"

"I'm ten years old, Princesses."

"Good heavens" Violet and her sister exclaimed.

It was quickly settled that Gracedelina should call at their tent at ten the next morning on the chance of getting her an opportunity during that day of receiving a little private instruction. Violet and her sister cautioned the new child scout not to speak to any one else whom she did not know of her "profession" - however a caution entirely unnecessary, - and finally put her into the other class of girlscouts, and under the special care of Gertrude Angelina, who was to entertain her, after she received her instructions and on such other occasions as should arise. To Gertrude Angelina alone of all the girl and boy scouts was confided the secret that was among them a professional of experiences.

The usual stolid Radcliff who always was too busy to pay any attention as a rule to visitors or new comers, was all alive with interest on the occasion of receiving the Virgin Girls.

Before they retired into the inner tent Radcliff, had during the short conversation between Violet and her sisters and the new girl scout, kept his eye steadily on Violet and her sisters. As any one could have observed there was a great awe upon his features, indicated by a mouth held wide open and a rigid stare. And then as Violet showed the two visitors out of the tent, Radcliff jumped from the cot, a thing he always did, unlocked and hurried to the tent door held it open

He still held his mouth open and his eyes followed with a rare constancy every move of little Gracelina. Gracelina caught his stare as she neared the tent door.

"Are you the specially favored aide-de-camp of the princesses?" he asked smiling into Radcliff's face.

Radcliff still clinging to the tent door drew back as far and as respectfully as it was physically possible to go and then replied:

"I'm only an ordinary boy scout, ma'am. My name's Gracelina," said the little miss moving a step nearer to the manifest surprise of the boy scout who was standing by the opening.

"I'm glad to know you," he answered solemnly.

Then as the two went out Radcliff instead of closing the door in them followed them out into the Company Street, and again allowing his jaw to drop, craned his head forward and continued to stare to such an extent that to Violet his eyes seemed in danger of popping out of his head.

"Radcliff," she called, "perhaps you'd like to follow those two down the Company Street, would you not?"

"Yes Princess," said Radcliff re-entering the tent with one last long lingering look "I would."

"Possibly that little girl scout is the ghost of your dead sister?"

"No princess," answered Radcliff in whose face still remained evidence of unusual excitement.

"Princess," he continued with unconscious sarcasm, "for murdering my sister the enemy will pay Princess that little girl is an old friend of my mine. And that little girl is a professional."

"Professional at what?"

"At spying."

"Oh she's a professional spy is she?"

who told you she is a professional spy?"

"Why I saw her often, and we knew each other long."

"Why didn't she recognize you then?"

"Because of my disguise. I once heard her and her father talking about helping Emperor Vision laugh in their plot. I also heard them talking about an engagement they had with Gertrude Angeline at Munley's headquarters sometime, something he'll risk all to cause her capture."

"You appear Radcliff to be singularly interested. What is the matter?"

"Princess," I never knew that girl spy to fail once."

"Have you ever been on an adventure with her?"

"No. I never had the opportunity."

"Have you," never been on an adventure, Radcliff?"

"Oh yes princess. I've been on two adventures. I went through the Abiloom flood, and I saw the explosion at Jerome Vision city and went through three or four other disasters."

"I thought you said you've never been on an adventure?"

"Oh but I mean I never had one with her. And I didn't know she went around spying and scouting in this camp."

"Indeed! Well Radcliff I suppose you intend to tell all your boy scouts that you've seen a professional spy, when a special friend of yours."

"Yes, princess, this evening."

"Can you keep a secret, Radcliff?"

"If necessary, yes princess."

"Very good, tell no one that Gracelina, Elton is a professional spy. She is here to make an effort for us, and wants no publicity. It'll spoil her intention."

Gracelina was punctual each day. Besides coming to interview Violet and her sisters she and her father were seen daily eavesdropping.

every conversation of Glandelinian soldiers and officers, and even boy and girl scouts. One thing surprised Violet and her sisters from the first, Gracdelinia was never alone. Whether hidden near Glandelinian officers, or on the company street in the general headquarters, or among working child slaves of the army, infant girl and boy scouts were always with her. Her followers practiced what all followers of some leader of boy and girl scout profess to do, they never left their leader or comrades unattended.

As a result their leader was as confident in them and as unsophisticated in her efforts as a girl scout leader in good surroundings, or dangerous situations always is, and her supporters obeyed her as children under the care of a good mother.

Although Gracdelinia was awaiting the pleasure of Violet and her sisters in the interior tent each day from ten to eleven thirty, it was only for a short time, snatched from imperative duties that either Violet or her sisters (water) snatched were able to instruct her. But the time did not appear to hang heavily on her hands. She fiddled about like some butterfly, or fairy from one part of the tent to another, alighting to continue the figures, now in the table where she drew some astonishing codes rather cleverly, now explaining her adventures of the past, then taking a geography where she examined maps, and then studying a typewriter.

To the surprise of Violet and her sisters, she kept Radcliff in a state of perpetual excitement. The young boy scout in her presence, done all she could could to help her. Not content with giving her pointers, or following her scouting work in a perpetual movement of his arms

he smiled on her every now and then and winked his eye. As Violet and her sisters noticed with mild surprise. As for Gracdelinia, she made herself quite at home with Radcliff, chattering with him, making him explain the different parts of the Glandelinian camp, the workings of the typewriter to her, and then as he offered her his seat she would take her place and start beating out with great determination her own codes, while Radcliff stood by with a look as who should say he was entertaining another member of angels and was unaware of it.

So friendly were the two and so attentive to each other at times that one of the Vornan Girls seated in a chair, would at times raise her voice against their almost forgetting their duty. All other kinds of duties Gracdelinia was quite different, and all her vivacity was gone. And she was as quiet and demure as any girl scout - and that is saying a good deal - could be, and it was doubtful whether a single boy or girl scout in the whole Glandelinian army were aware of her presence, neither did the others, that is the Christian girl and boy scouts know of her addition to their own ranks.

Gertude Angelone quite proud of having been guided by Violet and her sisters to take care of her, was extremely attentive to the new child scout. Not content with the ordinary duties, and civilities toward her, she showed Gracdelinia all over the camp, from one part to the other, explained to her the different grades and divisions, and so improved or impressed Mr. Ellerton that that solicitous father after the first few days was content to stay in some remote part of the camp when and so long as Gracdelinia was in the hands of the enthusiastic Gertude Angelone.

Of course there was a great difference in their respective differences of ages, yet the two had within the first two to twenty-four hours of their acquaintance had united eternal friendship. In each others company they chattered like birds and having exchanged with each other all the secrets about the enemy which they happened to possess, proceeded to teach each of them to try and secure new ones and thus while at their work kept burning the fires of friendship.

Before the third day was passed they were both wrapped in mystery. Every now and then during a lull and most animated conversation they would exchange strange looks and mysterious signs, and finally as was generally the case to make themselves understood would retire into some remote place out of earshot of any one they did not know, where they each would take turn in whispering into each others ears.

Then not content with this form of conversation, they at times within striking distance of each other wrote notes in code form in which case, either Pennrod or Redcliff was called upon first by Gracelina, and seeing how obedient either boy was under their instruction, subsequently, by Gertrude to carry these communications with strict injunctions of care and secrecy to any point the lad was sent.

Not did this effusiveness of youthful affection seem to interfere in the least with their duties. After drill hours the two after having spent a few minutes on go in the exchange of secrets and signs would rally forth with great dignity to a Glandelinian general headquarters on an "important" visit. Generally they were attending on the tip-

step of Manley's headquarters at a quarter to five were waiting to greet Violet and her sisters with lively gestures of welcome as they passed the place on their way to dinner. It appearing to leave their tent on two or three occasions a little before the third quarter struck and passing close to general Manley's headquarters Violet and her sisters were pleased to observe that each working hard, were really tremendously in earnest.

In that afternoon the head leader of the Glandelinian boy and girl scout had each day a special session of the girl and boy scouts belonging to main operations branch. Not letting out who she was, Gracelina without fail repaired after which she and Gertrude Angeline would following some open chatters and more whispered secrets seat themselves in a hidden spot, one on the top of a fallen tree, the other on a rock, and write each other very short notes.

None of the Glandelinian soldiers or officers, or any boy or girl scout whatever, ever saw these notes, nor could wild horses drag them from the two girl scouts. Not even an inkling of their contents was ever vouchsafed to any one. The exchange of notes accomplished, the little spy maids after bestowing a word on Gracelina's father, Redcliff, and Violet and her sisters, just to show they had not forgotten them would often both in the same breath declare it was high time for their afternoon "duties" at some other general headquarters where upon they would issue forth and remain absent, for a good half day or longer. Violet as their

as their desire for success appeared to be, it must be said in justice to these two girl scouts that their love for successful outcomes of their duty really did in higher long endurance, a little more and these fairer spirits so it seemed would become the best experts than even professionals - higher professionals at least in success for all their undertaking and in a joy which found itself deeply rooted in all their efforts with all the supernatural aid of God.

To Violet and her sisters their efforts and heart whole devotion to 'Our Lord' at the same time was extremely surprising and touching, indeed impressively emotional to Radcliff, Percod, or other disguised Christian boys or girls scouts, it was a source of unfailing amazement.

Together Gracdelina and Gertrude Angelise - read or rather Gertrude did the reading - of maps, codes, and diagrams of a Calvermian State map, and try to mark out the places where explosion, flood and other great wars disasters occurred.

They had not gone far on these charming and wonderful sketches of Calvermian maps and disaster facts, when both planned for beginning as child slaves in disguise out of hand to seek information from among them. They believed child slaves might themselves more easily might obtain the information Violet and her sisters are after.

Gertrude was for placing herself among Munley's child slaves, Gracdelina favored being on in Richkells camp as Munleys had stricter discipline and made free use of the cat-o-nine tails

on the slaves. The difficulty of getting these instrumental plans together with some very discouraging criticisms from Radcliff and Violet and her sisters brought them to compromise on the former ways of seeking after in to the cause of the disasters, and the discovery of those who are fully responsible. Gracdelina was against the former course, saying it was too slow, but Gertrude insisted and carried the day.

The two girl scouts then discussed their plans for easier means for reaching said information, in the presence of Violet and her sisters with great freedom encouraged to this we can take it to the fact, that Violet and her sisters paid great interest to all their conversation.

Clear spying work was taken up and set under seated by their table Violet and her sisters making pretense of reading or writing, listened to the discussion which changed to that of making efforts to force Gracdelina's generals to confer.

They were quite serious on this point and Gertrude was careful to point out to Gracdelina the dangers of trying to force rebel generals to confer, and the difference between secret spying and investigating.

Both resolved that with the approval of Violet and her sisters they would try new methods on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays in general and during nighttimes especially with all other days included in disguising as child slave inspectors to find information among them if possible also that they would work fast on all Fridays to come.

The pathos of it all was that Gertrude, without knowing it, was up to this period of her life practically spying and scouting since they entered or she joined the Military scout life, doing most of it from the first of January 1912 to the last of August 1913.

Sometimes Violet and her sister had an idea that these noble resolves were sternly undone by their efforts. And the Virran Girls were her director.

Finally the main effort - with three days of effort, silence and secret spying work - was at hand.

When the two girls were around you could almost feel the silence. There was silence in their steps, silence in their expressions, in their work, carriage and other matters - they simply radiated silence and work, and when one of the boys came in an unguarded moment gave them some news of a new and big flood sweeping Northway Angelina you should have seen the indignation looks with which they stabbed the thoughtless offender.

On the morning of the last day of this main effort Violet herself was informed by Radcliff that Gertrude and Gracedelina were out and wanted each to see me the Virran Girls privately.

And Violet added Radcliff, "Gertrude says it's very important."

So in the nearest Radcliff.

Gracedelina entered.

"Well my little friend," Violet said - sit down.

Gracedelina climbed upon a large stool and turning in her toes, which just continued to touch the ground, presented to Violet who was alone, a face as solemn as Radcliff.

"Princess," she said: "I've been reading a great deal in paper magazines and the life of the great destruction caused by other big floods - that is Gertrude has been reading and explaining them to me."

So I noticed Gracedelina, and I trust also that your experiences in other floods has done you good." I should say so, Princess. We both have been thinking a good deal, and I've been trying so hard to find out if the Glendale girls' generals in this camp were responsible or knew anything about the guilty ones."

"Yes I have been observing that."

"But it is now not the past disaster that is worrying me. It is the new disaster that is going on. Fire and flood at the same time. A forest fire sweeping the whole country."

"Sweeping the whole country?" gasped Violet. "You must be exaggerating it."

Now I don't think so. But it is my past experience that is worrying me," continued the girl scout turning in her toes in a most extraordinary gyle.

"Your past experience?" Violet gasped.

"Yes. I've been thinking of my narrow escape in leaving the train at the outbreak of the Abbeys disaster, and finally reached safely. But during the flood I felt like leaving a living a life of what you call it - of penance in a cave."

"The way the refugees did?" Violet inquired with a straight face.

"Yes, Princess. I've been terribly scared. Sometimes I was afraid the world was flooded like in bible times, and I being I used to say volumes of prayers. I talked about hurrying through my prayers. I did so because I was afraid I would not be able to say enough prayers. I never skipped none, and then Violet

the way I used to try and comfort others. It was shocking. I'll never forget it as long as I live. I just have to see the Gracdelinians crushed beyond recovery for these disasters now.

"So do," Violet said in parenthesis.

"I see how bad the enemy has been, continued the girl scout, crossing her fingers and looking earnestly at the tent roof as if by magic. I never thought the enemy was so bad. Of course I never believed the enemy could even intend to commit any such big war crimes."

"So you want to make a desperate effort to seek out the information for us. P.P.P.P.P."

"Yes, Princess."

"What are you going to do if the enemy discover your intention, and interfere?"

"Oh I didn't think about that."

"What you can do to succeed in your purpose my little girl scout will be to use the same patience like I and my sisters do to do all things you are asked without fail, till one of us are successful, and then if you are not successful you may come to one of my sisters for further advice."

"But princess - about those big disasters of the past I didn't at first believe the enemy intended to make those awful big floods, or created desolating forest fires and such immeasurable explosions. I didn't really they'd even dare to commit such awful war crimes."

"And to be sure Gracdelinians, no one didn't think it could be done. Think less about the disasters of the past and more about the work we are to do in obtaining the clues of the doors. As regards your work never do anything without asking your superiors, or us."

"I thank you princess," and the fairy like girl scout breaking into smiles which reassured the army away a host of scruples, unrolled herself, fell to the ground and slipped from the tent and outside. Then entered Gertrude Angelone. She looked as if she had fought with them and tiger headed demons of the spiritual world in her effort to learn the cause of the many awful disasters.

"Princess Violet, I've been making out and dictating over a list of all the disasters of the past and counted over all the enormous list of drowned and immeasurable property damage, and to think about it has filled my heart and soul with great bitterness."

"Good gracious," Violet exclaimed, "and you've been making choice extracts from some of your spiritual and historical disaster reading, haven't you P.P.P.P.P?"

"I did study a good deal of history, and I did read of flood and other disasters all over the world in books," admitted Gertrude and it fits our case perfectly."

"Good gracious," Violet exclaimed once more.

"Princess I've been terribly anxious and scared and discouraged since so many disasters have occurred" went on the chief of the girl scouts.

"Yes."

"And I've been terribly upset all this time. I feel as if I was in terrible despair."

"In despair?" Violet echoed.

"Yes, and to lose hope of ever winning our cause. At the beginning of the war everything wasn't so bad as it is now," and general Great heart said.

"The more wicked an enemy, the more the good suffer."

"I know the situation pretty well and I don't see that we are either to lose or suffer disasters beyond our endurance."

"And princess I've been a terrible failure during my whole service," Gertrude went on.

"Failure?" echoed.

"Yes and a poor me. All other boy and girl scouts are not near so bad as I was. We've been in this camp so long and we have not discovered anything yet."

"I know you pretty well, Gertrude, and I don't see that you are either a failure or a quitter. If so, we all are. The enemy have outwitted us heavily."

"Ah that's just it Princess. The enemy has fooled you, fooled us all. I'll bet the Glandelinian generals found out secret agents and spies are in their midst, and therefore are keeping everything a secret from us. When I found out that the generals were suspicious, I kept on the lookout."

"I don't blame you, my dear."

Neither does the other scouts. Everything we are looking for the enemy does his best not to let us know.

All Christian spies," Violet observed, are not failures, when they cannot always find out anything from the enemy. To spy on the enemy you have as hazardous for us as it is for the wicked to risk the loss of their souls by telling other people's sins."

But princess Violet, no matter where we go or what we try to do, it seems as if the enemy is always dodging so that we wouldn't even know where responsible for the great flood disasters. I wish how determined Angelina Richee and others were in their work and I never so long we tried also and failed and then princess I'm just worried sick about all the great disasters. Princess I'm beginning to think Calvernia river is a mortal wound to Abbeannie. Is it princess?"

Then Violet thought to herself the nearest thing to a mortal wound for Abbeannie on all occasions.

was not the flood disasters of the past or now but the cruel and devastating forest fires which were consuming vast areas of the country's forest.

"No my dear Gertrude," Violet answered, "to begin with, no one can think at the time that the enemy was going to make such big disasters. In our work here we have to keep dodging so the enemy generals wouldn't know what we are doing. I wish how you went through the Abbeannie flood, and we ourselves are also worried sick by the whole situation. At the time I didn't even think the enemy could create such a big disaster."

Princess broke in Gertrude. "When I and my companions were caught in that explosion and flood disaster at Abbeannie I didn't really know what to say or do. It's an awful hard thing for a little girl scout to be almost a victim of a double disaster — it — it humbles, and then general Vroman told me over and over that I should do all I can to let the whole world know all about it. "It would be to be the wisdom of an older head than you had then," said Violet to get out of such a flood situation. Don't bother about that point any more. We'll win yet."

"I'll not, princess, but that's not all. All the time I've been in the service I've been trying to be successful, and only once in a while while working against the enemy I am full of finality."

"Good gracious," said Violet for the third time. "Yes princess, princess I like to play tricks on the enemy."

"So do I."

"And I love to torment the Glandelinian generals on a Katzenjammer kick to them."

"So am I and my sisters."

"And I do so like to solve the problem. I'd give anything to find out who of the enemy are responsible for those terrible disasters."

You would?"

"Yes, it's terrible."

"Gertude tell me do you do anything desperate or foolish or that you think nearly almost at the risk of suicide to gain in anything you set out to do?"

"I think not princess, that is I - to be safe princess, I'll say yes."

"Instead of trying first to do things rashly, my dear, try always to first what you think will please Our Lord and bring best results, and blessings for your undertaking, and then you needn't worry. Is there anything else Gertude?"

"Yes princess, how can our Government prevent the enemy from making more disasters. I have prayed and prayed, and so have every one of my followers and Angeline Rechee, and we never know what's going to happen to the whole country yet. I'm afraid the enemy'll win the war."

"It's a sad case Gertude, our Government I'm afraid can't help itself entirely. There was a time when it could but that seems to be past. If Vinan Wickes is captured it might help. We all feel the situation keenly. My father on several occasions has written to me and my sisters telling me how hard he is fighting to stop these disasters."

Gertude was weeping.

"For California," she sobbed "I'll give my life to morrow to stop these disasters and I'm going to offer my Holy Communion for the stricken states and that ought to count."

"I certainly should," said Violette.

"And to day - this afternoon - continued, growing suddenly radiant "I'm going to make my general attempt, and when I intend to make a general effort do you know what I think of?"

"What, Gertude?"

"Of having a lucky chance of securing what we are after. This afternoon I hope I'll be successful."

"And the famous girl scout was gone."

"Good gracious" Violet cried for the fourth time and would have been plunged into meditation in the disaster situation, had not a boy scout guard interrupted her with the information that the outer tent was filled with boy and girl scouts who wished to see her and her sisters, privately and as some put it on important business.

Angeline Richee once more.
The two famous girlscouts
a nurse a secret.

The third week after their entrance into the Glandelinian camp could always be a memorable and thrilling day for Violet and her sisters and their followers. In the early morning of that morning adventure, difficulties, loss of their dangerous but important work and high danger, issue from various Christian camps in the shape of rumples hearted little boys and modest little girl scouts and the company streets of the Glandelinian camp, so lately thronged by gray coated soldiers on drill and all the various followers of this hellish Glandelinian army, forget the sin and ugliness and sinful ways of a wicked Glandelinian army and while paying no attention to all this strive day by day to obtain the information they had sacrificed all to come for.

Down the Company Street in groups of two and three, some in squad formation come little boys and girls clean and neat and pretty and unusual in their attire of gray uniforms. Down another Company Street advanced the second host, down other company streets strides others.

For from North and South and East and West they come and from every foot step rises inspiration and courage. Glandelinian officers of every rank too are on the company street generals, Colonels, Majors and others and one can see that by their looks they are up to some thing. The Glandelinian members disappear out of sight within the Glandelinian camp and all is profound silence.

Devoted followers of the Virgin Girls - how devoted how long suffering no writer even better than I can even attempt to express

are at hand to do everything for Violet and her sisters and Gertrude Angeline with all her own followers see that every little girl of boy scout looks their bravest in even their false uniform. Going down to their tent the next morning September 22th before starting their mission, Violet and her sisters found Angeline Richee with Gertrude Angeline awaiting them at the entry.

Angeline Richee the reader may possibly remember was the little girlscout who very seldom failed in anything she made up her mind to do. Angeline Richee however believed Violet and her sisters had not started on a hopeless adventure who while training and inspiring their followers contributed their efforts most assiduously every day since they had begun in the camp, to the hopes of securing the information they desired so strongly to obtain.

In the time not given to sleeping and the drill hours in the camp they successfully had hid themselves in the headquarters of officers or generals and looked to hear their conversations with the hope they would talk about the past flood disasters and unconsciously reveal who were responsible and to that end trained Angeline Richee very carefully into the safe carriage of all their plans, dispatches, codes, secrets and so forth. What was more advantageous to Violet and her sisters was that Angeline Richee was a perfect stranger to the Glandelinians which gave her chances in some ways to make herself more famous than the Virgin Girls.

Outside of drill hours the exits and entrances to Angeline Richee were the back doors of the headquarters of the various generals and other officers.

All during the preparations for the

massacres, sacrileges of all kinds and all want on ourselves never heard of she is giving such a bad example."

But princess, she won't be able to continue so if we discover the clues and evidence we are after. We arranged for a more sure way of our finding it out. Princesses decided to go in among some of the more special child slaves to night, and try and get them to find out something. If they learn who we are, I'm sure they'll help us. They are always among various Glandelinian generals, and might hear lots of conversation. First of course I must gain their trust, faith and confidence, and be sure they won't unconsciously betray us. I can remain among them till next Saturday night. We'll also have plenty of time to say our prayers for success, and get some rest, and I'll promise you and her your sisters that we'll do every thing for our cause as though we were fortune hunters seeking and wishing all riches.

Angelina's Anonbury shake hands. You've solved a question that's given me no end of annoyance and anxiety.

And so during the three days of special preparation Angelina Riches herself had been among the various child slaves who had been in time for all their duties in the morning, regular in the afternoon and as Gertrude Angelina had said, was fearfully dominated and held down by the officers and soldiers.

Remembering all this and knowing the value of child slaves, the Virgin girls received Angelina Riches who brought her to her on the following morning. And what a transformation in the appearance between them and the child slave.

The child slave was towedly dressed, dull colored of face and unkempt

hair was neatly combed on her head. However her eyes were bright, her cheeks faintly rosy, innocent of the rose. The manner of her dress discovered Violet and her sisters the pathetic beauty of her gypsy like face, framed in seven black long bobbed hair and wonder of wonder holiness had touched the features of the little child slave, touched them so that she looked then as sweet as innocent and as winsome as any child belonging to a saintly mother, though she was in a Glandelinian camp.

Princesses said Angelina Riches here, a specially clever little child slave, come to offer you whatever services she'll have an opportunity for, and especially if she be allowed to go on with her customary work, so she won't be discovered. She also came to take thank you and your sisters for your kindness in giving her a humble little slave the honor. I've been with her and the others of her fellow slaves for three days princess and I can say that a nicer sweeter little girl or boy or there slaves are I would not guess can be found.

Oh princess if they have the chance they'll be as good as the best of spies for us. You should have seen them foray morning and night when their masters or overseers are not watching. Why last evening the poor little slave had almost to be forced from her knees. God help her gain her freedom. God help her Princess she wants to say something to you and your sisters.

Violet and her sisters turned their eyes to the child slave. The boldness in her face showed she was able to be trusted though she also had the sweet air of childhood which the Glandelinians had not succeeded

in robbing her of. She appeared to be about eight years of age. "Violet" she said - even her name was lovely - since I know you and others with you are Christians fighting for our freedom and here to find out responsible men for big disasters I and my companions will do everything to help you succeed. But I want you and all your followers to pray for us, that all we will keep good, succeed in our work for you. I know the Glandelinians are the cause of the floods and big fires and I'm sorry."

"And Ruth" put in Angelina Richee, "what are you going to ask our Blessed Lord when you try to help us?"

"Miss Richee, I'm going to ask him to help me and then if we are successful, and I'm free, I'll be a saint if He wills it. You see no matter how long we are slaves, the Glandelinians cannot put us into the danger of growing up bad children. All child slaves no matter where they are live good little girls and boys."

The evident sincerity of the child slave moved Violet and her sisters so that they could not trust themselves to speak.

"And now princess don't fail to pray for me and my companions that we may keep it up for you, and succeed."

That unfortunate child slave of the worst possible child slave camp of the worst possible Glandelinian camp in an absolutely impossible surroundings who was worse off than a child of the worst tenement and worse home and insolent drunken parents brought the tears to the eyes of

Violet and her sisters. There were many other efforts made that day by all of the followers of Violet and her sisters after secret fervent Communion, but while many did all they could and approached Glandelinian officers while in conversation, or looked through their papers and important maps and documents to find the clues and worked hard with hope and faith, the writer himself doubt whether any did more better in the abandoned child slaves.

It was quite late in the afternoon when Violet and her sisters took their breakfast. Then for some reason or other Violet herself felt very tired and instead of going down to the other part of the camp to join her sisters, at once she rested in her tent. It was half past three in the afternoon before she got ready to join her sisters and just before she started, she entered Gertrude and Gracdelina.

"Why girls," Violet exclaimed "have you gone to the mess mess hall tent for your dinner yet?"

"No princess," said Gertrude "We couldn't go without pushing our work through." "Angelina Richee was coming too" added Gracdelina, "but after working so hard hard the fasting made her feel sick and faint, and she's waiting for us at the child scouts mess hall. Violet she sends you this" and Gracdelina handed Violet an envelope, containing as she afterwards discovered a true slip of paper containing mysterious clues of which Angelina Richee had taken from a general's table. And Violet I want to thank you for helping us and I promise you we are going to do our best like good brave little girls."

"Thank you girls, but you're not angels."

yet and I think you had better rush off and get your dinner.

"But Violet we want further advice first."

Violet gave it right willingly, willing by "And Gracdelinia" Violet said, "I am I to see the success of our adventure before the coming of next month."

"Oh I hope so for now it looks as if we shall be here for only two weeks longer. We have others working every night with the help of the Gemini and we have worked three nights and Miss Riches agreed that we should in general Newports headquarters, and I am coming back here to morning at noontime with Penned and we'll try and work out that cipher note."

"You will be welcome."

"And Violet," put in Gertrude, "would you mind our going over in the private part of your tent when the whole camp is asleep to-morrow night?"

"What's up now?"

The two girls scouts began to make all manner of facial and manual signals at each other. Gracdelinia seemed to propose something to Gertrude to which she at first strongly objected.

Violet said Gertrude at length, "it's a secret, but we'll let you know in good time."

And with this Violet shut to be satisfied. The two girls scouts bade Violet an elaborate farewell both executing with perfect grace the famous elaborate curtsy.

Showing how and with what result the girl scouts undertook to make out the cipher note. 283

Are spying work and scouting always as agreeable as something they are? Are these kind of adventures even far apart? Or do they not in some cases, go hand in hand? These questions were in the minds of Violet and her sisters full many a time during the days that followed their first entrance into the Glandelinian camp.

Nearly all the child scouts with the aid of the Gemini and all who had followed them secretly into the camp, in their first main attempt greatly to the annoyance of many Glandelinian gentlemen and other officers - were making first within this Glandelinian camp but secretly have efforts to go to Holy Communion every day - and then to do everything possible to find out all Violet and her sisters were so sacrificing for, and consequently if not in consequence, there was more of ribbony laughter, more liveliness among them, more happy faces among the Child Scouts than ever before.

Violet and her sisters did not think of questioning them. Of course in the matter of this kind of spying work Violet and her sisters, with Gertrude Angeline, Angeline Rencher, Jennie Turner and Gracdelinia appeared to lead all the treat, but the same was true of their shrewdness. On one morning, which was an unusually quiet day, the girls in separate partners, went from general Manley's headquarters, to Federal's, from Federal's headquarters, back to Manley and then da capo. A man who did not know who they were, and what they were doing, would suppose they were Glandelinian girl scouts, doing their own duty and helping in the Glandelinian general's to

meditate mischief. Radcliff and Pennod were two disturbed boys for several days. It seemed impossible for them to accomplish which characterized them during scouting hours, an attempt at it which completely increased, once they were in desperate earnest, in which they become known as the demon scout.

Pennod had not yet got rid of his awe for the outcome of a real stirring adventure. The actions of Violet and her sisters and their followers presented to Pennod and Radcliff all the glory and mystery of mystic adventure. Any of the girls had not been slow to discover the boys' point of view in this regard, and Violet and her sisters were prompt to avail themselves of what opportunity it presented. Pennod and Radcliff belonged to Gertrude's staff; at the time they were really working for Violet and her sisters.

On returning from a prolonged secret visit to a Glandelinian general's headquarters, Gracedelinia, ably assisted by Gertrude, Angelina, Violet and her sisters, and Jennie Turner, took the strange code in hand with unusual vivacity and characteristic energy, assisted by the two boys. Angelina Richee, who acted as guard, was able to follow the proceedings almost completely.

"Pennod" began Violet, "what is that of the code you are reading?"

"It's a puzzle of nine intersecting lines of the tributaries of the McHollister Run River," said Pennod, raising his head, and then dropping it again. Then he and the girls were interested in this section of the code. There were a good deal of clues leading to something here, in particular of the part of the code he had been then trying to make out.

"Do you notice," said Gracedelinia,

a very loud whisper. "how Pennod really makes out codes so easily. He guides himself from line to line like a boy who understands all codes, and cipher dispatches. That's the way my sister Annie used to read out cipher dispatches," she added, as she noticed Radcliff look at her queerly.

"And just now," added Gracedelinia, "there's something good here that I'd like to make out myself. See how he is concentrating himself, as he's trying to learn its contents."

The professional boyscout finally dropped the code, raised his eyes, and finding that the princesses and the girlscouts were considering the code and his work on it with great interest and great regard, smiled with satisfaction.

"The officer who has this I suppose didn't even know who took it," continued Gracedelinia in the same far reaching whisper.

It was a risky effort for Angelina Richee, commented Gertrude. "You'd never think any one would have the nerve to secure it. You'd think the general would be afraid of letting anything remain outside his desk for fear of Christian spies and other agents."

"Perhaps he was careless," Violet observed.

The general is so grouchy that he even does not know how to smile, declared Angelina Richee. "Maybe he is afraid of letting himself go for fear he might put big fissures into his face."

"Perhaps it's his surly nature," Gertrude observed.

"When he's excited he reddens in the face naturally enough doesn't he?" added Jennie Turner.

"What has his surly nature got

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to do with it?" Joie inquired.
 "I was thinking Angelina Riches made
 answer of part of a comic song and another
 girl used to sing. It brought a crowd around us
 many times."

There was a grouchy old man wearing an old
 night gown.

Which in colors was brilliant in defile,

His face was so painted and ugly,

He thought it a secret to smile,

He put on a new face,

Covered with noodles, gave to grace,

He smiled them a little.

But his face changed to brittle.

He sang like a tea kettle.

Made all his friends rattle.

And return to him the old night gown."

Suddenly Pennod having discovered something
 important threw himself back in his
 chair and looked almost as dazed as he
 really was.

"Pennod," cried Violet "What did you
 discover?"

"Please girls take up the code again.

Now go on at this point - go here

on here I say. Yes that's it."

The girls were almost hypnotized
 by what he helped them trace, and

by what he explained. He then raised the
 code about two inches above the

light so that all could see it

and moving his finger indicated
 something they all understood.

The girls gave the code
 ten minutes of their valuable time,

pointing out that if ever they
 could capture the originator of

the dispatch, it would stand
 them in good stead, but under

present circumstances was entirely

impossible to apprehend him, showing how
 difficult it was to bring the subject to a
 realization. Also Violet herself pointed out that
 if ever they were to be successful the capture of
 such dispatches codes and the like would
 probably stand them in good stead, but under
 present circumstances, if they couldn't make
 better progress than this, their staying in this
 camp so long would be entirely unnecessary,
 showing them how much more dangerous it
 was to bring the adventure to too slow a termina-
 tion instead of quickly accomplishing their
 purpose, and allow too much blunder to
 make them withdraw from the camp
 unsuccessful in their undertaking, which as
 Gertrude candidly remarked, "wouldn't help the
 cause any."

One of the Virgion Girls went into the
 inner tent, and left the two boys and the
 rest, as no one could have noticed with no
 little amusement, redoubtably endeavoring to
 make a final success in solving the cipher
 dispatch.

On returning from the inner tent Violet found
 was she took up the dispatch again. First
 Gracedeline ascertained whether it contained
 anything of the flood clues they were
 after, and receiving favorable indications
 that it might at that expressed them-
 selves as being quite satisfied.

"Pennod," she then went on "do you know
 or do you catch on that it reads here."

"General you are a gawk-de awk?"

"No," said Pennod with a wink of one eye
 and a slight smile. "Does it mean he is

something good to eat?"

Every one smiled at his joke.

"No I don't think he is," said Angelina
 Riches decidedly. Any way a person who

might be responsible for these part
 dispatches is worse than a rotten fish."

"What does these words mean?" asked Pennod.

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"It means that the general who is to receive the letter must communicate with General Manley and his staff. It's certainly a clue about the flood." You made a lucky find that time Riches.

Riches then read other articles which they made out as, 2

"You don't stand right - you don't sit right, you don't walk right - and you don't carry your head on your hand."

Pennod who had never smiled for her too appeared to guess the words.

"Here you are exclaimed Gracedelinea, we are in possession of the best code ever secured. And with the most difficult puzzle ever given."

"You'd think" apostrophized Gertrude Angelina that the writer was insulting the general to whom it is sent. Pennod when you make it all out let us know, but don't let yourself go too quick."

For thirty three minutes Pennod alone took great patience on his efforts. He walked up and down the tent for ten minutes, paying most particular attention to the strange words. Also the girls gave him a few tips on how to study it out, "tips" Violet calmly observed which would clear the mystery of the code, which would keep others from thinking they would give up the adventure, "which" she continued, "We certainly are not."

Before he was through Gracedelinea marked with little slips of paper some dozen strange words off her own list in English with Violet's help, something in answer which she took from the gods, and enjoined Radcliff to rewrite four copies of each, one for herself

and one for Violet, specifying carefully the size of the paper to be used, the color, and the amount of margin and spacing - all this to be done as soon as possible against their return as they had determined to go out and make a tour.

And when they did return after an unusually long time in coming back, the rewritten codes done in Radcliff's best style were awaiting them.

All of the girl scouts were lodged in their expressions of delight and thank, indeed they were so pleased that they must bring them to be approved by Violet and her sisters.

Of course in the face of such enthusiasm, the Union Girls in turn, felt bound to examine them with a certain deliberation. The dialogue in the next tent room, made it in their judgement, worth while prolonging this examination. Their eyes were on reds the written pages, but their eyes ears and whole attention were absorbed in the speakers without.

"Pennod," came the voice of Gertrude, "is it true that by discovering this note, you and Radcliff could take the chance to follow General Newstone and his staff over to their headquarters, and if not observed or detected would conceal yourself in a room to see or find out whether this general knows something about the flood or not?"

"Yes, but it is risky."

"And could you follow Gracedelinea's hunches to see whether they really acted suspicious, and seem like other soldiers?"

"No, its futile. No one can even do it."

"Many say it can be done."

"No it is not true. Its a lie. It could be done without evidence against them."

"Don't be too sure, Pennod, Its hard

enough to stand for further failure. Once you did a thing and was successful. If by didn't you stay so long in Manley's headquarters that you learned heap of information, and stayed there acting like a halfwit to throw off suspicion when a lieutenant colonel came in and told you to get out and go home saying "Your mamma wants you."

"Oh gee that was right. And I remember telling that colonel that some one had been stiffing me with bad news, I didn't look to see what Manley was doing, as I had no chance. At that time there were no other officers around, but the soldiers were as watchful as cats."

Pernod continued Gertrude "was it not also true that when general Manley came within your reach the second time, you took something out of his pocket, which your success in securing was a value to our cause."

"That's another fact," cried Pernod excitedly "never thought such a thing would happen."

"They are certainly well down" Violet said now that the dialogue had come to an end, "and the copies are very beautiful."

Gracedelina prearranged to her departure for another part of the camp waited on Violet and her sisters.

"Princess would you mind my having the use of your tent to-morrow night from seven till noon time for taps?"

"I think it can be arranged."

"Oh it is arranged."

"Indeed."

"Yes, Gertrude knows all about it, and the others. And princess, will you and your sisters come too, Gertrude and I have a surprise for you."

"I and they will be on hand, but

along?"

"Oh but you and your sisters must not be alone princess. My girl scouts will be there and Jennie Turner, Angeline Richee with the rest, and many other girl and boy scouts who helped us so far in our work."

At seven o'clock, Violet and her sisters entered the tent, and took their seats between Angeline Richee and the two boyscouts.

There were fully two hundred and fifty men, boy and girl scouts present, all evidently expecting something unusual. Gertrude, Angeline and Gracedelina were not to be seen. Scarcely had Violet and her sisters seated themselves, when they realized it was to be some sort of a performance.

Angeline Richee struck a tune and then there appeared from behind a curtain, Gertrude and Gracedelina.

They were beautifully and modestly attired in Glendelian girl scout uniform, one could see by their costumes, that they were naturally secured, the two girls all radiant in smiles made the famous curtsy known so well. Another chord and the two girls sang "On the Wabash far away."

It was the song of a flood disaster well known of the Wabash River, and was sung with emotion and a feeling that stirred all who heard it. It had variations, and yet so grand and thrilling was it, withal that it gave hint of the floods really raging. Also it did express the stirring sad poetry of flood horrors.

The next number was a some recitations on flood stories taken from books followed by a dance. There came after, some graceful and innocent dances, other song numbers, which I am bound to say was particularly good.

At the intermission devoted to ice cream and cake allowed the entertainers

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to change their costumes, and then for fully an hour they held all within the tent spellbound, with a good long lecture printed on a white screen on war and its devastations. Every one were intensely interested, none so much as Pennock and also Radcliff. He was absorbed.

"Gosh," he observed to Gertrude, "often I wish I could get up a show like this."

"Now Princesses," cried Gracedelina as the girls at the end rushed out and caught Violet's hand, "now you know why we were always having our secret meeting. We got up this show just to please you and inspire our followers. Oh Darlings of the Nation were you not pleased?" "I certainly was, and so were my sisters. It was all of it very, very beautiful, very graceful. It was - the dancing, especially - was hours in fairyland."

"Why, Princesses," exclaimed Gracedelina with great delight on her expressive face, "that's what we all ought to be, we should be fairies, fairies, fairies, called angels."

"And we should always act and live like angels. Grace, you Gertrude ought to be the head angel of the spy for fairies, and you Gracedelina are the angel of the Christian armies."

"Oh," cried Angeline Richee, "you've given me a capital bit of matter for advertising for our cause. How does this sound?"

"Leading Girl Scouts, the Lightfoot angel spies of the National Abolitionian army. There's a inspiration to bring many more scouts to our standard."

"Angeline Richee," said Gertrude, "went over all our work, and we did not miss anything. And Princesses, Gracedelina and Jennie Turner, taught me lots of new lessons. They were apt pupils, commented

Angeline Richee, "I've never seen any girl scout to whom learning comes so natural. Princesses," he added in a lower tone, "Gracedelina can't go on a good spying expedition to-morrow, but for the love of God, don't let her. This is well enough work for Gracedelina now, but we must all finish our mission and get away from the camp before our true identity is discovered."

"Say Princesses," said Pennock, as they all went out into the Company Street "it was great."

Before going on duty Gertrude and Gracedelina made much of bidding Violet and her sisters farewell. There were all gratitude and goodwill, which to the reader may add remained unchanged to this day. Toward eight of the morning some days later, Violet alone happened to be passing General Manley's headquarters on her return from some supposed duty, when Radcliff, who was coming out of the rear entrance, accosted her.

"Princess," he began, "have you noticed anything strange about General Manley lately?"

"Beyond the fact that he carries his head high, and walks like he had the world under his feet, I can't say that I have."

"Well, come in but be careful as you do it, and just take a peep in the council room. But look out for the guards."

First seeing that the way was perfectly clear, the two went up the rear steps on tip-toe. The darkness of morning had diminished to twilight, and fortunately they were still in the dark. The council room however was just then illuminated by 5 large burning candles over a large table. Radcliff and Violet could

therefore see through the glass aperture in the center of the door without Manley seeing them. And strangely there was no guard about. General Manley had placed a large paper on a square table, and was standing in a position which to their unmounted gaze gave Violet the impression that he had been working on it all night. There was to be a comic scene to this however. Holding one hand over the paper in a gesture intended to express that he feared it would slide off, the general sat down on the floor.

Recently he placed his coat and some other articles on the back of his chair, and it had noisily tipped backwards without the general's knowledge, hence the queer accident. Speaking words not found in any prayer book the general arose and it was easy to tell, from the expression on his face, but only from the expression, that to let him see you laughing was suicide.

Violet and Radcliff felt perfectly sure also from the recent expression on his face that something very important was to be concerned about that paper.

Violet was determined to secure it at any risk. She gave Radcliff instructions. The general had changed his position by this time, and whenever on occasion he swung around he looked as exultant as a stage struck girl dancing the Highland Fling.

Radcliff was sneaking into the room from another quarter. He changed his hiding place from time to time, and when the general would look around he had hid himself behind a Davenport.

Encouraged by his success, Radcliff undertook to creep a lovely tunnel

the table, in which feat I am bound to say he was unusually successful. Radcliff began to smile. He waited until the general would arise again. His opportunity soon came. The general intoxicated by his success stood up and Radcliff made the chair tip back.

The general then sat — Suddenly down flat on his back. There should have been a fractured skull, but as a matter of fact there was nothing of the sort.

Radcliff quickly grasped the paper off the table, and then as the general's imprecations broke from control Radcliff turned quickly, put out the lights and before the general could arise to his feet, or adjust his eyes to the scene or organized a pursuit, both Radcliff and Violet were gone.

January 5th 1929.

The first time in which Violet and her sisters lose their temper. What came of their outburst.

Penned one hot sultry morning (temperature unusually high for so late in September) appearing in the tent entrance of the Vivian Girls, looked very heavy sleep and downcast as if he was about to be hanged for a very serious crime.

"Why what the matter Pennod?" Violet inquired, noticing his condition, and rising to her feet as she noticed that he still paused at the entrance.

"Violet, I did not hardly sleep for three nights I was even up late last night."

"Oh you were? Writing Autumn poems to Jennie Sumner, your first of girl friends."

"No, Violet, what I was doing gave me no chance to write poetry. I discovered disheartening news at general Manley's headquarters near Company M Street and I went down there."

"Were any of your boy scout friends down there with you?"

"Violet I was there alone and learned everything. Angelina Agatha is the writer of the worst blood on record. Thousands of cities and towns are devastated. Your father's palace is destroyed and he and your Mother are refugees. The situation is terrible. And this terrible darkness is caused by immense forest fires so terrible beyond description, and a million are fighting it in vain. Here the news that tells all about it."

She only glanced at the headlines and then sat down on the nearest chair.

"Angels and ministers of heavenly grace defend us," quoted Violet.

and her sisters in one hour.

"What's that Princess?"

"Did you overhear any conversation about it from Manley and his generals?" asked Jennie.

"No Princess, I didn't get the chance."

"What did you do?"

"I secretly read a bulletin, while I sang a song."

"You did? What was it?"

"When Johnny comes marching home."

"No, no, I mean what did you read on the bulletin?"

"A short detail of the great disaster."

"Pennod, do you mean to tell me that you had the nerve to appear before a crowd of highest ranked, Glendelinian generals, and bawl out to them the song, 'When Johnny comes marching home,' while you read the astonishing news on the bulletin?"

"Please princess Jennie that's all the farther I got."

"What happened? Did you break down, or run from them?" asked Angelina.

"No princess, I did not break down, but the officer known as General Pugnose was there, and he hollered at me, 'Stop that singing through your nose you little teakettle,' another said: 'No he ain't coming back sweetheart,' and another officer there whose face looked like a hot water bottle with warts on it, shouted: 'Cut it out, you saxophone' and things I do not want to say. And then every one of the other officers began to raise a fuss - a laughing and a snickering - and then - and then -"

"Well what then Pennod?"

"Princess, I got that newspaper."

"How did you do it?" they all asked at once.

"I bought it."

"How was it done Pennod?"

Princess, there was a number of soldiers selling newspapers. I caught that from him. But Pernod, what possessed you to take part in such a move. Didn't you know it was very dangerous?"

"I didn't know that princess. To say one Gertrude Angelina dared me. And besides, there was so much excitement among the officers I wanted to see what was wrong. Besides there had been rumors of an enormous kind of flood, fire and explosion disaster combined, and as opportunities were offered for the best news I thought I might read or hear of it. There was a great big fellow in front of me who had a long walking stick with a golden edged hook at the end. He was uniformed as if he wanted to appear on a stage. He was the one known as general 'B-mash-in-the-head'."

"But Pernod, don't you know that at these times it isn't very nice for you without an knowledge to go on such a dangerous adventure? Don't you know that these Glandelinian generals are very dangerous? Don't you know that your affairs might leak out, to these disrespectful generals? Don't you know that you are very likely to be suspected and thrown into a prison tent?"

"Princess, I didn't know anything about it. But I'll not do it again without your advice."

"I should not like to see any of my best lay scouts going too near those Glandelinian generals. Wises lay and girl scouts keep out of sight of such Glandelinian generals. And good a spy as you are Pernod, you are still an amateur you know. You always cause a great worry. And respectable lay and girl scouts obey their best

friends you know and do not go anywhere without permission."

"Girls" said Pernod, Angelina Agatha and Dorothy. The cities was devastated by both explosion, and flood. And all aid to them and the whole flood district, is totally cut off by the awful forest fires. All the outside states cannot render them any aid. All communications whatever is cut off. The whole nation is jeopardized. They say no news can come from Angelina Agatha. She is isolated entirely."

"What cried the girls jumping to their feet. It is true. From the explosion shock, the cities acted as if they danced the highland fling. Then they got the full brunt of the floods, and Angelina Agatha won the first prize of being the center of the flood horror."

For a moment Violet and her sisters felt sick and giddy. And Pernod thrown rocks at them, or struck them in the face with his fist and then kicked them while they lay prostrate, he could not have astonished them more. Angelina Agatha, the Abhianian Holy city in the grasp of the worst flood because of the enemy, Angelina Agatha, the city in whom they had discerned as the nation's main strong-hold, presenting herself the victim of the worst disaster on all record with the greatest destruction of her property, and the Emperor's palace gone. It was incredible.

"Pernod" said Catherine looking at him as if she thought he was out of his head. "Are you sure you know what you are talking about?"

"Yes Princess. It's true all right. If you doubt me read the paper. She did, and her sisters too. I have a great anger against them."

January 6th 1929.

"Perad' get Gertrude (Angeline or any one to come here at once." Saying which the Virian girls entered the inner tent, and fell to howling. Had it been the echo of the past disasters only Violet and her sisters could not have been more chagrined. The past Christian successes had raised such high hopes in them, and now by this main disaster they were all dashed to the ground. They had come here to learn the cause of the past disaster to find out who were responsible for them, the plans of their making and now they receive the news of this exceedingly greatest disaster. Appearing to confide in Christian successes, the situation of the war had deceived them. Honest indignation, grief, apprehension, and that pitiful thing we call self love and fear for the welfare of their nation united to fill their hearts with what was little less than black rage.

Jennie Turner presently entered. She came in with her usual usual smile but on seeing Violet's face, began became very grave, she was clearly frightened.

"I can see by your look Jennie," Violet said very bitterly "that you realize yourself without being told what a wicked thing, what a contemptible thing the Glandelinians have done."

"Yes princess I do" assented Jennie a look of pitiful deprecation coming upon her face. "There's no need then" continued Violet here of with almost a sneer on her face, "for us to enlarge upon that feature of it."

Such actions on the part of ignorant pagan nations in this world, especially any nation who knows not God, or civilization - would annoy me and my sisters, to put it mildly very much, but coming from the authorities of a nation like Glandelinia, and in such a shocking manner its - its intolerable and he-

good standing for - to shocking to the world, and scandalous."

Jennie paused; But Jennie said nothing. The child scout impressed greatly was struggling to keep back the tears and so could not speak. Her silence of course Violet and her sisters interpreted rightly as is the way with all of us when others take our sides when some one offends us. Violet was looking at her, and thought she too looked sullen. Violet's anger grew stronger.

"I trusted you in everything Jennie, and I know I can depend on you again. I want you to secretly flash news of the disaster to general Virian. We have been deceived again as to the safety of our southern states and general Virian must act to stop these disasters and shall."

Jennie was now weeping, but Violet and her sisters were too far gone to take notice.

"Jennie I didn't expect anything like that from Glandelinia, and I don't see how our Governments can allow such things to go on without hindrance nor how I and my sisters can trust the local authorities to do anything for us again. Jennie Turner, our nation must strike, strike as it never did before. Now you may go and send the signal to gen. Virian and may you try hard to give all of the news possible."

Jennie Turner bowed and gave an appealing glance, and waited to hear more, but not now. Any person in a rage is a fool, but in all probabilities Violet and her sisters were exceptions.

"You can go Jennie" Violet said and Jennie left the Virian girls to darkness of heart. It was to be for them a busy morning - they were to leave in the morning.

January 7 1929.

for a three days stay in a neighboring Glandelinian encampment, and so pulling themselves together, Violet and her sisters got to work and not without difficulty banished from their thoughts the wretched episode the news brought to them. Yet throughout all the business of code letter writing which they were to slip to some of their followers leaving camp for the Christian line, and receiving callers there was deep down in their hearts a feeling of utter misery, a sense of grave danger menacing the nation, of wrong and injustice on the part of the Calverinian Government for not taking the most drastic measures to put a stop to these disasters of Glandelinia's making.

A few minutes to twelve, Violet herself happened to raise her eyes and noticed on a table in front of her a bouquet of most beautiful rock rose.

She, and even her sisters had seen them when they first came into their tent, but had been too disturbed over the surprising news to give them any attention. Now for the first time Violet observed a card attached to the vase. Violet arose and with languid interest gave it an examination.

It was a dainty card and the writing was done with exceeding care. Then as she read it and still remembered the bad news, her heart grew heavy as iron.

"To the Virgin Girl Princesses,
With great and sincere love.
From Jennie Turner, and all
the rest."

The child scouts, facing dangers of every kind every day, sometimes ill fed, to whom ten cents was a fortune had gathered a bouquet of flowers to show Violet and her sisters their loyalty, love and gratitude, and with these flowers scattering their fragrance

over their heads Violet and her sisters had heard news the like of never before. It seemed ill judged that such unmerciful news should ever reach their ears.

"Perrod," Violet called out, "go at once to Gortrude's camp and tell her I would like to see Angeline Richee at 1 P.M."

Perrod returned presently.

"Princess Violet, Gortrude says Angeline Richee took a squad with her and is out investigating the news of the flood. Angeline Jennings took sick when she heard the news, and Gortrude sent her to her camp." Violet closed the tent door, and she and her sisters settled down to make an examination of the flood news.

It was to them like an examination of conscience. Being thoroughly humble by the news Violet and even her sisters were able to see the situation in the clear white light of truth. It was plain to them at once that the southern states of Ablicannia were in the gravest peril.

Glandelinia should be called to order by the whole world. It was plain to them at once that Glandelinia was sinfully wrong as to her war for child slavery, cowardly as to her mode of waging it. The whole Ablicannian Government should put a stop to it.

Such a way of Glandelinia's waging war was not to be tolerated. How easy it would be for the various other Ablicannian states had they pointed out to every tribunal the dangers if these horrible scenes continue, the shocking results of such unfair and brutal warfare on the part of Glandelinia.

After all Calverinia was but like a child in the hands of a cruel step mother. The frequentation of these

guyful record breaking war disasters had drawn the shocked attention of the world, and had Ablesmies been more sophisticated she would have known that this kind of war had its secret dangers. Who could blame Violet and her sisters for giving a loose to their anger. Their memory from this point went back to past months and all other disasters that had occurred.

They could recall ten of these worst floods, but they could not recall a single case in which the disasters had brought to Glandelinia the least good, while in all, the results had done the most serious harm and caused the Christian nation to man with the purpose to crush her. Coming to the earlier months of 1913 they brought to memory the astonishing horrors of the flood that all but destroyed Ablesmies.

These disasters were all as it happened in Calverinia, Angelinia and her sister states, the ones whose influence over Glandelinia had never weakened did not at that time suffer, though the closest borders to her with Angelinia Agatha and other cities suffered to some extent every time.

Two different flood disasters had extended beyond the districts of Angelinia Agatha as had this one. The news of the Ablesmies horror had given Violet and her sisters hours of misery, the Big Gul Knoll and Lake Selicia floods had almost brought them to abandon the spring vacation they had cherished from the beginning of their experiences in the war and cause them to flee to Northern Ablesmies.

Yet a few words of advice from Evans and they thanked him

and continued on duty all the better for the interview. How difficult Violet reflected it is to find means to carry out designs to bring an end to Glandelinia ally. It is easy to call to order, to threaten destruction to her armies, it is very difficult to carry it out, and if carrying it out, to do it right.

And here late in the second year of the war with the month of September her drawing to a close Violet studied the news with tear-filled eyes to see how unlike the past disasters this combined forest fire and flood really was.

"Send be merciful to our millions of homeless and dying. Help our holy cause" she groaned, and these words as she then uttered them were as good a petition as ever she made for they came from a heart thoroughly grieved, humbled, and resigned.

January 8 1929.
The growing troubles of the
girl scouts.

The month of September passed very quickly, and the outcome of their work so far had some very remarkable results from their great numbers of unusually fine set of girl and boy scouts in this most unusual kind of spying class, and there were none more promising than Gertrude Angelina, Jennie Turner, and Angelina Beech. The former with Jennie Turner, had owing to the directions of Violet wired the news of the flood and forest fire disasters to the nearest Christian army, without being detected by the enemy, and in this enterprise had been quite successful owing to the kindness of the Gemini who had followed them into the Glandelinian camp, though those who did the signalling spent a perfect "vacation" on top of a signal station, not observed by the Glandelinians at the present time.

This was very much better for both of them, for if they had been detected they would have been questioned and if not able to give a satisfactory answer, would have been detained.

Jennie Turner whom Violet and her sisters had not seen since the unhappy day of the bad news, paid them a visit. She was agitated, excited, but it appeared reserved. Between her and Violet and her sisters, they had formed a Confederacy, a Confectionery of which the news of the blind fury of the disasters had been the cause. From secret investigations they learned that all the governmental authorities were doing all they could to tear down all the enemy's efforts to create future disaster. What they could do to make future disasters

a thing of the past, they had tried. Violet tried to explain to Jennie Turner how she and her sisters had found this out and the girl scout begged her not to speak of it. She could not, she said with much earnestness go back on a job just because the government tried something that they were were as near to a finish, as if they had not ever started. She could not hold a grudge against the government, but as things were she had no faith in them.

Violet and her sisters believed her she meant what she said, but that did not do any good whatever.

Violet and her sisters had lost, it became, dear to them any hopes of Calvernia's recovery from these disasters with the horrible plagues adding to it.

For a time Jennie Turner was easily first in the spying class. In the securing of secret codes she was already far advanced, and as Gertrude Angelina told them, she could if she wished, become a "professional girl spy."

After the news of this enormous disaster there was a decided desperate increase of all her work. Glandelinian officers finding things missing things so mysteriously thought their headquarters was "spooky." They grew listless, cautious, and suspicious. Jennie took interest in their apprehension by playing "ghost."

More than once Jennie Turner brought a good account to Violet and her sisters, and to all her explaining they listened respectfully with admiration and interest. She explained the superstition of the Glandelinian officers, but they just now did not smile. Jennie Turner was now among the leaders that she could

January 9 1929.

be without any effort. More than once Violet called Jennie Turner, and the other leading girl scouts into a secret conference with her and her sisters, for Violet and her sisters realized they had learned their lesson in the school of blundering, and to everything that was said, the girl scouts listened to Violet and her sisters respectfully, but unmoved. So, Jennie Turner tried to explain that nothing sort of a miracle would stop the enemy from making further disasters of this sort.

The wall of reserve concerning this situation so quickly built was not so easily broken. It was from Gertrude Angeline Violet and her sisters learned during the conference that Jennie Turner had put her heart upon getting the clues as to the originators of the flood or clue. She was on the lookout Gertrude informed the Princess for opportunities to grab every evidence possible to appear in Manley's headquarters at opportune times, and other places of importance, and scarcely a day or night passed that she was not out on a mysterious expedition two or three times.

During the conference Violet called Jennie Turner to account.

She admitted that it was her ambition to secure the information by any means, no matter what the risk, nor could the argument of Violet and her sisters against such a step make any impression on her. Violet, and even her sisters urged strong objections strong and clear enough to themselves, but the girl scout seemed to miss their meaning. Perhaps she could not see the danger of being too desperate at the work, perhaps Violet and her sisters thought she would not.

It was borne upon them that they themselves had been over-idealistic.

in their own efforts, and had tried too much on the same game on the occasion of their first appearance in the Glandelinian camp, the result being that Jennie Turner, unconsciously discounted anything the Virian Girls had to say on that one subject.

It remained for them then to commend the whole matter of her safety to God. Almost simultaneously with Jennie's too frequent appearance in the enemy's most dangerous territory, troubles as Angeline Riches stated began to visit the girl and boyscouts. Some were ill, others were homesick for the Christian camps and fine were hurt accidentally.

The smaller boy and girl scouts told the story of illness and homesickness in their features, the Glandelinian quarter master was too stingy to supply them with new uniforms and shoes, and their faces showed lack of food.

Violet and her sisters had noticed on their faces the pallor of poor food and the haggardness of late hours.

On the day following the conference, Gertrude Angeline, and all her companions were once more called upon. Pennod had been absent for several days and had indulged in a work known only to himself lasting many hours. The usual result followed, he was full of news.

At the instance of Angeline Riches, Violet paid the boyscout a visit. He was very enthusiastic and very exultant. There was no need for her to question him, he brought up the subject of all he discovered, and there was hope in his face.

Princess, he said, "I'll do anything you want to conquer the five intentions."

January 10 1929.

I have have listened to all kinds of news I could obtain and I realize what a shameful act the Glandelinians have been committing. I feel very sick and remorseful about it. I'd rather lose an eye or a hand, than see all this go on as I have. But it seems our Governmental authorities are as weak as water. Sometimes I feel like killing every Glandelinian military engineer I see. California would have been better off if this war had not come on. I swear to you that the Glandelinians know more about this than they seem. Of course from the conversation I heard the Glandelinians claim they or their authorities were not responsible for the flood because the forest fires set off explosions that wrecked the levees. But I claim they are responsible, as they made the fires.

I believe you Pennod and I, and my sisters are going to study out what can be done. On my way home to my tent I'm going to see Angelina Greenberg and Jennie Turner and then we can study out what can be done between us. I'll get them to make a complete examination after which we'll decide upon what is best to be done.

The two girl scouts mentioned made their visit as promptly as they could and with equal promptness reported to the princess.

The most critical moment observed Gertrude is a very much overworked term nowadays, but much as I dislike using it I must say that is the precise moment you sent me to visit our great and faithful friend Pennod.

"Have you found out anything important?" I certainly have and if you'll pardon the repetition I have found it out at the critical moment. Angelina, part of southern California

and six or seven other states is in the grip of the worst flood history will ever record. Other sections is swept by seas of forest fires. And saying this, Gertrude smiled serenely.

Of course Gertrude if you consider so many disasters and this big flood and forest fire a merry jest, I have nothing to say -

Now that sarcasm Violet I or this case while not exactly a subject for howling hilarity, is a matter rather pleasant to contemplate than otherwise. He says Bicknell's Zimmermannian camp is just one mile from here. A portion of both flood and forest fire is one hundred miles from here. Pennod thinks he can secure some information and therefore he must go there. It would not be so dangerous because Bicknell is not like the others - not so brutal at least. And I have little doubt but that in the course of a week or two he will discover the trigger of these awful disasters.

He says he'll do anything you say, and you will say it for the success of your cause and move in my way. When he goes there he will be kept clear not only of suspicious disguise readers but of practically all the more dangerous of Glandelinian generals and there's a member of the Gemini there a special friend of mine who will take him in hand and see that everything he can do will be done. It is possible that Pennod will do his work well as regards to this plan - in six or seven days, but he'll go there only if you and your sisters allow himself to do so. I believe this new disaster needs more investigation than these of the past.

For the next 24 hours Violet and her sister and the other girl scout leaders were busily engaged in consultation as to ways and means to keep their other followers on their feet without the enemy getting wise to their plans, to such effect that what at first looked impossible gradually came to seem entirely feasible. To begin with Gertrude would go out to bring uniforms for a general, the getting of better plans being a detail which Gertrude Angeline would see to personally.

Redcliff, posing as a dumbbell kid would bring Mildred Maxwell to the rear of Manley headquarters to cover him if he was discovered and help him to get away.

As Angeline Jennings would be obliged to leave Manley's camp for another at an early hour, and return late in the evening, Jennie Turner was appointed the head of those who remained.

Violet excused other girl and boy scouts from drill much earlier. And so it came to pass that apparently Pennod disappeared from the scene of his many days of activity, and the rest of the child scouts entered upon a new order.

Gertrude Angeline was a skilled professional girl spy and seldom failed. She acted as a waiter for a number of high general officers and being skilled at this too earned great reputation among many unsuspecting Glandelinian officers.

It was not very handsome work, and often she got hauled out, but she was there to secure what Violet and her sister were after for them.

Angeline Jennings moreover saw to it that the special girl scout leaders were provided with with proper uniforms, shoes and

provisions, Jennie Turner taking after Gertrude became the "culture" and Mildred Maxwell developed wonderfully in her own way.

No word no longer cumbered by interfering Glandelinian boyscouts, the disguised Christian boy and girl scouts were free from worry, well advanced in their work, free from want, well nourished, well informed, and it must be stated, living their thrilling work as they did they were nevertheless far happier happier in the ease of their work.

There were no need of anxious vigils day and night - (secret vigils) no slumbers broken by the fantastic antics of sentries not asked for or desired.

Gradually the wall of difficulty between and the efforts in their undertaking grew thinner. Yet to obtain further news of the flood their spying seemed to be null. In vain they try their hardest nothing could be done. Evidently the Glandelinians did not know themselves.

Their apparent influence upon the officers in the matter of choosing to draw them into conversation on the flood however was without result.

In vain did they pretend to take the disaster as a joke their arguments lacked force.

Some how they could not talk to them on the flood question with any satisfaction to themselves. Strong as their arguments were in themselves, the girl and boy scouts realized again and again that in their presentation to the foe officers they were pitifully weak.

In the meantime Gertrude was attracting a great deal of attention in her own work as a result of she did draw some suspicion upon herself.

January 11th. 1929

Therefore she knew she had to be exceedingly careful. Her unusual attendance every day upon different Glendelinian generals of every rank brought her into contact with a number of giddy Glendelinian generals whom she was quite acquainted with and they with her. If they recognized her, it was quick gun fire for her to retain her liberty.

Her attendance upon these generals she realized she would be better without and though generals as they were they looked like effeminate nippy young Jackaners with ears too big for them.

Also, she was called upon to appear in other headquarters of other generals more frequently than ever. Gertrude never once invited the Union girls, or any of her followers to any of the places she went. Nay more than that, they could see that she did not want them to come.

This fact in connection with some remarks made by several of their disguised Geminian members, upon her work as a professional Girl scout and spy tempted Violet and her sisters to suspect that taking the news of the new flood and the stage of forest fires, Gertrude was now spying on the enemy in a manner something wanting even in a brave man and the form of her earlier days, and the suspicion was confirmed by various little changes, in the girl's way of dressing, carriage and the way of wearing her hair. The girl scout so it appeared to them was working furiously on her desperation to bring results, and they to do anything to save her from the risk she was running desired to take her place, but she refused to tell the places she goes to and so they looked on helplessly and prayed to God that the

famous girl scout as they knew so beautiful night in this mysterious work with terrible dangers unseen.

Violet was signing the quarterly reports of her leading girl and boy scouts one morning and paused with sorrow and dread over Gertrude. In the first quarter the letter E standing for Excellent was credited to all her mysterious work. In the second something better than E took the place. And now for the third quarter the letters M. V. G. E told of something puzzling though encouraging.

"I must have a talk with Gertrude." Violet soliloquized. "She has gone from one dangerous place to another, and now she is acting the part of a rash dare-devil. Safe nights, dangerous work, and no rest - good God - where is it to end. Gertrude Anglin is now doing what I and my sisters never dared think of doing - a way anything but safe and reasonable. If I had only known I would have prevented it."

Her reflections were very remorseful. She blamed herself for much of what Gertrude was doing, thinking of which she fell to imagining such dark episodes in Gertrude's future that she was obliged to check them as rash judgments.

Many a prayer she and her sisters had said for Gertrude as she signed her report, she paused to breathe another. The ink was not dry on the paper when Gertrude came in.

Violet called her to account. But her influence upon her in the matter of choosing her calling however seemed to be in vain.

In vain did she reason with Gertrude her arguments lacked force. Somehow she could not talk to her on the spying question with any satisfaction to herself. Strong as

her arguments were, Violet realized that her effort was nil. Gertrude saw no reason for changing her purpose. If so, all must then abandon the camp. She brought in a note. Violet opened it and read:

"Dear princess, The night before last I discovered something of great importance and Jennie Turner on the advice of Angeline Richee sent me to see Radcliff and Pennod this morning. Is it asking too much of you and your sisters to come down and see me to-morrow. I do want to see you, for I am to put it through an examination to-morrow afternoon, and the examination is a serious one. Come, Violet, and bring your sisters if you can.
Your friend and companion,
Gracedelina."

January 12 1929.

In which Violet and her sisters see a new light and entrust Angeline Richee with a great secret.

It was Angeline Richee herself who conducted Violet and her sisters to the clear interior of the tent where at attention stood Gracedelina, weary pale and with lines telling of recent experiences and suffering from hardships, on her face. The work Angeline Richee explained to the Union Girls in the way had been a most serious and dangerous task, but the child's physical condition was so good that there had been every hope of her coming out of the peril successfully, and accomplishing the work without fail.

On seeing Violet and her sisters Gracedelina showed unmistakable signs of joy in her face.

However how often does sudden peril during adventures with restraint and separation, bridge over weeks of hazardous work and restore the older the simpler the better feelings.

In adventures with peril many hearts are revealed.

"Oh princesses" - and her hands came together and then were flung out toward Violet first, "this is so kind of you."

"How are you feeling Grace since your adventure?" Violet asked catching her two hands in hers.

"I feel good now that you are here. I have so wanted to talk to you and your sisters."

"If you'll excuse me princess, I will leave you, and your sisters with your friend," said Angeline Richee. "I know she wants to open her heart to you."

"No, stay," demanded Violet.
She did not comply.

January 13 1929.

Princess Violet," said Glandelinia as Angelina Riches seated herself. "I've been thinking desperately hard for the past week or two. There was an awful effort being made by me. All along deep down in my heart I felt that I could be easily successful if I try. It hurt me so the day I too heard of and read that dreadful flood news."

"And it hurt me and my sisters too Grace. It was only some days after you had left us that I and my sisters too, heard of it. Pernod told us, I felt as if some one had spoken cruelly to us."

"No, you never told me that, princess."

"No, I suppose not, as usual as for us that whole affair concerning the flood news bungled everything. And when I heard the news my dear it also made me understand at once that you and your followers, were spending all your time in an endeavor to win out for us what we are after. When the news came to us, I sent for you at once only to learn that you were busy in Manley's headquarters."

But princess Calverinia deserves that punishment for not having the levees guarded."

"Perhaps Calverinia did deserve those disasters, Grace, for overconfidence, in fact I feel sure she did. But the people suffer. Yet if the governments had used proper methods the disasters probably would not have occurred. But I should have spoken to you to be on the lookout for such news, as I heard it once before. Yet it seemed to me like cruel and unkind words to hear the new disaster happened. Every method seemed wrong. Pernod gave me and my sisters an awful shock. I never thought another such flood would occur."

January 16th. 1929.

"But Glandelinia deserves a good punishment. Violet I'll tell you and your sisters how I heard the news. When I undertook to appear in Manley's headquarters I really didn't think anything wrong save a common disaster had happened. Yet as I hid somewhere I heard the whole conversation. I didn't know at first what they were talking about. Still I felt it was something about some awful disaster, and though the Glandelinian generals appeared awed by the news they seemed elated however and talked excitedly about it. There was a lot of varying fear in me as if something most terrible had happened, and I was just crazy to hear what it was all about."

Still I felt it was a big flood. I remembered the terrible flood at Ublis, and that had occurred not long ago and I shuddered.

I did not know anything worse than that. Still I believed the news of the new death dealing flood, would be important for you and your sisters. I felt you would know what to do. Yet Gatrielle at first didn't approve of it. So I went on listening. When I came to a better position with my aid I heard more.

There was a lot of cities destroyed according to their conversation, and they were just crazy with joy about it, and were sure to win the war through these disasters. This news was more terrible to me than anything I ever heard before, but there at her things they said that I didn't know or understand at all. When I came into the room after the generals were gone with Angelina Riches, she didn't compare heard the news at all, or know what the disaster was herself - and I looked at the paper on the table

my heart sank, and I felt like running away. There were three or four bulletins there where the language about the flood and the people who suffered, and lost heavily in the disaster was common, vulgar as ever could be. Princesses I never have thought and never could believe that the enemy could ever make such a disaster again.

"I and my sisters should have understood most of this, Glandelinia, knowing the results of the past disasters as I did, I and they should have taken it for granted that our governments would never have allowed a recurrence, had they realized the nature of the enemy and his plans."

"Oh" said Glandelinia, smiling as though all grief had left her, "you thought if our governments had acted with more sense the enemy would not have not been able to make those floods. Yet Princesses - Glandelinia deserves a good whipping that would do no good and make a good example of her. Our armies should have beaten her in every battle."

"Goodness gracious girl, the Glandelinian armies are harder to beat than they find it to beat us. Now if we had the co-operation of every Christian nation in the world -"

Any how, princess, a good whipping will come to her by and by. I myself would rather get a hundred thrashings and whippings than see all these disasters happen and yet be compelled to look on so helplessly."

"Well, Grace I can promise you this. I'll see to it myself with the help of my father, mother, and Uncle that no such disasters

will happen again. Some others have tried it twice but failed. I'll see to it even that Glandelinia will be punished."

"Princesses if all the people of Calvernia should be found to be without homes, with winter now coming -"

"They'll not remain homeless."

"If they should, and terrible suffering ensues, I want to think of Glandelinia not as a nation at war with Christianity, raging battles by scores, but as a nation mad with all the wanton savagery of the dark infernal regions. She is like Hell and all its legions arrayed against us. Do you remember when the Abbeann flood reached the city of Mildred Greenburg?" I here was a little sob in the child's voice she was thinking of the horrible days, that day of awful devastations, by the enormous deluge that swept huge Abbeann out of Calvernia that made the blessed days, the days of Calvernia, happiness and prosperity, days that are no more."

"I do remember perfectly my dear. And I and my sisters will never forget it. I was very much horrified that so many other cities were so near to complete destruction. That flood feeds this new one."

"Princess if Calvernia should go to ruin entirely, can you forget what Glandelinia did, when you and your sisters will see your later days?"

"Glandelinia Calvernia won't go to ruin, but ruin or not I and my sisters shall always remember Glandelinia."

linia as the most devastating nation that ever existed."

"Yes said Angelina Riches. We all remember perfectly. We can think of Calvernia as a little child, who at first saw blessed days the days of childhood simplicity and innocent innocence suddenly struck down by a brutal man and crippled for life so that she be bedridden for life. Well that's the condition Calvernia and even the state of Calvernia are in now."

"I was talking a moment ago about Glandelinia, deserving a good whipping, Violet, that thought came to me a few days ago. I was reading a story where a clever spy accomplished his mission through a clever ruse. There's a description there of the head general of the enemy. The spy being good at disguising his face, hidnapo the head general, takes him to a secret place and grills him into confessing his plans, and then gives him an awful trouncing and makes him change uniform and come along to his own camp."

Do you know Violet I'm not much of a critic but to me that seemed to be a great passage. You don't find things like that as a rule except in good reliable histories."

Glandelinia "I exclaimed. "I believe you are a critic. You have picked out what in my estimation is also a great passage."

"Well I read and reread it and the more I read it the more it seemed to work out a plan for me."

A plan for you?"

Yes Princess.

January 17 1929.

How come?"

"Yes since I said I believe the enemy deserves a good whipping. I believe one of us or all of us could do the same thing. Of course it may be very dangerous, but we can be as careful as possible. I always feel that if our intention is right that if we have faith in Him Our Blessed Lord will enable us to succeed. Maybe we all deserve for some way or other His chastening rod that He chasten us all in His love and through that we might find so much difficulties in our undertakings."

Yet all this time I have been waiting for some opportunity to secure for you and your sisters, the information you so ardently desire, and I feel that our success might be near."

My past year of spying and scouting work began to take on an entirely different look. A week ago, I began to follow secretly every high general I met, and at first they acted so cautious, that I became afraid we would never succeed."

Then on last Sunday afternoon the opportunity probably came. God gave me also the inspiration. It was a day of awful heat, strange heat and stranger brown darkness, and through it all I followed general John Manley, and at the same time could never get away from the feeling that God, just because He is a loving Father was going to help me."

And it made me have to bear and risk the dangers I faced in doing this. While hidden in Manley's headquarters the suspense was terrible but I knew that God was showing me His love and would protect me."

Yet for a long time the assembly of generals spoke in such low tones that I thought that I wouldn't be able to hear a thing. My boy scout James, and another girl scout, Frances Elme, were on either side of me watching every move of the generals, who were doing all sorts of things. I was so quiet myself that for a time they thought I was unconscious, but I was not. I was never was so conscious in all my life.

For Violet, with the thought of the awful depth feeling flood and other disasters of the past, and of this big flood and forest fire disaster now going on, and of God's presence, as if He was one the nations, I saw the past fifteen or sixteen months of this awful war in all their ugliness.

I saw how wrong the Governments of the flooded states had been in thinking so little on Gemini Dargan advice, I saw how through over confidence they had neglected to use means to prevent the enemy from creating these disasters, how the investigations after other disasters have failed to find clues as to their making, and oh how I devoted most of my time to prayer and become devotedly apprehensive and heartbroken over the great loss of life reported.

Violet I was sorry from my heart and I made a good act of contrition to God asking His help for the stricken states, and then He seemed to be nearer to me than I was to myself and I told Him that if I ever had the opportunity I would do all in my power to locate those who decided the disasters with His help.

The suspense grew greater than ever after my act of contrition, but believing success would come in

the end, I did not mind it much, for I felt the love of God wrapping me round. It was that love of His, which saved me during those fine hours, from being discovered in my hiding place. I nevertheless saw once how near I however came near being discovered, and how God in spirit had taken me by the hand, and guided me without my knowing it from the danger I faced.

"Wonderful exclaimed Violet taken no less by the girl scout's marvelous manifestation than by her power of expression. God knows how to aid us in all our troubles, how to punish and to chide."

And now Violet I am going to try to be what I was the day of my first entrance into the Christian lines as a famous girl scout, and to begin with I should like to confide my plans to you in a manner as if I was making a general confession to the priest.

And so the brave girl scout made out her plan, simply, sincerely, without the least trace of self-consciousness. There was a pretty pathos in her attitude toward the flood situation. She regarded Glance-linia and her warring armies as a great impersonation of the "Hellish infernal regions" that Calvernia was the "Valley of the shadow of death" although as the conversation just recorded shows Glance-linia was like as she said, the "Representative of the Infernal regions."

"And now princess Violet" she said after the plans were made known "I'll feel happy if we succeed. Manley, John Manley is the man to get. He knows everything. Whether he is responsible however that is for us to find out. And if

God wants us to succeed all right, if not I'm perfectly willing to be resigned. But princess, will you trust me again to go to general Manley's headquarters?"

"Certainly, Grace delinias."

"And forget what might happen?"

"Do not speak to me of what might happen. You are just the same to me and my sisters now Grace, as you always were."

"Thank you so much Violet! And if I succeed better, I'm going to bring you news of my success."

Then Violet blessed her, and left her with the light of happiness shining in her eyes.

On the morrow Violet and her sisters made preparations for a visit to Angeline Richee. Of all boys and girl scouts they were all very dear friends to Violet and her sisters, friends who held a warm place in their hearts, but on this morning the memory of them was faint.

The patient brave girl scouts whose names are always mentioned in the story, whom Violet and her sisters had so much confidence in, doing their best work in the face of all perils, resigned when facing failure or disaster, ready to go cheerfully through all peril on adventure, ready to receive right willingly life or death in the adventure for the cause as God should choose - they and they alone also stood out clear in the presence of Christ upon the altar during masses said for their safe keeping.

Toward noon time Joice herself managed to call up Grace delinias' camp. It was Angeline Jennings who answered Joice's inquiries.

"Princess the efforts of Grace was most successful from Nell's standpoint." "Of any her standpoint" Joice howled out with extreme scorn.

Joice could hear the girl scout laugh; it was reassuring.

"I understand princess, you want to know how her success was from her standpoint. Well she's strong in her belief that five Glandelinians, general and the three Manleys are perfectly responsible for all the disasters."

Not wishing to use rash judgement against any one she does not wish to say for sure until she gets proof. "Do you know that she thinks a lot of you?"

"That," answered Joice, "is one of the natural mysteries which I and my sisters have been compelled to believe but cannot understand. What I and my sisters have done for Grace we have done for many a boy and girl scout, and would do again for any child scout under the same conditions."

"Well she is grateful. While she was returning from Manley's headquarters with me she talked about you quite freely and in language astonishing for a girl scout of her years. All her remarks came to this, that the sun rises and sets with you."

"But how is she getting on in her work?" "Splendidly. Everything is in her favor. And no one among the Glandelinians even suspects."

"Thank you very much Angeline. In two or three days I shall try to come with my sisters and pay her a visit."

It was not until four days however of the following week that Violet and her sisters were able to carry out their intention. Gracedelinias sitting at her table eating breakfast late, was chatting gaily with Gertrude Angeline, and no doubt Penrod's ears were burning for he was there and

the subject of their conversation. Gertrude Angelina had come with some strange looking book. It seemed to be Gracedelinia who was providing the whole drama. Through some reason, or other the inside of the tent was rich with flowers - and other gifts to entertain, but it seemed to be as the saying is, the other way round. It was Gracedelinia who was providing the entertainment.

The child scout was delighted to see Violet and her sisters every body, she said, was so kind to her in helping her out. Gertrude Angelina came every day, and the other scout nearly as often. Angelina Ritchie had helped her secure a beautiful code. Jennie Sumner and Mildred Maxwell had come every day, the girls of her company rendered her all the help necessary, and they had convened together, and secured many important notes for her.

Perrod had sent her a flood map of Calvernia, whom he secured from Manley's headquarters - "if you don't believe it princess look at it over there on the table." Angelina Ritchie has been so kind, the scouts in charge of her tent so careful, and Violet and her sisters the kindest of all.

"And princesses" concluded Gracedelinia. "You're just got to go and do all the stunts I have in order to learn how much success can be accomplished."

"If that's the case," said Gertrude Angelina, "I'd just as soon not know. I'm willing to take such risks and successful outcome for granted."

Whereupon Gracedelinia laughed in good heartiness. She was like

like a little baby girl again. An hour and a half passed very quickly, and as Gertrude Angelina and the Viriam girls walked down the Company Street together she remarked: "Gracedelinia is more like a fairy sprite." "I think," said Catherine "of a fairy sprite, spying upon the dangerous enemy." "That's precisely where the fairy comes in," retorted Jennie. "No human being could improve in the work so fast like she is doing. Angelina Jennings says she'll be solving the whole mystery yet in a day or two, and we'll have the information we desire." And so it came to pass as Violet and her sisters learned from Graces Girlscouts some of whom accompanied her daily.

A few days had gone by when Angelina Ritchie paid a visit. It was good to see her again - to see her the same frank open hearted child she always had been.

"Now Princesses" she went on after a mutual change of civilities. "I want your advice, tell me what am I to do since it seems our mission here is almost accomplished."

"I am ready to give you advice Ritchie, for I and my sisters have been planning and planning untill finally we have reached a very practical conclusion."

"Anything you say princess Violet." "To begin with Ritchie Gertrude has been covering the Manleys steadily for the last ten days and she has had very long hours. She has been acting as his waiter at meal times." "Her hours are too long princesses."

January 18th 1928.

In such a camp among dangerous Glandinian Generals such as Manley and the rest, yes. But the want of more aid, fresh air, perils she faces necessitated by grilling indoor work among dangerous enemies who'd make you wish you had never been born if they discovered you, is likely to tell on you or her, and besides you and the others were or are, Gertrude Angelina can't wholly get away from the burden and responsibility of so perilous an undertaking.

"It must be hard," assented Angelina Riches. "Oh Princess, do you think I should start to work in her place?"

"One thing at a time, my dear. I see no difficulty in Gertrude Angelina going on as she has for a short while longer. But think of next week. Probably it will take that time to gain what we are after, so well find means to put devastated Calverinus on her feet again. It seems clear to me that Gertrude should not attempt to do all that work every day."

"We miss her so when she does not come. It's bad enough to do our own work without her direction, but when every one else is away and I have to go it alone, I feel like an orphaned exile."

"Well now I have a plan which isn't entirely a sure one but still I have enough faith in you to try it out."

"Thank you Princess. For the sake of our holy Cause, and especially you and your sisters I'll do anything to justify your counting on me."

"First of all Angelina you must for the present at least drop your intention of shooting Manley."

"I changed that idea two days ago."

"Secondly you must again for the

present drop your secret scouting engagements."

"Willingly Princess."

"In the third place you need only reveal yourself during Wednesday, Friday and Monday, the other days you are to keep in secret hiding. The rest of the time after drill hours I want you to give to shorthand and typewriting. Jennie Turner will give you an occasional few minutes and you are to go on with your secret spying work without regard to the rest of the class."

"O Princess," cried Riches joyously "I think I begin to see."

"You only think so Angelina. But for our safety the plan is a dead secret. Jennie Turner knows it, and is delighted. She thinks it'll work. I know it will, and now I'm going to tell you. But you must be sure for our safety and success to keep it all to yourself."

"I will Princess. What is it?"

The great secret roused Angelina's enthusiasm to the highest pitch. She clapped her hands, she had thanked Violet, made her way to her and her sisters and danced out of the tent.

January 19 1924.

Introducing the Gemini leader William Schroeder with very promising results for the 'Vivian Girls'.

For Violet and her sisters, and Gertrude Angelina and the other leading girl scouts, the following two weeks were strenuous fourteen days. Bernad saw very little of them - they were too busy - but hardly two days passed, without he or Ral-
cliff receiving reports from various quarters bearing upon their movements.

Angelina Richee, the kind sympathetic leader, was almost as enthusiastic as Violet and her sisters.

"The Princesses," she remarked on one occasion "have a marvelous memory in anything they do and plan. & they can start and finish all they set out to do. And also Gertrude has a marvelous memory. She can finish all they have to teach her in scouting work, military stenography, wireless telegraph, and she did it with speed."

She is the best of code readers known and partly owing to the reading she has done, partly to her natural gift of imagination she is beyond all doubt the finest cipher dispatch reader that has been known to any Christian general since this "mad" war began. As for any type writer you can blindfold her and she'll do much better work than the best of the others with their eyes open. I really think Bernad that the plan of Violet and her sisters will soon work out."

Many other scouts also brought in a fine report.

Two weeks later Angelina Richee met Violet and her sisters on their return.

"I don't know what you are up to princess," she said.

January 20 1924

"It's a dead secret," Violet interpolated.

But I surely hope you are not going to give Gertrude all the credit as having made successfully our adventure during this past month it would be a bad precedent. Anyway you and your sisters done most of the work. All the girl scouts say so, and if we are not careful all our plans to learn clues of the making of the flood."

"Angelina Richee be calm, I have no intention of giving any one all the credit."

"Not that she isn't doing her duty as regards the subject matter, for she is, but because she has not gone through the fired periods we require."

"Angelina Richee and my sisters will take all responsibilities for the results."

I never saw a girl scout so avowed by Glandorian boy and girl scouts, yet she goes to General Marshall's headquarters in some important mission every morning, and while in the face of every kind of trial and difficulty she is the merriest brightest girl scout leader among us she is also the most devout and brave. All kinds of peril we are often told seldom makes the bravest back out. All the same since Gertrude left the Christian camps she has been a different person. She is to be feared by the enemy."

Jennie Sumner the indefatigable girl scout also had her comments to make.

"I go with Gertrude once every week," she told Violet and her sisters one morning, "and the way she can accomplish anything is simply astonishing. And little Mildred Maxwell keeps her girl and boy scouts dressed in uniforms of the blood royal. She herself is a professional, she believes God wants her to do her duty for the holy cause of her country. Angelina O'Jannings herself though rather tired at times

is also a good worker. With the other girl and boy scouts she is a heroine, and her laugh is as sweet and as simple as theirs. Pernod is indeed a brave little man, and assists every one he can, and Gertrude in every way. But to my way of thinking the bright particular light of all our boy and girl scouts is Gertrude Angeline. As I have seen while cooking it seems she can make something out of nothing. The meals she turns out for her followers are good, and thanks to the art instinct of Gertrude, dainty too.

After supper all turn in except the guard, and clean up, it is done with great dispatch, and then Gertrude gets the younger child scouts around her, and keeps them occupied with instructions until half past six, and then comes bed time for them. Then seated at the big table in the tent, with lighted candles between them, Gertrude and all her elder followers go to work studying dispatches and codes while everything is quite.

When the guard is near the lights go out. When her gone, they relight the candles.

At nine Mildred goes off on a night expedition keeping out of sight of the guards and she is a long time coming back, while Gertrude continues studying the codes until she finishes the last one. Violet "I don't believe any obstacle will make us fail."

"Thanks to you and Gertrude, Jennie." To you, Violet, and also your sisters. We'd never have progressed in this work if it had not been for you and your sisters.

"Yes but if you had not frustrated Ned's foolish treason, we'd have given up our efforts long ago. Don't you remember when I advised

you to give up the expedition long ago. I lost patience but you did not."

"But look how you have influenced Gertrude and her followers. Some how every one of us turns about her. She had toward the end a wonderful influence over Pernod. Many a night, as I have learned since, she gave up her late studies just to keep him interested in his work, and entertained. She knew, by intuition it may be, when his craze for rash night adventure was on him, and then she dropped everything to care for him."

"Another light," Joia, exclaimed. "This will in part at least account for Gertrude's thrilling night adventures, increase of studies, and the capture of many codes."

"And sometimes," continued Jennie Turner, "she has gone out at nights at the very beginning of one of his dangerous spying bouts, and succeeded in causing him success, and bringing him home safely. Anyone else it seemed was never able to do that."

"I a word Jennie, Gertrude is, and has been the greatest of heroines."

"The fairy Godmothers of us boy and girl scouts, princesses."

Here Violet and her sisters in turn proceeded to tell Jennie Turner of their little plan - the secret known only to them and Angeline Richee, now revealed to a ninth. Jennie Turner was more enthusiastic than Violet and her sisters even were.

"What a fine idea," she said. "Princesses, if I and my followers can help in any way, let us know, we'll do anything in our power."

"Thank you Jennie. What Gertrude and Richee will need is plenty of practice at something very important."

January 21 1919

Princess what do you think of this plan? My assistant Angelina Jennings has charge of all the smaller boy and girl scouts, and just now there is a great deal to be attended to if we wish to succeed. The correspondence between the Glandelinian generals is very heavy, and probably will be for some time. That condition ought to help us succeed. We have been probably here for six weeks already. We could hire a type writing machine and Mildred could give us two or three hours each day. I'm sure Angelina Jennings would be delighted to do that work for us while she is recovering from her injury, and besides Gracedelina could keep in touch with us."

Violet first reflected for a moment, then for another moment consulted her sisters.

"How would half past seven to ten thirty each morning suit you?"

"It would be just the right time. Angelina Jennings gives all the morning hours to her most important work and just now is not able to get through her work. I am sure she will be delighted."

Jennie Turner was right; Angelina Jennings, duly acquainted with the secret, said that Jennie's plan was the solution of a difficulty which had been growing each day. Mildred was at once pressed into service. The secret circle grew under, still retaining its secret. Gertrude had once referred to Angelina Jennings who had even offered to help her in the most desperate of her work. Connected for five years with experience in all kinds of spy work Angelina Jennings was not only an expert at all kinds of disguised hand writing shorthand and stenography but also was familiar with all code and cipher dispatch reading and with these devices for method and order made us of in secret military

work among general officers. The first best aid that Angelina Riches had was a new Girl Scout leader, Dolores Mac-Dollaster. She looked wistful, timid and all the appearance of a girl afraid of the dark, mice, and so on, but so deciphering was her look, that a bigger reward than offered for the capture of Violet and her sisters, was offered by Manley for her capture.

But to apprehend her seemed impossible. She too being 11 years old was clever. She had come into the camp with Violet and her sisters and her frightened look was a great help to them. It was Gertrude who suggested making Dolores acquainted with the great secret.

"You see 'Darlings of the Nation', she has been good to us all. It is to her we are beginning to owe our success in our difficult undertakings. She has been very kind in helping us so much, and besides if she knows its your plan she will do anything to help. She knows so much and she has a gift for communicating secrets to a far distant Christian army without being discovered. She is in reality more dangerous to the enemy than all the rest of us combined."

"Of course as I know her well, it is a capital idea Gertrude. She is often free from four to six in the late afternoon and I know she will be only too glad to give and your followers hints, outside of ours which will be a great help to us all."

"And Princess" continued Gertrude taking out a little book, "please look at this. And let your sisters look at it too."

It was a code book. Violet opened it. There was the record in short hand of something she wrote down.

January 23 1929.

"Goodness gracious" Violet said. "What's this?"
 "One of my discoveries, princess. I've been getting everything the enemy say and do. I made six codes and Mc-Holleston thirteen. We got along very nicely on the discovery of the thirteen, but now we have secured and are working on sixteen more. Of us have course we have been helped a good deal, and we're all provided with paper and pencil. Every day now with Mc-Holleston's approval, I'm to do more yet."

"Capital" exclaimed Violet. "Now run along and tell our secret to Dolores Mc-Holleston."

There were many generous, whole-souled devoted child scouts in all the Christian armies, and it had been their happy lot of Violet and her sisters to meet a goodly number of them. Of these Dolores Mc-Holleston was by no means the least. She had taken all girl scouts in hand for almost every full day with gratifying results. The secret spread further. Mc-Holleston knew other young girl scout leaders - most of them belonging to Gertrude's scouts, who were professional specialists in various lines of spying business.

With the permission of Violet and her sisters she got them interested too. The whole work of coaching the best of the leading girl scouts, beginning with Gertrude Angeline down to Dolores Mc-Holleston and other most capable young Girl Scout leaders, was distinguished by enthusiasm, unselfishness, and love. The girl scout Dolores was the heart of all.

Two days later Gertrude did not come to her camp. She was not ill, Violet informed her girl and boy scouts, she would appear

the next day. The cause of her disappearance, Violet added, was a dead secret.

"How long" asked Gracelina, who though in being a foe of Glandelinia, and like a wildcat to the soldiers, was thank God human, "how long is this mystery to remain unexplained?"

"A few days," Violet made answer "all will be made manifest."

And so it came about.

The morning Glandelinian newspapers two days later announced the great flood was increasing and spreading, and the forest fires was gaining great headway. Gertrude Angeline and Angeline Riches had been first to obtain this news. It turned out that these two girl scouts were ineligible but that bit of information, the Virian Girls discounted.

The glory for the girl scouts was greater while Riches and Gertrude's chances for great success in their undertaking were vastly improved by the publicity of their abilities.

One of the members of the Gemini who came into the head quarters tent of Violet and her sisters to congratulate them, was the assistant Supreme Person, William Schloeder, the finest most successful secret service agent of the Christian armies, in his own particular branch, Violet and her sisters had ever known, and despite his dignified high position, and great fame, the humblest many of the followers of the Gemini Gemini they had ever met. Mr. Schloeder, and they had been though they met each other rarely good friends for years. One of the things which had drawn them to him was his exceeding kindness and butcheries.

January 24 1929

to every one that he knew, and to those of the members who were under him. They loved to work for him, he loved to look out for their interests and direct them carefully in their missions. It had struck Violet and her sisters that his attitude toward those working under him was Christ like. He came to see Violet and her sisters on an important mission. He was greatly worried. News sent to him from General Dargar, worried him more. He and many of his members had investigated every flood disaster and the strain it was making on the nation.

Surely to his idea the Christian country was in a most dangerous situation. He felt sure Glandelina was not already, done so was going to win. Speedy victory was in sight for her. She had nearly all of West Calaveria in her possession. She was devastating the rest. Scores of Christian armies was fleeing before the rebel hosts unable to fight longer. He heard through rumor that the battles at Evangeline St. Claire and Big Girl-hood were falsely reported Christian victories, that the enemy had swept them off the field, may drive them pell mell from that part of the country.

Disasters were raging everywhere. He sent many of his followers to investigate and their statements on returning had confirmed their statements. Then he had received a shock. Courier came to him that General Aronburg, the famous leader nicknamed "Williamburger" was badly burned while fighting a "seething hell" in Idalt woods. The forest fire trapped a large part of his army and it has not been

heard from. Aronburg will be laid up a month. Walter Stanning the best beloved friend of the Virian girls was seriously burned serving the general. The forest fire is spreading madly toward Mc-Allister Run, and is catching Watson woods. Concontinian Aronburg is the general badly needed by the national armies, and with him down the Christian cause is being played out of the game. Surely Glandelina has struck a fatal blow. She is winning. He must warn the Virian girls before it is too late. He must go away first.

Therefore he began gradually, telling them everything. I thought they were greatly moved, they pressed to him that they knew more of the danger than he did. Jane acted as spokesman. She said: "Despite all we were doing here we kept secretly in touch with all outside news. Everything is worse than you say. We received the news of the injury to General Aronburg and Stanning. It is evident Glandelina must of our provinces in its grasp, and our armies in the west are being swept away by her army armies. But we are sure if Glandelina even wins now, if we succeed in our purpose here, we ourselves can make the win gradually turn."

"Are you sure you'll succeed? You have been a long time here and did not succeed yet. I was sent by general Virian to ask you and your sisters to return to the Christian lines. I am worried over your long absence."

"We are positively sure we can succeed now in two days. But we'll not leave until we do." And she proceeded to tell him about the successful work of her girl scout leaders, including Dolores Mc-Hollister,

and Gertrude Angelina. Also all they did since they came into the camp.

"Princess," he said suddenly, "I will congratulate you for all this, and on the honor won for your girl and boy scouts by that young heroine Dolores."

"Thank you general Schloeder. Her successes and of her helping us has made me and my sisters very happy despite the awful situation our nation is in. But you may have one detail wrong. Evangeline St. Claire is not a victory. Gertrude Angelina has that evidence from Jennie Turner I'm sure."

"But my followers gave me more, far more, than circumstantial evidence. Reports from the Christian generals themselves. They won and smashed Federal and part of Manlay's army on August 15. But the battle they say resumed again on the 16th and turned into a great disastrous defeat for the Nationals. Of course the report on the outcome of Big Gulchwood is also confirmed. The enemy won there too. But if your mission is successful, you might cause a reverse, at least I hope so. Are there any girl scouts by the name of Radcliffe?"

"No, but there is a boy scout. Thomas Radcliff is a boy scout of thirteen. For good reasons the enemy call him, 'the rattlesnake.' To grab him, is like grabbing that kind of serpent in a way that enables it to strike without missing."

"Indeed! Why that is astonishing. Let me congratulate you again."

"Yes but there's a fly in the spider's web. Because of him Manlay hides everything important. He'd grab anything he sees. Because of his dangerous character we cannot obtain a most important

document. It seems Manlay knows him despite his disguise, and though only a boy scout as he is, there's something in him that's got Manlay scared as if he's seen a ghost, and he does not dare betray the boy, for fear, terrible fear of the boy himself. They say that boy shadowed James Delder, who made desperate attempts to elude the lud. Radcliffe has us eyeing him since we first knew him. If we were sure the scout was Anne (hon) boy in disguise -" here she stopped, at a look from her sisters.

"And you need that document?"

"Yes."

"How is he in the foreign language, English?"

"Good, far beyond the average. She - ahem - he is a great reader and for his age, speaks it very excellently. He knows every thing of the enemy and now to obtain that parchment is haunting Manlay like a ghost. Even in all spy work she - or ahem - he is very successful," she receives a gentle poke from Violet's finger on the back.

"Princess Joice, you interest me more than you ever can ever think the link link. How about her - (cough) his spelling out codes, and reading up her dispatches and military punctuations."

"She - ahem - he is so good that I would not hesitate to send him to any Glendelinian general's headquarters for anything I or my sisters want."

"Excuse me princess, I'm afraid I may seem bold, but could I see the boy scout for a few minutes?"

"Certainly it will be a pleasure."

Violet herself sent a girl scout to summon Radcliff.

It was however nearly twenty minutes before the "Rattlesnake" entered.

He appeared still radiant with the joy of his recent success, the more so as he knew that his own triumph, was a triumph for Violet and her sisters. How different from the strange "rattle snake" boy of more than a year ago. Health and thrilling experience marked his features, he was well grown, well developed for his years and dressed like a dandy among Glendelinians.

General Schlaeder in his gentle and cordial way, quickly made Redcliff at perfectly at home with him. He said very little but his questions were so cleverly put that Redcliff within twenty minutes gave him and even Violet and her sisters a very fair idea of his range of spying work, and why he received the title "The Rattle snake". He had would not reveal anything of his part though. The general, possibly because he was both a literary and military man, despite his Gemini vocation, showed a skill in questioning which Violet and her sisters could not but admire. It is indeed a pleasure to study clever men in action. So tactfully did he proceed that Redcliff did not so much as suspect that he was being examined by a man who had specialized in drawing out other people's knowledge.

"Good bye General Schlaeder I'm very pleased to have met you, and I hope we shall see each other again" said Redcliff in leaving the tent with of course his customary salute.

"Princesses, pardon me, I am I am sure taking up your time."

"Don't mention it, I have not lost a moment's time since you came on."

"I'm ashamed to impose on you, but could you give me something of your experiences while in this Glendelinian camp so - long?"

"Gladly, Violet said."

"Princess," said General Schlaeder after she and her sisters had stated down the facts, "I think that Our Blessed Lord sent me in here this morning. I was going along west, through the streets of Company E, in search for you, when in passing through the camp, belonging to Battery B, to the 194th Infantry section, I recalled that you and your sisters were in the camp, of the 344th Infantry as indicated by some scouts, whom I questioned."

I felt an impulse to call on you to report the situation - you know I've not seen you for two years and a half. Reason however, ruled out impulse. Reason said: "You have no business there without authority, and a pass, and the Darlings of the Nation must be busy." I was about to abandon the idea when suddenly there flashed through my memory a news item concerning the devastation of Angelina, Agatha, Dorothy, Gale and many other big cities by this new flood. And this recalled to my mind your efforts to secure information as to whom among the Glendelinians is to blame for all the disasters. I've always been interested in your work, in fact I've been or examining, examining and investigation branch off on on these last thirty five years, especially during my vocation. "And you are considered an expert,"

Catherine ventured to say.

"No better than the others, Catherine, only I am always so anxious to find out myself what the enemy know of us and do."

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"I could see that a moment ago."

Some investigators who are much cleverer than I continued General Schoeder simply, "seem to try their best to find out the reasons of these awful flood disasters only, and try to obtain (infer) information of them, what the Glandelinians do not know themselves. Of course that's not hard. We are all ignorant in so many ways. Why, princess, if you were to go at me in that direction you could keep me making professions of ignorance for the next twenty-four hours."

"And this" Violet reflected from the best informed man that had entered her tent since his last visit, a man more over who in his own line of work is second to none in the Abbrannian Country.

"But to return to our conversation. I came here to congratulate you and I find a mysterious hypocrite here, good as gold, refined, frank, and with I believe, just the very qualification, you and your sisters are looking for."

"What's that?" said all the girls.

"Princesses, you know my commission."

"I have heard of everything you do, and have read of your adventures with great pleasure, General. It was you who helped in the freedom of little Jannio."

"I thank you princess. Well I'm getting along if a bit well in my vocation and seeing you and your sisters have been here so long, and knowing how the generals worry over your long absence and the awful situation our country is in, I thought it's time for me to do something as it seems that Abbrannia is taking in soul. The situation because of the floods is rather dangerous and I and members never mind missed a day in

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my investigations. No nation ever was in such a situation before, as Abbrannia is."

"I and my sisters have read all about it several cases in books with great honor, and any help you offer will be appreciated."

"Thank you again princess. Well our cause our very country on account of these awful floods, forest fires, and other devastations caused by the enemy is going jeopardy. The situation is unusually bad and with the whole state of Calvernia prostrated, and Angelina threatened with deformation, our Imperial Government is at stake and do not we know what to do. To my point of view everything is getting very bad, and it's time for our armies to fight like mad now, or all will be lost. My followers have brought me news which for your sakes I do not care to state, and I rarely used the pen for that subject in consequence, for fear of the enemy getting hold of the writings. And if they did all would be lost."

Things have come to a pass, where if we do not keep our eyes open the enemy will have a chance to do away with much of the population of Calvernia by means of these disasters, and with ~~the~~ ^{my} ~~any~~ permission I intend having my members draft guards for all points near where the enemy might start something and if it please God, to give me more better talents, and to put in order for prevention of these disasters in the future. I have had plenty of my followers - very good ones all of them, but on aged aged in investigations, but they brought me only circumstantial evidence. As I intend to help you princess in your strange vocation here, which adventure is pretty good for an entire novel - I want

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some one who can do good spy work, who can spell out codes, and in writing fake messages some one is needed who can punctuate and paragraph properly for me, and you girl heroines.

"Goodness gracious!" Jennie Vivian exclaimed. "That little girl - whom - boy scout, from what I and my followers and even General Vivian have seen of him, and from what you and your sisters have told me would in spite of his age, be just the sort I and you princesses want, he has the right qualifications."

"I'm not so good a spy as you are, general Schloeder, but it has often struck me that Thomas Radcliff has in him the stuff of which professional spys and scouts are made."

"I think you are right princess, and if you are I shall be a very happy man, and you girls will be wild with joy. It will settle a very vexed question about the flood disasters. And for what I will accomplish, you and your sisters will be very grateful to me."

"What so grateful general Schloeder, as you will be to us."

"Is the boy free yet?"

"At once."

"Well I can easily find out whether he will do. Could I try him in the outer tent?"

"Certainly, and I hope he'll be all right."

"You know princess I'm not a professional. But no man respects my vacation more."

"How can any one accompany general Danger in all duties without respecting this kind of vacation which made my members what they are. With this boy scout being successful with my plan, I assure you our country will be safe guarded from such big flood disasters in the future."

"You needn't tell us that, general. Some of my followers the best of the girl scout leaders can do some good work for you and I am here."

to say that I know of no man in all the country to whom I would as soon trust Thomas Radcliff."

"No one has ever paid us a nice compliment. All I can say princess is that I'll try to act as to deserve it."

Radcliffe was again examined. He was handed some strange and puzzling cipher despatches made by the general himself, which the lad re-copied for fifteen minutes, and a half hour later returned with a bundle of paper.

General Schloeder went over several pages slowly, carefully, while Radcliff waited in a thrill of expectancy. His face, as he went from page to page, brightened. At the seventh page, he stopped.

"There's no need to go further," he said. "Princess, and your sisters I congratulate you, and your sisters again. He knows how to solve cipher despatches and knows military punctuation better than I do; his effort at paragraphing, a little different from mine, is very good, and his spelling excellent. The boy can come to my secret tent to-morrow, and if he's worth a good result to our war torn country he's worth that to me too. What do you say to that Thomas? Follow my plan and we'll all have the information desired. And if you keep improving, we'll have the enemy at our mercy."

Radcliff looked at Violet and her sisters, and then at the Gemini Supreme Person. He had grown very pale. Suddenly he stood at salute.

"I'll do all I can," he said.

A little later, Violet and her sisters accompanied the general outside. "That boy is some scout" Catherine said in low tones. "He has unwittingly told me that in addition to his spy and military literature knowledge his"

splendid knowledge of all plans, codes and so on, his splendid memory, his quickness in taking in everything that goes on, and putting it on paper, he has in spite of all difficulties, the talent, the craftiness, the swiftness of well known nickname "General how do you" and your members triumph so over the enemy.

"For the answer to that, princess it is the help of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. The lay almost without interruption since his entrance into the army has accomplished very much."

"God keep him safe and sound."

"And so the great man departed leaving Violet and her sisters very happy and very thankful."

January 28 1929.

In which everything progresses, for one or another.

Violet and her sisters were sitting in their tent room at three o'clock in the afternoon, on a typical day near the end of September. Darkness had come early, for the sky was still overcast with the smoke clouds of far distant forest fires. Dressed in uniforms of high rank Glandelinian girls' coats, they almost impatiently for some expected visitor, and thus waiting, meditated.

Many things have happened since Violet and her sisters had entered the Glandelinian camp, and stepped into what they considered with fervent hearts to God, an ideal position in which for all their long stay, the Glandelinian soldiers, had not recognized, or suspected them.

Little gypsy faced, gypsy haired Angelina Jennings had caused General John Manley to lose in the saying is, a small and most insignificant looking code dispatch, which he secured by a clever trick. Strictly speaking, to others, from the trashy no-account looking piece of paper, it seemed no loss at all. But it was the worst loss of all of his experience.

He could not claim a spy took it as there was no evidence. It seemed he might have lost it, or it might have blown out of a window. But outside, it was nowhere to be found. He would like to suspect a theft but there was no clue. The loss was serious. If it was merely lost, and now one found it who could read it, he need not worry at all, but if it got into the heart of some hidden spy — why? the thought made his blood run cold.

General John Manley, one of a large Glas class of high Glandelinian generals, had known the important secret of that code, something more important to him than his commission. Now he had lost it mysteriously.

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Strictly speaking it was the greatest loss General Manley had ever suffered. He began to fear that the Virgin Girls were in his camp, or had been. He knew that Violet and her sisters, the leaders of a large class of child spies had secured plans and important papers from him to excess during all the time he commanded the Glandelinian armies, with the result - a very unsuccessful warfare for him. But this time he was puzzled.

He had seen no one who could have taken the code - there seemed to have been no child scouts portering him - to speak of, there were no spies near his headquarters, and to make matters more mysterious, there were no soldiers or officers to speak of at his headquarters, save his staff, his father, General Johnston, his three older brothers, and Federal who bade far to preserve the tradition of their headquarters in the way of watching out for spies in reason and out.

It is true there were also present in his headquarters seven generals belonging to another Glandelinian army, whose presence was made known wherever they went by a circumambient atmosphere of discipline that strictly kept all spies away.

"Thanks" to the thoughtfulness of General "Bugnose" (Raymond Richardson Federal) they had kept the place guarded as they would guard a bag of jewels, in strictest teams and duties for the guards. During councils they had been as watchful as alert owls in fear of misfortune or anything untoward untoward or unusual in terms - of spy phantasms, visions of the danger "hooded night riders" doubtless making very unpleasant their accustomed council devotion.

There were no guards or had been no guards placed there from soldiers.

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except those long known by the generals and their staff-de gaff-buff. Nevertheless, out of the constant dread of Christian spies, and out of regard for the safety of their precious papers and documents the two professional International "Mutt and Jeff" like spies were there, and they had continually made the rounds.

How the Manley generals brought it about, no one knows, not even the author, but somehow after the promise of a heavy reward, they secured the consent of these professional spies, to get them to find out how that strange dispatch disappeared from their headquarters, and now the Virgin Girls knew that these dangerous professional spies were making good the promise of the effects of their detective vocation.

Though of foreign birth, one a Mexican, the other a Italian, they are the leaders of the class of most shrewd Glandelinian shadowing and investigating spies, and always gave promise to the Glandelinian government of being a great help and credit to Manley and all other great Glandelinian generals who gave them as high a position in the Glandelinian army as military authority would permit.

Their mutt and Jeff features and size enabled them to be more successful in their work than otherwise. "Jeff" however was the head and the brains of the whole business, and very dangerous to cope with.

He was honest in all the predictions of what he said he would do, and straight forward to the end. Though not naturally wicked like those whom they feared for they would nevertheless go to any means, fair or crooked, gentle or brutal to gain the success of their profession. All other spies were square pegs

in round holes compared to these two. They had been promoted higher several times. He and his companion always brings important news to any Glandelinian general. There was only one occasion in their whole career that they failed. And that was in their adventure twice with the Canadian boy Pennod.

If these two started an investigation it would be necessary for Angeline Jennings to get back to the Christian line before it is too late. She had been warned, but did not think of leaving.

Angeline Piche was now perfecting her work. So great was her reputation for spying that she had discovered that these two spies were set to work to find out why the code disappeared so mysteriously. As she is now the prefect of the Abolitionist Christian Girl Scout Sodality, she was elected to shadow the two Professional Spies whenever they went; by practically an unanimous vote of all the Christian girl and boyscouts, working secretly in the Glandelinian camp.

Having the same inscuity of Violet and her sisters, she is like them in many ways. She learned of these two spies from Violet and her sister who know them well. It was easy to describe them, and the Virginia girls gave a whole history of their depredations within the Christian line.

It had taken them some time however to discover that the professional spies were very determined in their work. It was easy to place them with the most successful spies in the world. They could read and speak many N. languages especially English and that of their own Nationality.

They could work many tricks in their profession and had a reputation for trailing fugitives that was simply terrifying indeed. To

some of their work they would to cover their motive with the most idiotic and silly questions with paratacking exactness and unchanged rullenness, and gravity. Angeline Jennings is also the prefect of the Girl and Boy Scout Regiments. Her own reputation as a girl scout holds all records and before she took the dispatch Violet and her sister rose her in rank. The following message from Gracedelina received on the 28th of September contained grateful news:

"Dear Darlings of the nation"

A brilliant success to you and your sisters as this message leaves me and my fellows feeling the same.

Princesses I've made a successful piece of Mildred may well have made a clean haul, and will bring every thing to you. I've captured things which makes me believe we won't have to remain here much longer. I am glad and Mildred is happy. We continued to work each day, and never forget it is a surprise to you. I am your dearest friend and Gertrude and I give them my fond love. We are coming to see you in a couple of days and in the mean time I'm going to do my best to be a good little girl scout and bring this adventure to a speedy close.

Your true and
loving friend,
Gracedelina Ellorwood."

All these things - and many others - of no special interest to the reader was they meditating upon with a most thankful heart, when the guard, duly saluting, informed them that there was an officer in the uniform of a Glandelinian general in the outer tent who wanted to see them "by strict appointment."

The officer arose and saluted as Violet and her sisters appeared. He was a striking figure, tall and stately, majestic in appearance clear of eye, ruddy of cheek, with slightly grizzled mustache, it was hard for them though they had been duly expecting him, to recognize in the finely dressed man, in many ways more fearsome enemy, James Grimyore. Violet ex-

learned grasping his hand, her sisters doing likewise.
 "Yes, Princess, here I am nearly a year older but I hope
 a more successful man. I am taller and more speedy now,
 than I have been any time since the past twenty years,
 and with the help of God I am going for the sake of
 my own country, and her flood swept States, to see that
 Albsinnia and even you Princesses get satisfaction,
 for what Glandelinia did to Culverina."

"I never imagined," Joice said, "you could look into
 the disaster situation so well."

"Oh Princess Joice, what a fool our Government has
 been to allow such a heart like Glandelinia to run at
 large. These seven last months have seemed to me to be
 many years of examination and investigation into the
 cause of those series of most awful disasters. I've had
 my struggles to win in my investigations, especially
 during the past years disaster months, but since I
 left Angelina Agatha not one mile of my trip
 to this camp was made in safety. Angelina
 is not so hard hit as Jessie. Over the scenes
 and because I cannot discover who are responsible
 for the disasters I feel as disgraced as a fallen
 priest becoming a drunkard. But since I left
 Angelina Agatha, not one inch of the scenes
 of desolation has escaped me. What a fool,
 what a bloody heart Glandelinia is."

"Do you believe the reports that by the
 enemy on side in this conflict is partly con-
 quered or prostrated in disaster?"

"I'm afraid to say no, and yes," Princess, but
 before I leave this tent, I'm going to take
 an oath never so long as I live to abandon
 my effort until I expose those responsible
 for these awful disasters."

"Mrs. Grangigore," said Jennie, "I believe you
 will be utterly successful in your efforts.
 You never failed yet. And the very Glande-
 linian government fears you, you know."

"So long as I do not allow them to
 discover me, I'm safe to make my success,
 and therefore as long as I'm not detected
 I'll continue to live for my nation to be."

a thing off the past. I have not failed in anything
 I attempted there twelve months or more.
 "Do you feel fit to help us out - very important
 plan now?"

"As an investigator, Mrs. Princess. My followers
 say I should never have gone into that sort of work, as
 I did not have experience enough, but nevertheless
 for the last five months I've been plugging hard
 at the investigation, which the Government sent me
 out to do. My efforts were unusually successful, they
 were though," you may not believe it, strikingly
 successful."

"I do believe it."

"But I was the main investigator of the whole
 set. At the beginning I went over much of the
 more passable Albsinnian region, and happened
 to get on with some very good Christian spir-
 its, I chose choose their work shadowing all things
 as to keep with them. It is a fact Princess
 that I actually cultivated my desire for
 this kind of work. My tours through all
 flood zones during the past months has
 given me a chance to come back to find
 you and your sisters and inform you of the
 important things I have discovered."

"Some day, please God, once I get on my
 feet, Glandelinia is going to receive
 the biggest surprise of all. Since doing
 all my work of investigation, I've been
 almost ashamed to return to the Christ-
 ian lines until I gave you and my
 your sisters my reports."

"No matter who the generals are,"
 commented Violet, "they will be proud
 of you when they hear the good news.
 I'd give anything if I could
 see J. Anne now."

"Princess, I've been burning to ask you
 how she is?"

"She's fine."

"How is Gertrude Angeline and the others?
 Don't you know?"

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For over a half year, or since I went out to investigate the cause of these disasters I have not even seen her you and your sisters, and heard nothing. Gertrude I know is helping you in this work, but whatever she or you are doing I have received no details. When I sent a dispatch to her, she wrote to me in answer, telling me not to worry, that she and her followers were well provided for and were looking out for themselves. I wondered often how you girls remained in this Glandelinian camp without detection."

"Jennie Turner has had it her way in the matter of news, general. She thought it better, and safer for us all, all things considered that you and all the Christian generals should be kept in ignorance of many things till you were able to come to see us. It was she for safety's sake who directed Angelina Aronburg to cease all communications with you over two months ago. In a few minutes however you will know all. Come all of us will go together. It will be better."

("Princess") First Princess, let me ask the protection of God in our enterprise."

"I the author am no prophet but I dare predict that general Schloeder, will still succeed in his vocation, unto death. Together through a driving hot wind they rode down the road as far as the Camp of Company M. General Schloeder would have gone on but Violet caught the rein of his horse saying:

"We turn south here."

"Are we not going to see Gertrude Angelina?"

"Yes but not here. She has

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changed her location."

"Where does she camp?"

"On Company Street No Nine. Gertrude set her heart on that district so that it would be less chances for the enemy to discover her whereabouts. She went through the first big disaster when -"

"Glandelinia made a bloody feast of herself. God have Mercy upon Calvernia and her sister states. But Princesses who are going to be responsible among the Glandelinians, and what is the outcome of it?"

"All in good time will tell" Violet answered. "But general Schloeder are all the reports we have heard true. Is there danger of Glandelinia winning the war or some day?"

"In what way?"

"Well the flood situation for one thing. I've heard tell that the destruction caused by the floods and other disasters has caused Glandelinia to be master of all Calvernia except the west, that she will prostrate the other states too, and that battles formerly stated to be Christian victories, are the most crushing Christian defeats of the war attended with maudlin and heinous disasters."

"Well I cannot confirm that about the flood disasters until the evidence is a fact. Of course the population is suffering terribly, immense communities are homeless, millions upon millions are rich of complications of plagues and dying, tens of billions of dollars of damage has been done and it will be years before even the surviving cities will be restored, but the disaster has no effects on our armies. The monetary loss is a terrible drain on the Treasury of the state, but not

on Abbeconia and others. Maybe the states so terribly devastated are whipped to a finish, totally defeated, but that does not mean the nation. If I had known of such reports I would have investigated them thoroughly. Whatever may be the reports on armies or closing in more on Vivian Wickey and that's one comfort. And Abbeconia is sending thousands of boats and ships loaded with supplies down all the big rivers to aid the stricken and transport all who want to come to safer portions of the country. The last disaster of course is tremendous, greater and far more destructive than all the others combined flooding six times as many more cities and towns with devastating results and forest fires of inconceivably destructive fury is adding immensely to the damage.

But what makes the disasters a wonder, a marvel, is that the loss of life is record breaking in the small numbers drowned or burned. Most of all the bodies being found are of those killed in the concussion of the explosions before the flood. Jessica is the hardest hit, Angelina, Agatha, and Dorothy Gal cities being devastated equally to her.

I have heard of all these terrible disasters but I and my sisters believe the report of the loss of life being small, being is a fake report. We are sure the loss of life is more terrible than we care to report.

Of course the small loss of life cannot be confirmed until the flood has entirely subsided. The disaster is terrible, beyond description, nevertheless. I fear the worst when the full details come out. But the Government is making plans to

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it that this will be the last flood disaster. Means will be looked into to prevent forest fires in the future.

Again the general would have gone on, but Jessica caught him by the arm and said with a laugh.

"No, no, we turn east to south here."

"Aren't we there yet?"

"Almost, but it's some distance, on Broadway Gertrude Angelina is in Company M 344 Infantry. 37th Division."

"Where do the others do their tenting?"

"On Broadway in Company E - the hell-tell-fell. Tent, tent, tent."

"But how do they do all this without being discovered? Could you tell?"

"All in good time. Joyce answered. They arrived very shortly at a good size rounded tent on Broadway. It was getting quite dark for some reason or other, but there were no evidence of any lights inside, but nevertheless as they asked the guard to be admitted the hangings of the tent door was quickly thrust aside and there framed in the opening, stood with outstretched arms, the radiant girl scout, Angelina Riches.

"Oh it is the Princess, with General Grungeore, Gertrude, she cried to some one inside and just as if he was her loving father - sprang into his arms. Then forth from every corner of the tent rushed a number of girl and boys scouts, and all of them, shook hands with the general and bore him with shouting and hugging and kissing and laughter into the big tent.

Never within a Glendale Union camp was there ever witnessed such a joyous scene. All the child scouts clung to the general with an intensity of affection all circumstances considered which made Violet and her sisters and their every eyes. Father

General Gringore was like some mighty-arch angel, preparing to fight some awful moral monster, a haunting terror producing incubus, and that was fierce and savage Glandelinia. They considered him in one light, the child scouts knew him better. He might have seemed, very strange to those who have read the narrative of his experiences in the Glandelinian camp, while he instructed little Jannie, a fond, devoted friend to Glandelinia and her wicked cause, despite the one hidden secret which had shut out from me the author himself all thought of anything else, but that he was one of the most dangerous secret foes, that menaced Glandelinia with a slow coming, but most dreadful of all war-disasters on record.

One by one, holding them at arms length, General Gringore in a veritable transport of joy gazed upon Gertrude Angeline, Angeline Richee, and Jannie Turner, and all the others. He looked and saw, that they were bright, healthy and happy despite their long stay in the Glandelinian camp. Presently sinking back upon a chair, he covered his eyes with his hands. The sudden thought of what these beautiful little girls were going through, for the sake of suffering Calvermia unmanned him.

"Now you know the Great Geminian leader I used to talk to you about," whispered the radiant Angeline Richee. He has come to help us now, a good, big, and strong man with the kindest of hearts.

"And so Angeline he will remain to the end. I feel sure, that from now on he will always be successful every day."

That's what Gertrude says, Violet, and the young lay-out out there. I am willing to stake his whole career

scout reputation, on the responsibility of those made known, on the matter of the flood and other disasters, and on Glandelinia's exposure as a dragonic monster, and Radcliff adds that while Glandelinia is wholly to blame for all these excessive disasters in the beginning, yet our discovery of those responsible, and only that will prevent such disasters in the near future."

Jannie Turner, who had slipped from the tent, now returned, with Angeline Jennings, Grace Delina and Mildred Maxwell and with them the party was complete.

"Where," said General Gringore after the same exchange of greetings to them, "did you princesses get all these best of girl scouts?"

They all joined our regiments. Violet made haste to answer. "And this is not all. Come to the table general."

They all went in a body to the table, and amidst chatter and laughter, and ban badinage the general was looking at a large map. It was a true map, clear, neat and though simple in sketchings in the very best corrective drawings. A good map artist or engraver could not do more.

"I should like to know that artist," gazed General Gringore.

There she stands. The Vivian Gurls in a body pointed to Gertrude Angeline.

"She made the map to help us trace the true spots where the great floods occurred."

When general Gringore heard for the first time how Gertrude and all her followers had come to earn their reputation, he looked pale, when Violet told him the story of Gertrude's success.

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and the efforts of the enemy to dominate California and other states by massacre flood and fire. He looked grim and morose, when he was told that Gertrude by what seemed the special help of God had at once found out about the disasters and communicated the news to the rest. He looked surprised, and when he was told of Stannings' sacrifice in rescuing General Lincoln Albion, he hung his head, when from Jonnie Turner he got the story of Glandelinia's success in her own efforts, he hung it lower; when he was told that Angelina Riches had at once discovered through a code note, Glandelinia's knowledge of the loss of life by explosion, flood and fire, and the condition of the country left by the disaster, and of Glandelinia's intention to take advantage of it, he covered his face with his hands, and when finally, Violet and her sisters in unison told him of all best news they received so far, and then told that the serene and brave, and gentle Mildred Maxwell, who had thrown herself at his feet on the floor at his side gazing up at him with simple unaffected love and devotion was to be also a most successful girl scout, he raised his head once more, a great awe upon his features, and said in tones the impressiveness of which I shall never shall forget -

"Why has Glandelinia been allowed to make these disasters so easily? We must find out."

General cried Gertrude "See if you can discover something surprising on this big map."

"This big map here?"

"Yes general, this enormous map, I got sixteen specially ruined cities on it, and even the success of this map no girl ever felt happier

on this accomplishment of this map than I do right now. Come look it over general."

And she led the general toward the big map. Surprise had been so piled on surprise that one would think General Gringore's power of emotion was exhausted, but the candles on the table, the large map spread out, the magnificent appearance of it, forced the general to gasp again. Much as artistic taste, color and design, and exceedingly care had done to make the map a thing of beauty, the prettiest map ever drawn and colored, all by Gertrude Angelina, and Angelina Riches, and Riches' fine best assistance, in military and girl scout work.

Two of them, blushing and bowing and smiling, stood at the either end of the table, neat handed, handsomely uniformed and fitted out as typical guards. It was like a general council. Assisted by Angelina Riches, they were to help in explaining about the map, and their own turn came to produce evidence of their own work, in call old days, not forgetting you may be sure, old time adventures during the early part of the war.

The hours passed happily, and then leaving these girl scouts to carry on their designs alone Violet and her sisters, Gringore and Glandelinia took their leave. Gertrude Angelina was busy at the time in explaining the maps to her friends. As the tent door closed upon them they were all filled with a sense of thanksgiving that Gringore was with them.

"Good girl scouts eh?" said Violet. "You princesses will win through their help" said the general.

"Not at all, we almost gave up," said Jonnie. "It is Gertrude Angelina, and there two boy scouts Percival and Radcliff."

"No it wasn't they so tested

Pernod added "We don't work & hope in this holy cause for earthly reward, and we will find this kind of work rather hard and often exceedingly dangerous. But even from a material point of view, the success if we have it soon will make up for any number of failures. We must come to a finish you know."

"We plant and we sow," Jerome commented "But it is God who gives us an increase in our success."

Just then a cheerful ribbony call, caused them to turn around. The tent door was thrust aside and out in front stood Angeline Rechee holding in her hand a book. Behind her they could see the other famous girl scouts grouped together with arms around each others shoulders. But, by an unintended effect the light of some burning candles hurriedly blown out - for the wind had died away - fell full upon the smiling, happy, beautiful face of Gertrude Angeline, and the semi-darkness unaffected her about as in a veil.

"Goodbye. Goodbye. Don't forget to come back," she cried.

"Sooh!" cried Pernod. "Sooh! Did you ever see so pretty a picture - that background of girls and the face of Angeline Rechee - one of the sweetest child scouts that ever drew breath, standing out in all its loneliness, and the flickering candle light resting about her. Her rank is perfectly justified."

"The best girl scout of all!" said Grungigore.

Feb. 6th. 1929.

The great forest fire threatens the Glandelinian camps. A sea of flames burns on toward General Bicknell's camp.

First day, September 30th. 1913.

After Grungigore's visit to Violet and her sisters, and all the famous Girl Scouts, the forest fires which had threatened the Glandelinian camps, had for a week changed its course. But after a quiet week in which the advance of the forest fire had ceased to head toward the Glandelinian camp giving rise to a hope among Glandelinian generals that all danger was over, the wind changed direction and once more threatened Mamley's army.

It was now thirty miles away. A new branch to the great fire had formed far to the west blazing on in a fresh sea of highly leaping flames coursing over the forest across a river, and threatening even more important places.

Bicknell's immense Glandelinian camp of some 10,000,000 soldiers was rumored to be in direct line with the march of the new sea of fire. The new branch of fire which suddenly appeared within 30 miles of Bicknell's camp has turned the valley of Lebanon into a seething inferno, and moving directly on Bicknell's camp.

The army, headed by its generals, formed in column, broke camp and marched on retreat, while the generals made plans to have it contested should the "Red Plague" come up.

Many of the canvas covered wagons, motor trucks, carts and wagons arrived to haul away the provisions while the army began the evacuation of the threatened region. The work was done with efficient promptness which completely eliminated the danger of confusion and suddenly. In one way Violet and her sisters felt the fire would spoil their game.

February 7 1929.

The results of the fire would call their act, probably force them to move from the camp before their purpose was accomplished. The forest fire threatening Becknell's camp, first has lost none of its imposing majesty. The furious winds that drive the flames before it, toss so many blazing limbs into the air that the scene even at day is like an incessant fireworks display, which while a continuous blizz and cloud of blazing leaves and twigs and pendent moss hurled across the sky, gave the whole scene the appearance of a the predicted destruction of the world by fire while the glow in the burning valley lighted up the whole sky.

Two wide and lengthy rows of fire glowing white like seas of molten steel in the mouldering set sections, and leaping in mountains of flames at the advancing part, consuming vast portions of forests completed the gruesome picture. Something like earthquake shocks and loud rumblings, often reaching the intensity of artillery fire added terror to the scene.

At the approach of night Violet and her sisters could see the glow in the distance, the spectacle being even more superb, and Violet heard the glow could be seen for more than a hundred miles. On the following morning the inferno like character of the scene was heightened by a thick smoke mist, which added to the smoke clouds spreading like thunder clouds over the sky, completely excluding the light of the sun.

The section of the forest fire which raged the day before and threatened Manley, night having

ceased to move in that direction with the same suddenness as it began the danger for Manley's army seemed for the moment to be completely over. The soldiers who went out to reconnoitre returned with the report that the fire in the location of Rooney having changed its course was moving to pass Manley's own part of the camp without striking it. A few isolated towns to the north of Rooney were destroyed. But Manley's army it seemed was not to be touched.

A new stretch of fire though still a considerable distance from Federal's camps was advancing with great rapidity, and disaster is feared unless this mad ocean of fire changes its course within the next 24 hours.

217 distinct explosions were heard the afternoon before. They sounded like eruptions.

(Second day October 1913.)

Forest fire rages on Becknell's camp. Destruction of tents. Fate of Becknell's camp sealed by forest fire disaster.

On the following morning even before daylight a fearful spectacle of fire and destruction with a night antilley offensive during the awful World War was being enacted at half past three in along the north stretch of Bad Creek between Emma and Jerry towns, where the terrible forest fire has burst into renewed fury.

Violet and her sisters were up early that morning, and going to a high part of the camp remained there for quite a while watching the untoward scene and wondering what going to happen and if it was a part of the big forest fires so much talked about. The camp was not yet aroused but the guards were on the alert and waiting for danger scenes.

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Violet and her sisters were very much worried over this. If any part of the fire should strike the Glandelinian camp, especially Manley, their plans to learn of the originator of the flames would be thwarted.

If confusion arises they would be compelled to leave camp. Oh how they hoped the fire would not strike the camp. What worried them most, was that the big fire in the valley with was advancing with such speed, and burning with such fury that night that the sea of fire reached Tenbecker, which town it skirted and then hurried on to November which it was to reach late that morning.

Both towns had been in possession of a part of the Glandelinian army, and now they had been evacuated without loss of life. However great destruction is reported. The fire is already beginning to burn the houses and the small cities appears to be doomed. As Violet and her sisters heard Glandelinian officers are on the spot directing the soldiers and officers as they are abandoning the towns. General Gingerup, Watson, Josephine Jennin, Thomas C. Hurland and many others, left after a council with the main generals of the army that night in order to hurry to the scene of the widespread destruction.

Violet and her sisters waited impatiently all day long for news. With the approach of night Violet and her sisters witnessed weird scenes. Fire and smoke lit up the landscape, landscape while the huge wall of belching rolling smoke rising ominously from the distance made them feel excited and apprehensive. In the thin lunar unarmy twilight long processions composed chiefly of soldiers armed with saws, pickaxes, explosives, and all kinds of implements, and headed by officers were moving

along, with the purpose to go out and give battle to this red demon, whose furies have devastated so much forests for months past. There were filled with carts trucks and vehicles of every description, loaded down with every known contrivance used for forest fire fighting, and soldiers.

This movement to fight the forest fire resembled scenes at the battle front following a retreat. 100,000 were to go out and fight it.

With the flames on a 250 mile front, with its advance guard already consuming November which is 10 miles from Richnell army all communications between him and Manley will be cut soon. Richnell reported that if possible to save his camp he was going to contest it.

The most important progress of the fire followed the course of the Cedronine River, forming a seething burning ocean, moving downward from the right, to flank Gen. Richnell, just missing the villages of Marie, and Kammann. On its scorching consuming path the flames have destroyed scores of thousands of acres of the finest trees in one night, and threatening rich orchards, grassy fields and farms in the clearings.

The main fire storm was augmented on this evening as scores of smaller ones joined the main conflagration, wiping out two railway lines and attacking the slope of Mt St Johns Ridge. The fire earlier in the morning was extended as far as the region of the Mc-Iddolster Run.

All of the Glandelinian generals were worried but Violet and her sisters most of all, and they prayed hard for either the fire to change its course, or for a rain, as they knew a million men could not stop it at all.

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Secretly Violet and her sisters, since they heard the news of the progress of the forest fire toward the Glandelinian camp, had kept trace of its course, and from where it had originated. They discovered it was the giant forest fire which originating in Southeastern California early in 1912 had now made a junction with a most terrible one originating somewhere beyond the big floods.

By tracing on the map the extent of this "Red Plague" the formation of it, and the directions it was spreading they saw that Manley's army would soon have to move, unless the wind changed its course.

By examining the map carefully they realized that the Glandelinian camp was in the path of the thrust of the most dangerous of the conflagration. Yet so far all the generals were warned, and the division of camps under general Sonie Meldon Bicknell was so close to the point point of danger.

It was it seemed only the matter of another day before it would be struck. They indeed were apprehensive. Just when it was sure they would succeed or were about to succeed in their mission they would fail. If the fire comes up and forces the Glandelinian army on a retreat could they dare stay with it and follow on? Impossible. They would have to move.

Worse. Worse of all they heard that the Christian army that was facing Manley was also in the path of the fire storm, and while one third of it was contesting every inch of ground against it the main army was making a headlong retreat. At a defeat in battle a Christian army in retreat was a "small" thing. Before a forest fire it had to be the "big" one. The run, fire, and fire are two different foes enemies to contend with. The right wing of the Red Plague was moving upon the Christian army. Then

fast it was approaching no one could say. Yet the slowest a forest was said to move is about five to ten miles an hour, without the crown fire, providing there is no wind. This one was a combination fire. The way it looked at a distance, it might as well be said, "A forest fire is raging on the sky."

In the afternoon of this anxious day, the conflagration had struck fully the two towns of November, and Jarry, destroying them completely. At the same time the conflagration began to advance on Elanders, and Jennie Turner, the latter a more important center of some 325,000 inhabitants, carrying its dreadful menace to within four miles of that flourishing city. The inhabitants were making hasty preparations to leave.

Meanwhile the conflagration cut all communications isolating the whole zone from the outside world, snapped power lines, plunging the whole region in darkness, and destroyed the main aqueduct, interrupting the city's water supply.

Jennie Turner and Elanders were only saved from complete destruction by the fierce fight of the men folk and fire department who used the waters of the flooded river of the towns name. The main fire passed beyond Aurandiallio in a terrible hurricane of wind and flames.

The men folk of that city all of them who were able fought the forest fire to no avail, and hundreds were overcome by smoke and heat. Twenty were killed by falling trees, and forty received burns. Yet they were still fighting desperately against a fallen hope.

In Aurandiallio 40 miles from the Glandelinian camp the fire destroyed already the main city of the houses, invaded the market

place, demolished the seat of the municipality and a number of churches. It reached the main section of the city, driving the inhabitants who were striving to save their goods before it. Aurandacullo for its great size looked like Chicago, during the progress of the great fire of 1871. The confusion and panic among the inhabitants was worse. They were fleeing the city entirely, taking what belongings they could along with them.

In Giacomo town the destruction is even more complete.

The fire has now reached a point three miles beyond Noembeen and it can be foreseen that unless the winds shift this and all the other towns mentioned will be wiped out completely.

The scene within burning Aurandacullo was intensely tragic and very dramatic. The many inhabitants who risked the dangers and still clung to their threatened homes, were attending Mass, and were clustered around the altar. Parents read or said Mass at the altar while the faithful, kneeling on the knee boards at the pews imploring the mercy of heaven.

Their devotion was interrupted suddenly by the onset of confusion among the fleeing refugees in the streets, the crash of falling houses, and the roar of the conflagration as the sea of consuming fire struck the city accompanied by a screaming tempest that brought smoke through the streets as thick as the worst fog.

Many fled in panic with terrified cries, while others rushed to their houses to remove what effects had been overlooked in the previous evacuation.

The fire advanced slowly but remorselessly consuming all obstacles in its path. One district after district yielded up to the flames in houses reaching bonfires.

The air in the city was as hot as a furnace and its streets were completely deserted.

Giving way step by step as the walls of fire advanced the inhabitants in mute despair saw their more treasured possessions being burned up district after district. The fire departments fought madly, even buildings were dynamited by scores, but on the flames advanced.

As the fire advanced everything inflammable burst into flames, and adding to the terror of the fire, was the terrific blustering tempest of wind and choking air laden smoke.

Some of the inhabitants became crazed by the disaster.

The smoke made it dark as if a tornado was approaching. The terrific forest fire does not appear to be near its end. It evidently will be of exceedingly long duration. Everything points to this being one of the worst forest fire disasters on record.

Quick efforts save lives. Violet and her sisters hear that the forest fires grow worse.

In the month of September 1913 more than 22,544 forest fires have occurred locally elsewhere and large numbers of people have fled in terror from these "fiery outbursts of the enemy." Alaskan records show that from 2,135,000 to 2,645,000 lives have been lost, in California and Angelina, - sacrifices to the maw of this immense Valley of the Shadow of Death.

But in the tremendously big forest fire so far not a single life was lost. When a new branch of the forest fire appeared some sixty thousand yards below Amherst Fuller camp the day before Bicknell's was threatened a broad immensely long sea of fire, glowing as a white hot molten lake, 60 miles in width started for the thicker forests around his camp.

As his troops with thousands of his tents catching afire at one time, began a hurried retreat by wagon, horse back, on foot, railroad and every form of conveyance, while 5,000 others vainly fought the decided plague, General Secely mobilized his forces.

For the first time in any writing a whole army of Glandelinian soldiers determined to wage a desperate war on California's greatest forest fire which the Glandelinians were responsible for. Of course they worried not about the fire, it was only to cover the retreat of the main army that was threatened by the fires.

Rapidly on toward Bicknell's army swept the forest fire the flames leaping hundreds of feet. So

intense was the heat that houses and trees a thousand yards in front burst into flames. Another enormous fire broke out to the left sweeping on toward Calmann's, Shannan's and Jerome Jensen's armies, leaving complete and terrible destruction in its flaming wake.

Melro, a town of 100,000 was soon to be doomed and Glandelinians in possession hurriedly fled from it.

The fire was coming so fast that Bicknell's camp was also doomed. But he was determined that his camp must be saved. With high explosives used for placing mines, engineers and thousands of soldiers began to dynamite a long wide clearing, to blow up bridges, while 200,000 men worked hard with pickaxe and spade to trench with the purpose to turn the conflagration to another direction.

There was so much blasting that the thousands of explosions shook the earth and sounded like a most terrific cannonade.

Soon the flames fairly roofing the sky with the flames roared and reeked across the clearing, carried forward by a terrific gale, the heat melting the greatest boulders, and even molten steel bridges over the creek like butter.

As one section of the fire, slowed up or was checked in its course another branch would reach out deadly and most destructive tentacles.

One of these began a threatening advance on Bicknell's left flank. If this was struck unaware a great loss of life would occur.

Therefore to save this camp and to prevent the army from being trapped as it was cut off from the main army, a heavily armed observed the efforts of Bicknell's whole

army, thousands of diggers, engineers, and drafted
citizens and workmen. As fast as they could be
planted many thousands of mines were exploded
around the northern and western fronts, and
its outskirts, to create a great gap and
thus prevent the conflagration from the camp.

A huge earthen wall was quickly erected. Three great stretches of fire were now advancing from the southeast with half a dozen scores of villages beside Bicknell's army in its hellish path.

Enormous clouds of smoke, as if from a million dangerous volcanoes, in their most savage eruption, rent tumultuously arose in countless most fantastic shapes and colors, while the earth shook from the many explosions of mines.

From the beginning before coming up to the foe camp, in seventy two hours the fire had traveled over 230 miles over five times as fast, as its main parent elsewhere.

It was then that General Bicknell
a lifetime watcher of forest fires
by natural causes, determined to inspect
the conflagration as closely as possible.
He mounted his horse and at the
risk of his life rode up a high
forested slope, which was in the path
of the fire.

From a great height, beyond the clouds of smoke and fumes from the blaze, and nearest stretches of burning forests and towns, he saw a "world of fire, with flames rising steadily from every where in front of him and thick smoke as far as eye could see.

Mountain slopes, summits, valleys, and forested plains were in a fierce blaze. No electric lights remained in the whole area of the scene.

for power lines and plants of the burning town had been destroyed. But at night the sweeping front fires could be traced as far as they extended, a mellow sea of leaven leaping billowing flames.

Above it the sky glowed most fitfully.
As far as eye could reach burning trees just
catching flames like thousands of giant
torches and man made explosions were answered
by the crash of falling trees.

One oblong cone looked like a huge white hot volcanic crater opening its white hot jaws.

The heat was terrific from where he stood. Yet he believed he perceived that the vanguard of the forest fire was changing his course. Thus, he bought reassurance of an early escape of his camp from destruction, though warning that progress, or another change of course was possible.

But it was now ten or eleven days since the fire was first discovered and as expected the conflagration did begin to subside.

Unknown to him and others however the heart of the fire was moving direct for general Federal army and its camps.

Yet so far the total damage done in this locality will run from \$220,000,000 to \$300,000,000. Hundreds of miles of land worth up to \$25,000 an acre has been destroyed for centuries. Buildings, roads, railways, bridges, telegraph and telephone lines, power lines and plants and aqueducts destroyed by the lava will require many millions and many years to replace.

Yet on all this destruction so far
also not a single life was directly lost.
So various officers who were giving their
lives to investigating the progress of the
forest fires, the Glumilelimum arrows and
their lives and safety and that of the camp.

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There was one more thing that worried Violet and her sisters. The way the Glandelinians were fighting this tremendous forest, and demonstrating against it, their fight evidently was being successful, but they were in a hurry the conflagration head directly for the Christian lines.

The conflagration which was also heading for Mainley's camp was forty miles long and over a mile wide at the narrowest point and was steadily expanding.

The intensity of the conflagration has not abated, and the left wing of it was threatening the Christian armies.

There was a story that reached Glandelinian headquarters that several nuns who attempted to save the Blessed Sacrament from the church of a blazing town, perished in the flames, from the fire rising over Rosas, Comoadas, while the residents of that town prayed for a miracle to deliver them from destruction. The crushing flames overwhelmed the small town of Tominie driving out the inhabitants, not giving them any time to save their belongings, they barely having time to save their own lives.

And the only chance of escape was to get aboard freight train backing into the town.

The two nuns in their flight with the Blessed Sacrament were trapped and overtaken by the flames. There they raced to save the Blessed Sacrament while the horror stricken refugees of the fiercely burning city, knelt in a scumme amid the fumes and fiery currents of an men the walled up by reaching flames.

As the men, women and children prayed, the flames overtook the Crossroads, and the sea fire passed like a roaring tempest and the nuns disappeared.

The Glandelinian officers, hearing of the deaths of the nuns and of the probable fate of the Blessed Sacrament, were heart double with laughter.

The author wishes I could be there to laugh too, with my foot with a sword.

nailed protruding from the toe of my shoe. Toward evening of this day, five sections of the Christian camp were reported to have been burned up or partially destroyed, four officers and twenty soldiers dead giving up their lives fighting the flames and 165,000 without tents being the toll from the forest fire. The camps of General Henderson, and Spint de yond? Great Desert and others are broken, and their troops are evacuating the region, as it is suicide for even their whole armies to fight the flaming forests.

Yet army engineers were devising plans for diverting the fiery sea from Russell Buxter Johnston's camp, a camp of 6,225,000 now on the path of the Red Plague accompanied by a terrific fire hurricane, that was blowing down tents, thickening the air to darkness by blizzards of flying limbs and leaves and causing con-
sternation and the wildest confusion.

The wind roared fearfully and it was hot during a fog of smoke before it. Yet hundreds of thousands of soldiers facing a complication of perils are working frantically, digging enormous trenches forming long wide clearings which it is hoped will change the course of the conflagration so that it will head for the open woods, without hitting the camp.

All road connections between the armies of Russell Buxter Johnston, and Glandelinia, have been severed. It was continually hoped and prayed for that rain would come and possibly stop the relentless forest fires.

The Scientist within the Christian lines however make no predictions. If the forest fires keep gaining it will be a terrible phenomenon which has yet never occurred on this scale, either in the story or reality.

That night but secretly and very late Violet and her sisters held a council to debate on whether they should flee with all the rest back to the Christian lines.

before the great fire should really strike the Glendelinian camp or remain ice and ice proceedings through. They knew that Gertrude, Angelina and the others were more worried than themselves and were constantly on the lookout to watch the fire's destructive progress.

Their meeting lasted fully two hours and fourteen minutes, and at the ending they finally decided to call all their important girls' scout leaders and talk it over with them. If they were for leaving well and good, if they decided to see it through then plans would be made accordingly.

"This is terrible," said Violet at the conclusion of the meeting. "All our plan to learn who were responsible for the flash gone gaflay. Of course all this time we were in the camp here, none of the Glendelinian officers ever recognized us once. But that does not help us any now. Of all things why does the forest fire have to threaten the Glendelinian camp, and general Vivian's Christian carrier. When we thought we had success within our grasp, it is slipping away. I tell you girls, I won't stand it."

"Neither will we," her sisters broke in.

"And," continued Violet "if the fire should strike the camp we would have to move. And never before have there been such terrible fires. Why whole armies of men cannot stop it. And they say this same fire has through exploding munitions dangerously nearer the river causing the flood waters of the recent flood have produced the new flood. We must learn who are responsible for these disasters. We never should

in our efforts, before and must not fail now. We must outwit the fire if we have to or help the hated enemy to. I'll do anything, never them even at that information. But we must get it. That fire must be made to change its course. If it won't, our plans are of no use. We are defeated. And by fire."

"If the movement of the fire can be detected, maybe some plan can be made to change its course," said Catherine. "If the wind would only change its direction—"

"That wouldn't do us any good. It would come on us anyway but of course more slower," said Hattie. "The best we can do is to settle it with Gertrude and the rest. They give us good advice always. We can summon them to morrow. Let's get some sleep or we won't be able to accomplish anything in the morning."

And so it was decided. Gertrude and all the other girls were to be called to a general meeting. They had two days to wait for the danger signal and had to hurry. Time was precious.

October 2. A hot day.

The great forest fire draws nearer. The Vivian Girls dare to approach as near as possible. Heat is terrific in the extreme.

The next morning Violet sent a messenger to summon Gertrude Angelina and all her other followers, but he returned half an hour later with the report that they had all gone out to watch the advance of the great fire. At this time, as they also learned, the main heart of the fire hurricane from San Lucian valley was consuming another large town formerly occupied by a part of the army, which lay in its path. This town known as Hadeslight, a neighboring city to November which has been burned also has fallen prey to the raging fire.

The Glendelium divisions which had been in possession of Hadeslight, first fought the fire for hours, and then fled as the conflagration advanced. Part of the city was already ablaze. Though far away and yet within sight of Manley's army two large mountain ranges heavily forested presented an even more inspiring sight as the forest fires had struck them.

So fascinating was the sight that the entire army was relieved of drill duties, so they could watch it, and comment on it. The worst eruptions of all the most violently active volcanoes in the world would be completely uninteresting compared to this. The mountains were fully twenty miles away but the rolling smoke made darkness for the camp as if a big storm was coming.

Often great sheets, and rolls of flames rose high above the ridges and in slight degrees the no heat could be felt from there.

From the excitement among the huge crowds of Glendelium soldiers Violet

and her sisters investigated, and observed the whole scene. The Glendelium knew nothing about the course of this new wing of the fire, but the Vivian girls did, and as great as the scene was, they feared the results.

"Violet said to her sisters nervously. The fire is moving on Manley's flank. If the wind does not change course by its course, we'll have that scorching inferno upon us within two or three days."

"It looks dangerous," said Joice. "The last vestige of the town of Hadeslight melted into the immense forest fire furnace early this morning as I heard. Nothing is left."

Violet and her sisters secured the permission of a general to mount a signal station telling him they must observe the course of the fire for the safety of the camp, and that the Christians would not shoot at children on the station platform.

Accompanied by three black shirt officers they climbed to the top, and from there they watched the conflagration spread over those long ridges, which had first caught fire early during the night. They saw a large number of Glendelium soldiers, approach a solitary town down the road from the main camp, and make their way over a narrow by road lighted by the red stained clouds above the enormous conflagration.

They were out to study the fire. It was a sight human fancy never could imagine. The immense forested slopes for the full extent blazed like huge mountains of straw and the immense sea of smoke, thunder headed, and canopied like a storm potent cloud rolled upward with amazing speed and covered the whole sky far past our head, dark as night, and half obscuring the camp in half night darkness.

Flames rising up the slopes, far above the summits would roll upward with the

with the smoke in the most fantastic forms. Through the aperture on the top of the house of the signal station along the valley of the mountains they could see flaming stretches of newly started fires, like flaming volcanic fissures of lava streaming in with the irrefragable fashion over the forested valley, with the two immense ridges belching flames sky high and hellish smoke above.

Violet and her sisters examined the scenes with their glasses. In the path of the fire now forming in the valley were groves of apple trees and pretty little towns, all of them soon to be burned. All have been evacuated days ago.

Then they saw a large force of Glandelinian soldiers move through a road toward the village of San Antonio, just before an abandoned Cathedral by that name. The soldiers were striving to reach the places of better view. Around and on top of the church one hundred and fifty or more Glandelinian officers of all rank were gathered in the red light of the conflagration, which even from the valley yet was leaping hundreds of feet high and rolling forward like a breaker in the sea, sending up an extra dense rolling mass of smoke, pierced by a light with the color of molten fluid eruption through an outer covering of greenish colored smoke.

Violet and her sisters could see in this fearful sea of fire taller forest with only the top peering through the "world" of flaming waste.

Then they too blazed away and disappeared in the sea of fire. Accompanying this slow advancing fire were a tumult of ferocious crackling noise, and small strange explosions as often and numerous as the noise of the wildest firing in a most tremendous battle. It was redactions

of the frightful conflagration from time to time seemed to race one another or roll many yards ahead of the main blaze, like fire flaming monsters detaching from the mother and scampering. So great was the scene that immense hordes of Glandelinian soldiers and officers were drawn magnetically in all positions to have a splendid view of the fiery ocean.

Even from that distance the heat was becoming terrific. Violet saw the ran of the fire from that a vast oil field, and there was a mighty geyser like explosions in a hundred earth-shaking detonations, which sent fragments of the tall wooden cone and shed structures high into the air with the greatest noise, up into the red painted smoke clouds.

Then the whole oil field erupting like an immense volcano broke into a dreadful hell of fire and smoke. Everything seemed curiously drawn by the hissing, sizzling crackling rhythm. The monster aspect of the irresistible fury of the fire seemed to clear the fronts of all animals.

In the door of a church in the two nearest of the towns stood a Glandelinian general silently observing the scene. His face in the ruddy light showed suppressed anguish. Because of the town being in constant danger it had been evacuated, by most of the Glandelinian soldiers, but the general a Albanian priest in disguise, secretly kept with him there out of sight of the Glandelinian soldiers until the last moment images of the Blessed Mother, and her Son, hoping they would comfort him, and perhaps prevail upon the floods of terrific fires to spare the rest of the country, as all good Christians believe they have the power to do.

As quick as possible Violet and her sisters, knowing their disguises were perfect, went down there to converse with him.

"Who ever you are, this is a fearful moment for you," Violet first spoke to the disguised priest. "I, a Glendelinian general you are the only one that looks distressed."

He to their surprise crossed himself and replied, "It seems to be God's will. I am trusting faithfully in him. We can do no more for this is the will of God, as well as this unshed warning Glendelinian cause and we cannot resist or change it. We can only pray and beseech Our Blessed Lord to save the country's forest, since we can do nothing."

At this moment a huge flare illuminated the open place before the church as the distant flames broke more violently through a thick smoke cloud. There was the sound of another explosion more nearer, and even over the town it began raining missiles and fragments of objects and forced Violet and her sisters to evacuate the town. Before the concussion the walls fell into the square, and a number of houses crumpled, suddenly sending up sheets of flame as they caught fire.

Violet and her sisters before abandoning the town altogether retired around a corner further back, and climbed up a terraced garden wall, and field full of pines growing thick as straws, and in which impenetrable brush, and high weeds were growing.

Beyond this the edge of the distant conflagration could be seen ominously coming nearer. Part of a forest on the right was burning. The light revealed a scene of horror.

"Keep away from that forest, they may catch fire at any time," said one of the officers.

Violet and her sisters went back to see the fire sweeping through the valley. The flames soared higher as they spread over the valley. The priest had gone from the church taking with him the Blessed Sacrament. No one else remained.

Despite the heat few soldiers and officers still remained. It was the final death agony of the immense valley forests. As the heat grew greater Violet and her sisters hurried back down the road from the scene of carnage. At the edge of the Glendale camp they met several of their followers, who came back from the district below Santa Maria woods, who told them of narrow escapes.

The three of them told them the forest fire was suddenly rising up the slopes of a wide ridge toward a mountain side village. A huge red of fire headed toward the town, forcing all the inhabitants to flee uphill for their lives. They saw one man who refused to evacuate until the last minute.

These unfortunate people will lose their all. Their preoccupation will be about the future, because this forest fire will not only devour their homes and houses, but also their fields and means of livelihood.

As Violet and her sisters looked on the fire appeared to grow worse every minute. It was spreading wildly and as they gazed upon it anew, Violet and her sisters fancied they were gazing upon a probable momentous valley and slopes of a terrible infernal region.

What fitted good to their imaginations was the strange rolling hissing noises that came from the direction of that nothing hell. The two burning ridges appeared the same, while their fires were spreading elsewhere.

It was a great awe-inspiring sight for them, but if it was for other results than they would have enjoyed it as a great fire drama, because they like all other people do love to watch big fires. But they were not so interested about this, except that there was danger of it spreading their flames. He thought almost made them cry, they didn't like it.

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This was a main section of the fire was heading surely for Manley's army and the distance it was, if the wind did not change direction it would strike his lines the afternoon of the next day. They watched it carefully. They noticed the red demon of the burning forests slacken his advance toward the left as if some obstruction checked or moved it off to one side. The situation of this fire may be described as momentarily stationary, with the left wing of the fire moving forward, inexorably forward making less progress but burning more fiercely than ever.

The whole ridge was now wrapped in a dense varied colored cloud with a wall of rolling clouds beyond, rising above the huge mountain of fire below. Violet and her sisters as they watched this horrible scene hoped that some of the threatened towns may escape destruction.

To see what would be the result, they watched it carefully. With slightly arrested progress, (through some unknown cause) the main wing of the fire after having burned through one third of the valley was spreading out in five main fingers.

The middle a narrow one was headed directly for a small town. The heaviest spread was on the side toward the left. The shape was something like a long flaming serpent. The danger to the valley of forests to the center was slightly less just now but the town still was menaced. As they looked through their glasses they observed that the town was a center of bustling confusion.

The impeded traffic recalls to me the author visions of towns on the zone of fire during the world war on the eve of a great offensive. The magnificent plaza where the general headquarters is located is filled with wagons, soldiers, refugees, messengers, and functionaries. The soldiers

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were mostly concentrated in moving northward. With the conflagration of refugees and the abandoned houses the usual scenes of confusion were enacted. Yet the secret service men were having some difficulty persuading some of the inhabitants on the edge of the fire zone to leave their houses. The people refused to go until the last moment - hoping that some miracle would save the town.

They could see through their glasses that some accident had happened to people remaining in the town when the fire drew very close. It was evident that several families have been cut off and burned to death through their refusal to leave. The home guards were now ordering the people back, but in many cases the inhabitants with tears in their eyes, resisted and it was evident they would rather perish with their homes.

Violet and her sisters noticed one man watch tearfully the remorseless devouring of his beautiful willow and peach and apple grove.

In the meantime elsewhere during the progress of the fire sixty nuns and a number of soldiers were believed to have perished in the conflagration. The nuns in a convent near Mascamora had refused to leave for a place of safety. During the early morning the convent was destroyed and the nuns are believed to have perished in the flames.

The soldiers volunteered to attempt a desperate rescue but have not yet returned. In this locality it is to be estimated that 400 acres of apple trees perished during the one night from the heat of the conflagration. They were worth about \$1,200,000. Hundreds of wealthy people who had beautiful homes before became nothing more than ashes to indicate their past wealth.

All in the rear of the retreating Christian armies engineers continued dynamiting and blasting and cutting huge breaches before the advancing flames, to check the progress of the fire. Light seen from

many sections, you are forbidden to go nearer to the scene of the fire than fifty miles. They may go closer if they are not on the path of it however. So for the Christian armies were more endangered than that of the foe, as they were more in the direct line of the fire.

Before anything more will be written about the Virgin Girls and their adventure we'll follow in general the course of the forest fire before it strikes either army. A part of the forest fire on a ridge known as Pine Mountain appeared by 6 o'clock in the morning to have disappeared in such a great cloud of smoke that it appeared as if the ridge was covered by gigantic volcanic eruptions.

However the principal sea of fire was burning through the immense forested valley and moving in the direction of general Virians great army. From a hill top one could see that three towns where lived 66,000 people by now is a swirling incandescent cauldron of seething flames leaping hundreds of feet high and other towns have been added to the history of forest fire victims.

Where these towns stood before could now be marked for months hence by charred black ruins testifying to today's tragedy and the latent cataclysm of this great forest fire. All of the inhabitants escaped.

The forest fire in another spot took away its toll of life when thirty three soldiers and forest rangers were trapped in the conflagration. The 33 had thought that they made a clearing large enough to change the course of the conflagration, but found the fire worked around them so that they were surrounded by the hell.

Seeing they were cut off from escape they fought desperately for their lives while outside the fire line their other companions were forced to stand helpless while the thirty three perished in the flames. Yet the thirty three fought most desperately until scores of trees began to topple. They then ran to the center of the clearing, but here one by one they were overcome by the smoke and the terrific heat and died in awful agony where they lay.

The Red Plague continued to sweep through the valley, one part like a red flickering serpent winding its way up a new mountain side and across an open glen swept past a mountain side village leaving no trace of the site of the town. Twenty minutes later it was within half a mile of the center of the valley.

In all paths of forest fire and floods traffic by railroad and otherwise will not be resumed for years owing to the destruction being so country wide and complete. Within reach of the Glandelinian camp about 70,000 people are homeless as the result of this program of this fire, which is burning forward at a rate of forty miles per hour. The aspect of the burning forest is fearful, infernal and tragic but also magnificent. As Violet and her sisters continued to watch it from their point of observation, strange white masses of cloud beyond the blacker rolls are packed into weird monster shapes by the bright ruddy glare of the flames.

Up toward those painted phantoms, stretches the wave of fire, slowly as it seemed from that distance moving through and up the valley. In the distance further away twinkle the morning lights of the big town of St. Agatha, and fearful lest it too shall be visited by calartophes.

From all points along the flank line, thousands of homeless people had been keeping an all night vigil watching the work of destruction in mute anguish. They were calm, however, there being no trace of excitement or panic anywhere. Mostly all Calaveranians are fatalistic and accept the burning forest fires as calmly as their fellow victims. accepted previous war disaster. In the half lights of the red ember seas are seen also regular army men, guarding the dangerous places and assisting the others in the quick evacuation work. Citizens in wagons, carts are moving swiftly along the fire lighted roads hauling furniture and possessions of all kinds to safety in a number of far distant fire threatened towns, from where most refugees have been taken.

Mixed in the throng along the road, were hundreds of expensive wagons, filled with curious sightseers, including many foreigners, and also fleeing animals of all kinds. This had continued steadily all day.

Violet and her sisters also saw the black furnace which has now overcome over every town in the valley, and watched still other towns, those miles distant gradually being swept to total destruction. They saw buildings collapse, in the flames.

As far away as it still was the hot breath of smoldering air, compelled Violet and her sisters to leave for a cooler spot for fear of their clothing to smoke. They ascended the slope of the hill of their observation post and came to a wood clearing.

Just now a dense sea of rolling smoke hung over most of the valley, as the Virgin Girls again came into observation of it. As the cloud parted slightly there was a momentary opening, and then the added volume of the cloud rose upward in a sort of eruptive movement. Elsewhere the valley itself was a billow of fire sweeping still onward directing other

parts entirely and all about there were dense clouds of flame and hot sulphurous air. Yet at every new town threatened by the conflagration the evacuation work was being carried out under the original authority and soldiers with the most perfect order and speed and without excitement but there is great distress nevertheless.

As Violet and her sisters could see there was no hope of any amount of fighting stopping the progress of the conflagration. Yet it could be hoped that the main damage would be limited, by breaches and clearings being made that will keep the fire wall going where, and to this end all the men-folk of the town are battling it, ditching, cutting down trees, beating out advance fires and even lines of streams running through the endangered forests are dynamited, and other things are done in order that an obstacle may divert the fire in a new direction.

Many thousands of sorrowing women this day besought the authorities for permission to save their dead in the cemeteries. Another menace was that the forest fires would cut off the electric lines in this part of the country and throw the whole community into darkness.

Violet also observed that the bishops of every endangered town were spending all their time among the refugees and religious processions, laughable to the watching Glandelinians were imploring God to stop the progress of the red plague, and send rain to quench it.

About five hundred people live in parts of this summer valley, which outside of the forests is one of the most fertile and heavily populated agricultural districts in Calaveras. It should be remembered that the main heart of the hunt here is not in this valley.

Already without thinking of breakfast Violet and her sisters had watched the stupendous drama of the fire in the forested valley all morning, it being summer but with tragic beauty. So terrific was the fire on the ridges by this time that their sides and summits seemed to be vomiting forth lava with redoubled volume and velocity, cutting off communications with the valley and other hills.

The fire raged over the Nic-Idolater Run River by this time. Placer below the flank of the valley, and from where they watched the advance from seven o'clock, was now inundated by an ocean of smoke and fire.

Through some came the van of the main conflagration in the valley, hitherto confined to a long wide sea of flames, has now branched out into a sort of hydra headed monster headed toward the main valley and forested slopes beyond in a delta shape between two unknown towns which now are menaced.

These towns also are being quickly evacuated.

Painstaking is added to the drama not concealed by smoke, by the puny efforts of whole armies of soldiers, rangers and town citizens and firemen, and women and elder children to control the course of the fire wall and to prevent its spread by cutting down and dynamiting whole fields of trees, and every kind of work known in fighting forest fires.

Large dynamite charges have been frequently placed and exploded by the soldiers, before the main fire advance with the hope of trapping the implacable fire monster into wide open clearings, and then battle him to success.

Deplorably, the night is carried

on at every point of vantage. Yet new hill tops appeared like vomiting craters showing the fast spread of the inferno. Any one of the hydra heads may consume ten other towns, on the outer edges of the conflagration. Part of the lower section of the observation post of the Vivian Girls was now facing the advance of the fiery scourge, and may be in a fierce blaze at any hour. They knew it but still remained. They must ascertain for sure if Munkley's army lays in its path or not.

Even though on the distant ridges the highest intensity of the fires have not been reached, the flames were shooting so high above the summits that the very sky above the valley seemed to be tongued with the fire.

Then the Vivian Girls received a surprise. Like a volcanic crater opening in the midst of a forest, some explosion of gigantic force occurred uprooting all the trees like a huge bursting carbuncle, then everything cascaded downward, carrying a maze of flaming trees, isolated houses, and rocks in a seething maelstrom.

It was a phenomenon seen by the watching Vivian Girls recalling the Greek myth of Pluto, the King of Hades, burst ing out through the earth with his chariot and fiery steeds when he stole Proserpina, daughter of the Greek Goddess of agriculture.

As they continued to watch they saw efforts were still being made to stop the fires, and men were also working desperately to save the water mains which supply the other towns from heat of the fire. These mains are being covered with a heavy layer of earth and sand so that the heat will not burn them when the fire comes

The agricultural losses could never be estimated but Violet and her sisters believed they well total many millions. The reason is that the apple and other groves and vineyards, - those that have not been destroyed - require constant watering, watering, and the heat of the conflagration have cut and dried the irrigation streams or systems, meaning the total loss of all the orchards, even if not burned.

The fire was unprecedented in violence and volume.

The plight of the tens of thousands of people as they view through their glasses is pathetic. Violet and her sisters could see them silent and resigned as they moved on. In many cases the inhabitants still refuse to evacuate until the fire approached near so strong was their trust in God and His Saints.

They were sitting among their piles of furniture and supplies along the roads, old men and women, and children, while houses are being stripped of everything valuable.

The authorities of the town are having no trouble in the evacuation and relief work with hundreds of wagons and vehicles and good fast horses at their disposal.

The people have prayed to God and the saints. Yet it seemed in vain. Even the sight of the sacred relics of the saints seemed to have failed to prevent the flames from destroying their own churches.

Of course Violet and her sisters had seen many forest fires before. They too had been also fugitives of these forest plagues. But never before had they seen a forest fire that was threatening to interfere with their important plans. And it was also the first time they ever had such a panorama of a fire hell, and one like this they were

so fascinated and awed by this drama that they were spell bound, they had forgotten their breakfast, did not think of dinner, nor the Glandolinian army or the Glandolinian soldiers, with them about as spell bound as they.

When they first saw the fire, the ridges were aflame. Now one quarter of the valley only remained untouched.

Such a fire was beyond control of any means to check it. Though it was supposed to be daylight it was about half as dark as night. The flames moved in long racing waves seemingly slow at that distance but really at express train speed.

Where the forests were burned through at the rear of the conflagration, that section of the valley glowed and smoked like a most enormous volcanic crater, with flaming lava flowing down at the sides.

Yet the front kept advancing on. Manley's army was in its path absolutely.

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The conflagration continues its fury. Two more large towns go under. Another is in peril from hot sea of flames.

In the meantime the main forest fire was heading direct for general Viviano and other nearby Christian armies. Very seldom did a Christian army ever retreating before a most dangerous Cplandelinian army. But what army could stand and face a tremendous forest fire like this. Of course general Vivian had sent many brigades armed with various tools and supplied with plenty of explosions to give the forest fires the hardest fight ever given to a conflagration.

The battle waged against the flames was in the same fashion as engaging the enemy. The most dangerous movement was to flank it, but this also was attempted.

Explosions in the forests from dynamite, was like a fusillade, the chop chop of axes was a constant tumult, mingled with the sound of many saws. As soon as the trees crashed men with axes cut off the smaller branches, with speed, while others with spades tried to cover them with sand, high brush and plants were cut down with sword and scythe, and long lines of men dug wide trenches.

All kind of work was done, too much to describe here.

General Vivian in a council, decided a plan of making a counter fire. The general said:

"These fires are not only threatening my armies but had doomed another town."

As my scouts reported the town of Gladstone is lost. Another town, Senu is perishing - it is half burning now, while the hellish flames is burning its way toward a fourth town, Multane which by to night will be in grave peril. Now it ought also to be the duty of the army to stop this Red Plague.

My plan was that if the wind would change direction we could make a counter attack fire and to fight that one only to prevent it from burning beyond our reaches."

His generals however opposed this plan. They pointed out that to fight the conflagration by means of a counter fire was dangerous and foolhardy, because the wind is so fickle that there is no telling when it would change its direction. If the wind would retain such a direction well and good, but there were 1 chance out of a hundred. And if the plan was feasible the best way to counter fire, was when there was a direct but not too stiff a northeast wind.

Then the flanks and rear of the new fire would have to be fought to keep it within its confines. And yet if the wind should happen to change nothing could stop the new fire from running out of its course."

Others said the same, but general Vivian decided on making a counter fire when a favorable opportunity presented it self. No argument would change his intention. And he would keep it in its place if he had to throw the whole army against it, after it was made.

The rushing monster of red death, was burning forward with great rapidity. In the fearful crimson dawn amid a setting that would have served well for doomsday the fiercely advancing fire sea was sealing the fate of Gladstone, which by evening would be wiped out. It was only a matter of hours before Senu follows. And all efforts of a good part of general Vivian's army centered on the feeble work to divert the fire hurricane from driving upon the main army.

When it came a light in the thick

smoke would let it, general Vorian went out to reconnoitre with a party of officers. They viewed the advancing forest fire from that distance, from the summit of a high ridge which took them a half hour to reach on horse back. The weather was terribly hot and windy.

They watched the conflagration swirl and swirl on toward Gladstone and Soma. On the north side of the conflagration the mountain fire had launched a tentacle of fangs toward Central Crossroads.

Refugees who fled to safety above Central Crossroads were leaving again. General Vorian paid more attention just now to Gladstone, where the two northern fingers of the conflagration united forming a single convex crescent, the front of which was moving forward past the town at the rate of probably sixty miles an hour.

There was a strange sound like grinding, hissing, roaring, rattling and a booming humming tumult.

Looking further still the general observed the horrible fire sea crossing a part of a wide stream, another section was following the course of the stream and tending to diverge to the right and left hell-bent for his encamped army.

"There is one thought that gives me some satisfaction," mused General Vorian to himself. "If I am forced to give way before this fire, so will Manley have to retreat. The right wing of it is heading for his campers through the immense army on my right."

"What did you say your Excellency?" asked a colonel thinking the general spoke to him in a low tone.

"I said this fire will make Manley retreat as well as me."

He rode further up to get a better view of the great fire.

The reason why he wished to observe it, is because he had been forewarned by Governmental officials of its approach, its size, the manner in which it was moving and toward where it was heading. He had been suspicious also by the fact that for nearly a month there had been hardly no sunshine at all. The weather was always uncomfortably warm for even this time of the year.

Though seeing very little of the big floods heard plenty of details about them, the awful magnitude of the explosions, their result how the situation stood with the enemy, the country's danger, and so on.

He couldn't conceive how the forest fires could make so much smoke as to keep the country so far over so dark and gloomy and to make the warmth felt so far off like a great hot wave.

Of course from his observation post the fire was still sixty miles away, but to him it appeared to be as close as half a mile or less. The panorama before him was indeed awe inspiring. It appeared as if the whole burning region had burst into violent volcanic activity of the Mt Pelee type. The sky over the burning region was as black as ink with smoke rolling upward to an unbelievable height and bulging in great curling billows, cauliflower and mushroom shapes.

Ever and anon it was pierced by flames leaping to a prodigious height.

"It looks as if the whole world was afraid, prepartory to the coming of the end of the world on Judgement day. Though terrible it is a scene of most greatest grandeur, sublime, and thrilling. The left wing of it is moving toward Manley's army and he will have to run faster than if I do. And I'll bet anything that it'll hit his army first."

His generals who were with him were filled with misgivings however. They knew it was a terrible conflagration and believed they

see their camp struck first. In the meantime, far to the right long walls of rolling white smoke heralded the approach of the van of the conflagration, and the longest section of it was rolling high along the north side of the Mc. Hollister Burn river, and with his glasses the general, watched it rush forward at what speed he believed to be more than fifty feet a second. He could actually see the wall of smoke gradually closing in on a sort of small clearing.

By this time the conflagration was within three hundred yards of Sound Bend, of the River. If this breach or divider the conflagration, his army would not need to retreat. If it remains as now and crosses the army would have to break camp and go pell-mell.

General Vinian continued to watch the fire progress toward the bend.

Hundreds of people were fleeing from the town of the bend, and they had gathered some distance from it watching if the fire would strike the town or not.

Children were crying. A tempest was roaring over the town. Wagons and buses rattled across the road hauling refugees to some point of safety. Soldiers were dynamiting wooden bridges across the river to prevent these from catching. Others were tearing down telegraph and telephone lines and saving the metal. Deers on the opposite side of the bend were being dynamited and cut down to make a wide breach in an effort to save the town if possible.

All the men of the town were helping.

Other soldiers began moving people back from the burning line of fire.

General Vinian moved further up the hillside to get a better view of the scene, where many of the fire fighters were working desperately. And well along the edge of the newly made clearing the general saw images and confusion blotted by the advancing smoke

like barbed wire before the trenches in the world was. And he also discerned undeniably about ten priests saying or singing High Mass with many people attending with the hope that Our Blessed Lord would answer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and keep back the Red Demon. General Vinian saw where a good chance was lost. If it was not for the distance he could have thrown in all his fire fighters and soldiers to fight the fire at this spot. A proper portion of his army working hard enough could have prevented the fire from crossing. He knew this would have been possible if he could get the battle directed against the fire quick enough.

But that spot was 40 miles away. The fire would cross before the soldiers went one third of the way, even by train. He felt sure that the town was big enough to have room for five thousand inhabitants. It has several large convents, sixteen factories, one Orphan Asylum and general Post Office. Not far from where General Vinian stood was a big way side house with candles ready to be lighted before it, which by to-morrow will be reached by the fire.

After he had been watching it for half an hour a reemerged movement of the conflagration moved up a mountain side, while a new one started from the heat of the main at a height of two thousand feet. This united with another and a renewed fire sea caused the two fire heads to unite, and apparently splatter out in a roundish splash.

Two minutes later the red plague was reaching the river edge and burned both the station and the high railroad bridge. A wind was blowing so furiously that fiery branches were carried across the river like a snowstorm, and it was evident the fire was going to cross no matter how madly they were fighting to hold it back. If I could have only got a large force

there before the fire reached the river. "at Sound Bend!" groaned General Vivian. "But of all worse luck I had to be so far away when I first observed this. Of all bad luck this is the worst. It'll hit me sure. I'll have to move my camp soon."

Though his officers seemed ready in anxious anxious to go, General Vivian desired to remain. He decided to watch this all day and told them so. He believed that this forest fire had spent only a third of its destructive fury before reaching his station. He feared that the havoc of fire since its first existence may even have been the beginning of a more terrible tragedy unless rain comes.

This was soon going to be a awful day for the inhabitants of Sound Bend, for this small city was soon to join the rest in this sea of fire.

Three other towns had been lost within sight of General Vivian's army, and the inexorable avalanche of fire is speaking its name toward Sound Bend, which is being attacked.

General Vivian decided that if there had been no wind the fire would not be able to leap the river at this point.

But the advance of the fire was being preceded by a terrific tempest which was blowing fire, freezing air across the Bend, driving great clouds of sparks, smoke, and blazing embers across the river.

At the location of the town, but across the river the fire sea is clear to the goodly sized neighboring towns about a mile away.

The fiery sea gave more impetus to its speed along the river banks, and in the darkness of the smoke the whole spectacle looked like a gigantic scene of dancing hell.

While the right wing of the great conflagration concentrated its fury toward other points, the whole population of this region was still as a death

the horrible day in prayer and religious rapture specially ordained by the Bishop of the threatened city. This archbishop's proclamation urged all to pray for the providential miracle.

General Vivian took a look through his glasses at the threatened town, and saw much of this remaining file in and out of churches for special prayers. No doubt a thousand candles burned in offering to Our Lord and protecting Saints in scores of churches, while in the Cathedral, or outside of it was exhibited a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, a sacred article which could often be effective in days of national calamity the people believe.

Hundreds of people knelt down in adoration before the picture. There was also a long procession of little children outside the town for the same intention.

So for the efforts of the fire fighters, war progressive, they had started the formation of a long clearing beyond the Bend and fighting small fires that started among the brush. The heat from this distant fire was awful, the wind was growing stronger and the flames was coming closer to the danger point every minute.

General Vivian marveled at the faith and conduct of the people whose town was threatened and he himself fell on his knees and prayed to God that he would sustain the fire and prevent it by His Divine Power from crossing the Bend. His officers followed suit.

Thousands of others from near by towns were mingled with the crowd of fire fighters, doing all they can to give the fire no chance to leap the gap. Isolated houses in the path of the fire hurricane seemed to be awaiting certain destiny and offering themselves as a useless holocaust. And it soon was

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believable that this big fire has been raging on since June or July 1912.

Mortal enemies with the greatest engines of destruction could not have acted with more ferocity, or caused more damage than this forest fire. Yet it is strangely and unusually methodical. While the tentacles of flanking movements are thrown out, the center moves high in heaven reaching flames and spreads forward at terrifying speed. Form of fire sea form and reform, according to conformation of forests encountered by the conflagration.

Through heat and dust and smoke the Mayor of the town as general Vivian could see moved back and forth among the refugees, sad eyed and weeping.

More refugees were seen coming seemingly from nowhere. From this high point of observation, general Vivian also noticed the curious aspect of Round Junction, near Sand Bend. It was apparently on a high spot protruding like a large fashion town not yet reached by the flames, like looking like an island in the sea of fire.

In fact from this disaster became hourly more and more palpably terrible because the flames are undiminished and progress is unimpeded.

Without moving the population of these two towns are waiting before taking entirely to flight hoping for an act of providence.

General Vivian constantly prayed for the unfortunate people, as he saw the archbishop counselor in his ministerial touring the front and blessing the fugitives, embracing the small children who fear the awful spectacle not ignorant of the overwhelming catastrophe of the young as they be.

One of general Vivian's staff officers who had seen numerous forest fires in his day said to him, hyperbolically:

"This big forest fire come within our view, without warning. I'll last for months yet unless rain comes. It will

burn half of the forests of this state. And if it crosses the river at this spot the big and massive bar and turpentine forests will be caught. Then there will be some forest fire.

Idi guess seemed good as another.

On the opposite side of the river the wall of fire had already reached down to the water edge and the river was roofed in stretching tongue of flames. A terrific hurricane of hot wind blew raising huge waves on the river, increasing the river of burning embers, and a flying deluge of blazing limbs and leaves.

In the city where many people still remained hoping the fire would not cross the wind blew open the doors of houses, stores and restaurants, carrying inmates and customers suddenly off their feet, while tables were swept clear of dishes.

Windows were broken and thousands of signs were blown down. In the court house, and hotels doors were suddenly burst open or blown off their hinges, and the wind lifted the huge carpets from the floor, overturned tables and chairs spilled coffee tea and wine on the dunes and ruined the food and clothing of the guests.

Windows of many houses were smashed in hotels, page boys were hurled down the corridors, and ornaments were swept across the rooms, and parlors sent careering along the passages.

The roof of a big building was lifted clean off. Chimney stacks crashed through roofs. In confusion everyone fled to the streets buffeted by the roaring hot gale. The heat was almost unbearable, and flaming brands fell into the streets as everyone began to flee for safety. One man on a motorcycle was lifted bodily and set down 1000 yards away. Blowing blongers that the fugitives carried were blown from their hands and sent flying down the

glass stream streets. The fugitives as they raced down the streets were pelted by flying branches, impeded by falling wires, and huddled long glass.

The critical moment a tense anxious moment for General Vinian had arrived. Will the fire leap Sound Bend. He surveyed the immense forest before and behind him. He turned to an officer.

"Test the sap of that tree" he indicated.

The officer did as directed.

He came back in a few minutes, holding some of the fluid which was somewhat liquid in a little piece of hollow wood. The general smelled it, and said the single word "Turpentine".

Now General Vinian did look worried. He glanced about the forest. He sized up the trees carefully, their distance apart, the cloud thickness of their leaves and the nature of their bark. Then he looked over the ground. In the forest streamers and vines and dry moss hung from the tree limbs, and the floor of the forest was impenetrable with thickly leaved dry weed, fern and brush. For all this army to make a sufficient fire break on time was impossible.

The trees were so close together that it would be dark even when the sun is shining over head.

He knew positively that if the fire crosses at the bend and reaches the turpentine forest, the fire will be intensified to a terrible degree and run wild. Nothing will stand before it, and his own army will have to make a race for life.

He then watched proceedings at the bend. Still it had not crossed. His slackening of the danger however was due to the spreading out of the fire wall along the shore of the stream as it reached the water front. The volume of fire burning elsewhere was coming forth as profusely as ever.

Yet General Vinian could see that the

slackening of the danger brought a specious false interlude to the distressed refugees who were now lulled by the hope that their prayers were being answered.

Torrid loads of smoke hung over the whole district now and such was the smoke obscurity that for the first time the fires in the valleys and on the mountains became invisible for a very short period. So sudden was this increase of the smoke that at first one could have thought that torrential rains began to fall on the fire.

But all this smoke was caused by deep masses of forest debris smouldering in the rear of the main fires and in front.

Though apparently checked after all was Sound Bend, the conflagration seemed to be spreading along the opposite shore at break neck speed, leaping across a portion of the river at another section.

Trees blazing like millions of torches fell like straws some into the river with big splashes and by the action of the fire General Vinian could give himself no assurance that the fire won't cross at Sound Bend.

Every minute he watched the work of the main conflagration. The main hope that he held against coming destruction in his district is that the fire will continue spreading along the bank instead of reaching across the Bend as at the point indicated.

In some other town a group of people who stayed when others left were miraculously saved. During the night one of them awoke suddenly and saw a stretch of flames higher than the trees rushing toward the village. He alarmed the others and they escaped in the nick of time.

The whole conflagration was an infernal sight. The dense smoke hung in rolling wreaths in the valley below obscuring all but the mighty fires which painted orange and pink shadows over the clouds.

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Sensible to the tragedy, the people of other nearby towns who had opened their houses to refugees, giving whole hearted hospitality to women, children and the babes and the aged, fearing the near approach of the fire were preparing to flee.

Much dismay is also expressed in the country in general where it is feared the war disaster will ruin the foreign tourist season. Three towns have been ruined in general Vietnam right, two railroads, are destroyed and all traffic suspended.

Apparently baffled by the fierceness of the Bend and the breach made on the opposite side of it the forest fire seemed defeated in its efforts to cross from its infernal source.

Yet the fiery attack continued relentlessly all along the line, it sweeping over the river at another section.

Here it was spreading with terrifying fury between the towns of Frontenoy and Drosabella, from which a large hordes of women and children were fleeing, while the men strove to hold it in check.

It swept with the roar of artillery over the roadway between these two towns over which the fugitives were being transported by wagon, auto.

Most of general Vietnam's opinion declared that the fire was checked at the Bend.

This was implicated, by it being stationary at the opposite side.

The people of Sound Bend and Sound Junction were breathing easier now. But General Vietnam was not too sure. The fire which had crossed the river elsewhere could flank the towns.

The view of the forest fire crossing the town was superb.

While more than ever the enormous cloudb welled up, the sea of flame flooded the long stretches of forests below marked only by colored smoke

rose from other sections of the conflagration. General Vietnam and his officers still watched the tremendous spectacle. He had again resumed his climb up the mountain side for four hours. He wanted to give some precision to the exact nature of the forest fire and the topography of the fire wall along the river shore.

Leaving his first point of observation he set off for the upper part two thousand feet high so he could view the center of the big fire.

A rocky road of boulders over which no horse could not walked, lay over the rocks and covered with disintegrated rock in which short bushes and shrubs grow.

Bushing through stone terraced vineyards and dense forests of pine trees, they halted for a moment and took a look at the fire again. It was growing.

Plunging upward in another half hour they stopped again and observed where a stretch of fire, like liquid molten and red in the local daylight, bouldered, as most people imagine a molten planet would appear. The stretch of fire, here, six hundred (miles from) yards from Drosabella contrasted with the different colored smoke. The flamer even from that distance made a crackling sizzling noise like a million coals frying bacon and potatoes in a cauldron of liquid grease.

The main sea of flamer was visible and it made a weird unearthly light. The whole surrounding was like the setting of a bad dream. Two new forested hills were vomiting flame. In the middle of the eerie smoky scene the thrill was intense, as they observed the monster was which was causing all the destruction below.

And so far below through the flames they could see indistinctly two other towns in the larger area. The general

general sat down on a fallen tree to write out notes of the progressive movements of the fire.

One of the officers came up and told the general they'd all better hurry away fearing another fire might burst out beneath the alders. While descending he noticed that lots of smoke was issuing from the town of Sound Bend.

One finger of the conflagration forked to the left and another and larger to the right.

It was rushing on above an undestroyed section of the woods, where it broke apart then began to flank Sound Bend, while it spread up the river which course it followed toward Sound Bend, taking a sharp turn to the right, making a new smoking flaming winter path of destruction.

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The fire crosses the Sound Bend - the end.

As the general reached the former observation post he glanced again toward Sound Bend. He received a shock. He felt as if someone had struck him on the face with a stick. The whole town was ablaze and the forest on that side was rapidly catching fire.

The conflagration aided by the gale had leaped the stream. The open clearing made by the fire fighters was no hindrance. The fierce heat had made everything else smoke and flare into flame half a mile away.

The conflagration on the new side was racing wind wildly, spreading with a speed most unexpected and made a terrible hissing noise heard at that distance.

Sound Junction was also consumed the houses catching like straw bonny boxes. There was the sound of grinding, then terrific explosions shook the air. General Verran watched the drama for two minutes.

Then turning to his orderly he bellowed:

"Quick Colol. Colonel. Race to the Chautau camp, warn general Idanson first, as he is nearest. General Memo, You go prepare your best munition men, and others to cover my retreat. I'll go, assemble a quarter of my army and all my engineers to try and head off the fire hurricane. Hurry at top speed. The red plague is coming and spreading like crazy. We have no time to lose. Go and God bless you."

As the orderly obeyed, the general and the others raced off for their destination. One officer raced off in another direction. Two lieutenants remained to watch the conflagration in its dire progress.

The soldiers were terrified at what they observed. The fierce conflagration moved so fast it had evidently enveloped the refugees until shrieking and yelling they disappeared in the fire and smoke. A horrible tragedy was being enacted.

The fire fighters were fleeing like mad as they too would be overtaken by the fire storm and be added to the terrible loss of life.

The fire was now racing madly along the river front, while the left wing of it was racing toward General Viriam's former observation point, catching trees as it seemed by half an acre per second.

The wall of fire was advancing like a troop of soldiers on a head long charge. Stunned by the scene of tragedy just witnessed, fearing sure thousands of women and children had perished the soldiers hastily left the spot.

As they reached the lower level they could hear the hissing roar of the coming fire horn.

General Viriam before he was out of sight of the conflagration had also been a witness of the awful tragedy. He saw large swarms of people while in flight overtaken and overwhelmed by the fire wagons autos and all it was coming so fast. How many or whether all perished, he knew not.

It made him have an awful feeling however. He reached his lines in a short time and summoned his chief army engineer. "Out with your whole force to make a breach as quick as possible he ordered. I'll send a force of men. We must head the fire off from the Turpentine forest if possible."

They obeyed his command with haste and coolness as if nothing unusual had happened. In less time than it takes time to write it thousands of men were already at work at the spot assigned for them. Many of the soldiers also were called out and they joined in the work. The officers had hopes that the fire was far enough to enable the men to make in time an extensive and wide clearing. Yet so forboding was the appearance of the forest fire that guards were placed on signal stations to flag to the workers if the fire was coming too fast to give them time to accomplish their task.

They were also to signal what its final course would be later on.

All the time Violet and her sisters had watched the progress of the dreadful forest fire.

"Why it's crossing the Bend over there" cried Joanie. "General Viriam's army is in for it sure. Even the town of Sound Junction is burning. Each sister, see the fire is - What th -"

Her voice was drowned in a fearful uproar that immediately ensued. Something from an unknown recess of the forest near the town was hurled in one terrific blast into the air far above their heads a monstrous eruption of black and white cloud, earth fragments of trees, mud, black water, rocks of all kinds accompanied by a tremendous flash simultaneously with the hissing of a million shrapnel and the thundering roar as of a world of cannon firing like one shot, a burst of white cloud quickly outstripped and enveloped the uprushing men.

The sudden explosion was awe inspiring terrible grand beyond all comparison to Violet and her sisters who were thrown off their feet by the concussion. Indeed no more appalling yet fascinating fascinating spectacle could have so suddenly appeared before their view.

March 6th 1929

They had never expected to witness such a great phenomenon in all their lives and at such close range. The outbreak whatever it was had taken place, in the fraction of a second. Almost immediately they were pelted with sand broken fragments of trees and small stones which exploded as the exploded mass shot down all over the territory causing Violet and her sisters to take shelter in the bigger woods nearby.

This astonished the Virian Gurb. Since the news of so many big explosion horrors and the appalling disaster of or at Albham altered the face of the whole country bearing in the disaster region widespread loss of human life, destruction of villages and scores of cities and hundreds of millions of acres of cultivated fields. Violet and her sisters did not expect any more explosions. For a moment it seemed to Violet and her sisters as if without warning the very bowels of the earth were hurled into the air by this one tremendous explosion.

For several minutes Violet and her sisters were too awestricken to move. It seemed also as if a good part of the town was hurled bodily into the air with enormous quantities of flaming debris huge rocks and clouds and there was not the slightest doubt that many unfortunate refugees not overtake in flight by the conflagration were caught by the sudden flow off the river over the land caused by the concussion and swept down to be drowned in the river from which their bodies were later recovered, terribly scalded and much mutilated.

During all the while they had been in the Glandelinian camp, it had taken the opposing armies some time to realize that from the erratic and wholly ungovernable character of the forest fire armies camping near the burning region must at all times be

March 7 1929

ready for although the mysterious explosions were soon found to come at average periods of six hours irregular explosions were of frequent occurrence and took place without warning when least expected. All questions as to the magnitude of the risk and advisability of the danger of the fire ruining the forests to a total. What could be more disastrous than this forest fire. What more unlikely than a forest fire should cause mysterious explosions right close to a town when the population were barely making their escape.

So the Glandelinians argued, and so towns argued like others continued to approach as near as possible little knowing that within a few short months these fires like a clanging hell would without warning levy a great toll of human lives.

If Violet and her sisters had fully realized at the time the greatness of the danger, I myself doubt if they would have allowed General Virian to place his armies in the burning territory.

As the fire was approaching closer and closer a strange unearthly smell filled the air, white clouds of smoke rose for no visible reason, from other green hills and valley and they seemed heat to a greater degree.

Unknown to Violet and her sisters the terrific heat of the conflagration created unusual occurrences. The fire was by this time sweeping parts where there were immense mud holes or logs, which from the results of the great heat of the fire for days after its passage continued to seethe and boil and bubble like porridge in a caldron, forming elsewhere hot lakes of water, scorch which would make an observer stare and rub his eyes to be sure that such apparent unrealities exist.

Un The readers conception of a scorching hell could be truly realized when he contemplated these scenes. Even where Violet

and her sisters stood the ground was becoming hot under their feet, near by the country gaped with smoking fissures, and the heat was as if the very bowels of the earth were seething toward the surface. The burning forest was intermixed by an inferno of boiling molten bubbling lakes of molten colors and huge blasts of flame issuing from the hillside.

Violet and her sisters could not understand the cause of the explosion, neither did they care to investigate, or enquire in the region of heat to discover the results. Seeing that the fire had spread with racing speed since crossing Sound Bend and was going to give general Virvian's army a taste of hell, they remounted their now impatient horses and dashed away toward camp.

They were not quite sure whether the fire would miss the Glendale camp or not but nevertheless they were not going to take any chances. They intended to warn their followers, so they could be ready to depart from the camp at a moment's notice.

It took them a half hour to get back to the camp. The first they came upon was Jennie Turner. As they halted Violet and her sisters told her what they had seen, and then gave her instructions. A few minutes later Gertrude Angeline appeared racing down the company street, with Angeline Richer and Jennings besides her.

They told Violet and her sisters of the result of their own observations.

"The whole Imperial valley is becoming a literal infernal region," said Gertrude excitedly. "Oh such a fire I haven't seen any like it before. I'm afraid it'll hit Mumley's camp to night. Both he and general Virvian will have to retreat. Their whole armies cannot stop it. As for the third of general Virvian's army is at work, but they cannot stop it. I have not been time to make

a breach big enough. Only a good long heavy down-pour of rain can put that fire out."

"It's awful," said Joe. "Fearing the worst we must all be ready. None of us must go to sleep to night. We must all be on our guard. I have given directions to Mrs. Turner. If the fire comes we'll have to clear out. While observing it I and my sisters saw an awful explosion undermine the town."

"So did we," said Gertrude. "But we don't know what blew up. But I'm sure the fire struck some kind of explosives. At first we thought it was eruption. It looked and sounded like one."

"How far away is the Sound Bend from the Glendale camp?" asked Jennie Turner.

"About fifty miles or less," declared Violet. "Why the fire might get here in an hour," said Gertrude.

"I don't think so, not the way it's moving," said Catherine. "It'll hit the Christian camp first if at all."

"If it does we'll lose our connections with the army," said Violet. "I'll send a number of my scouts to watch the fire and warn us if general Virvian's army is hit first."

She did, dispatching them in a hurry-scurry. They were told to all come back with the report and not to come back without proper facts, for Violet and her sisters must know. The situation was becoming very serious, and they were truly frightened.

They were relieved that now for certain their efforts to learn of who was responsible for the flood was absolutely frustrated. Oh how they hoped Walter Starring would succeed where they did not.

March 9 1929.

The fire forces general Vivian to retreat.

The guards left by general Vivian watched the approach of the Red Plague in excitement. The blaze sweeping across Sound Bend had struck the city of Sound Junction setting its houses ablaze.

The conflagration grew exceedingly more as it hit the thick Turpentine forest and the "sky" reaching flames raced madly on and sending an uncommon sea of rolling black smoke, in volcanic bulges high up to the very clouds and far beyond.

Suddenly near Sound Junction there was a flash, a terrific eruption of explosions and the eastern half of the town flew into the sky. The guards were astounded but they had no time to wonder at it as the fire was spreading with terrific fury like the advance of a sea flood over land during a hurricane and the guards raced away to warn general Vivian.

They mounted their swift horses and rode off like the wind with the noise of the advancing conflagration behind them.

It was evident from the report of these guards that for the army to stand and fight this nature of the fire meant sure destruction for the whole of it. The warriors making the breach were sure strong in numbers, but would not be able to make it complete before the fire came up.

To make it worse general Vivian's whole army would have to retreat for it would throw it too much out of formation to deploy all of it in the battle against the Red Demon.

Orders were sent ahead for the retreat to begin while more soldiers were sent to help in the making of the breach so that it would be as quick as possible.

to check the flames long enough to allow the army to make good the retreat. The army started moving, while artillery men, planted a long line of mines in the ground which on being exploded formed a long wall of earth.

All officers and generals went on duty wagon trains this time going on ahead. The refugees sheltered by the army then the artillery and munition wagons. Then the soldiers themselves. A section of the cavalry led the wagon train and guarded the refugees, and others covered the rear.

The retreat was being made in all haste so as to save all their property if they could. Several of the Geminis were sent toward Nanley's camp to find and warn Violet and her sisters of the retreat of the Christian army and of the advance of the Red Peril.

General Vivian was terribly worried for his army was cut off from Hanson and he did not know how the latter fared. Never in his life did he ever pray for ruin as he did now. He sent a soldier in a motorcycle to watch if the fire crossed the breach. If it did, to come back with details at once.

So if it threatened to overtake the army, his whole command would have to fight their way through it.

They could hear the far distant fusillade of explosions from the burning Turpentine trees, it was getting very warm and very dark, and a high hot wind was blowing from the direction of the fire.

The army was moving as fast as possible. The excited generals shouted commands and prayed. Every thing was chaos, confusion and confusion.

March 10 1929

Darkness was coming on like midnight, and the very heavens in the direction of the conflagration was all aglare. General Virian could not make it out how a forest fire could gain such an awful magnitude. Never such a thing happened before. Indeed he felt better and angrier than ever at the Glendestians for they had caused Calvernia to be burned in the valley of the shadow of death. Calvernia was also a flood of tears, a hall of suffering, plague, and a place of unspeakable horrors beyond comprehension.

He had seen more of it than he cared to say, and his heart was weary. He had fought through portions of this forest fire many times, but it was not so bad then as it is now.

Three quarters of Calvernia had been swept by a series of the most stupendous disasters on record. And these disasters had plunged her and her sister states into a seething hell of suffering, privation, sorrow, and disease. And he and his army was free fleeing from the fire of these unpareable disasters.

How was general Hanson's army faring? Was it also on the path of the fire? That was hard telling, as they were cut off from each other.

By this time a good part of the army was on the retreat. The general was hoping impatiently for the return of those sent to watch the result at the breach. Would the gangs of workers make the breach long enough and wide enough to check the advance of the fire in that direction.

Oh how he prayed the watchers would return with good news. But they were not coming yet, and there was no sign of the workers coming in retreat either.

March 11 1929.

While his army was on the retreat, but in orderly ranks, general Virian decided to scout again. He must be sure, as the safety of his army depended it. He ascended a high tree and getting a clear view looked carefully. He saw a squad of horsemen racing on retreat, but there was no sign of the fighters. He felt a sudden sinking of the heart. "Where were the rest? Were they overwhelmed?" He also observed that no obstacle could be presented to the fire. Even the breach it had respected and was coming on faster than ever.

General Virian was tempted to train all his artillery on the trees ahead of him, and to do a lot of heavy mining, but then he realized it would not do any good. Rangers all over were mining the (path) in the forest at every spot in the path of the flames in an effort to make breaches big enough to keep back the fire, but to no avail.

General Virian climbed down. He issued secondary orders to his officers and rode off.

His officers knew something mysterious was on his mind. They urged on their columns at a faster speed. The sky was growing red and white hot iron in a vast and now the distant roar of the flames could be easily heard. Elsewhere the sky was turning as black as night, and rolling smoke shot overhead. A terrific heat pervaded the atmosphere and all the officers feared now that the fire was going to overtake the army.

Orders were issued to every command to hasten while others scouted ahead to see if there were deep swamps, a large clearing or a lake, which in either case were the only refuge. The situation was for the army was growing acute. The fire was catching up with the army with high speed. A great wind blew

March 12. 1929

General (Mo) Vinian grew desperate. If the fire won the race and caught up with his army, there was probability of an immeasurable disaster. If his army could not win the race with the Red Plague, then it was necessary necessary for as much of the army as could be used, to combat the progress of the fire in every way possible. He quickly decided upon desperate plans. The plans were as follows.

- 1 To mine a big breach in the forest.
- 2 To throw every available man into the work of fighting back the fire from the mine made clearing.
- 3 If necessary to trench against the fire.

He immediately called his nearest officers. He told them his plans and it was followed. A real battle was fought.

On a long front mining was accomplished and with the aid of divisions of men working with all their energy the clearing was accomplished just as the fire came up.

The fire at this point thank heaven was checked. It spread around the other sections but went far beyond the Christian army.

General Vinian breathed easier. His army was saved.

March 13 1929.

The fire catches Manley's army unprepared for its approach. A terrific calamity ensues. Violet and her sisters escaped.

It seemed impossible that general Manley's vast army could have been taken unaware by the conflagration, with so many guards posted outside the camp at the every spot, but when the Glendelinsian generals saw the fire cross Sound Bend, in a wild ocean of flames, and force general Vinian's army on a retreat that gave them the overconfidence in believing that the move of the fire would save the camp. They forgot about the fiercer conflagration in the Imperial Valley.

Of course the fire that crossed the Imperial valley was immeasurable in size but the conflagration in there was the head of the main forest fire even though immeasurable as the fire crossing the Sound Bend also was.

Violet and her sisters had made up their minds not to sleep that night. They felt different than the Glendelinsians. They did not forget the Imperial Valley and its terrific inferno. They were excited, too, excited to sleep.

The very stillness in the air was a warning and the sky was lurid with the glow of distant fires. They lay down on their coats but it was so warm they could not sleep if they wanted to. And also there was strange hissing and crackling noises in the distance and the atmosphere was smoke laden, and strong in its fumes.

Violet and her sisters knowing no one would be around said the Rosary and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin twice to ease up their nerves and quiet their hearts.

March 14 1929.

It must be said as the readers may well know, that since they began their adventures, Violet and her sisters had seen and fled before many big forest fires but had never seen fires of this awful magnitude. And knowing how they were spreading, they had a good reason to be apprehensive.

Later at night when the quietness was unusually oppressive, Gertrude Angelino, Jennie Turner, and the others, came to Violet's tent. All the girls were nervous and restless and for fear of dangers had assembled their boy scouts and girl scouts to secretly, to be assembled for any emergency. Gertrude after entering, said: "We are all restless. We couldn't be half come here. I'm afraid the fire is coming here. It is all over and beyond the Imperial valley all the forests beyond Sound Brand are rumbling, roar of debris and every thing looks like the 'General Judgement of the Last Day'."

"We all fear the same," said Violet. "We observed the fire during the afternoon and saw the course it is taking. Though none of the Glandelinians know it I fear it'll strike the camp. Our efforts to gain information is frustrated. I've been thinking of abandoning it and leave the camp on the confusion ensuing when the fire strikes."

"But will we have time?" asked Gertrude. "You know a forest fire like this travels with terrible speed."

"Yes" said Violet. "We know where to go. But we don't like to leave out in our work after being here so long. It'll be the worst blow we were ever struck. I wish it would rain and pour rain."

"I've been the driest year we ever saw" said Glandelinian. "The whole summer has been without rain. You know it rained so much last winter. My but its warm. I'm sweating like a Turkish bath."

"It's the forest fire that makes it so hot," said Jennie Verran. "It's strange how far the fire is and yet it throws a radiance of heat way over to here. It must be such a blaze that it is enough to cause the very government worry."

For a long while the girls remained silent keeping the interior of the tent in darkness. It was as quiet as a grave yard outside, but a ruddy glow could be observed outside. It was very hot outside, almost like an oven, the air laden with smoke, and the sky overhead was black as ink.

Gertrude laid down and tried to get some sleep. No one could sleep because of heat and excitement. And it was growing warmer, and warmer, and smothering.

The suspense was awful. Three times Jennie Turner scouted outside to see how near the fire was coming. But evidence of the fire coming was apparently a false alarm. The real proof would be of the wind. If wind comes the fire strikes! No wind, the fire is moving off.

It was now eight o'clock but it was still calm. Finally Gertrude said:

"I firmly believe the fire will miss the camp. It's long past due and it hasn't hit us."

"Yes, but a fire is treacherous," said Jace. "When you least expect it, it strikes. A calm precedes a forest fire."

Jennie Verran decided to go a long way off to scout, but her sisters opposed the idea. They dreaded the consequence if she went out too far if the fire would come unexpectedly.

"But then we might also be caught unaware," said Jennie. "Then our escape would be cut off. This suspense is awful."

"But something will happen to you," said Violet. "And Glandelinian sentries"

will place you under arrest. We are all supposed to be asleep, instead of out in the Company - Street. It is strictly against the law.

After a time they all laid down, and tried their hardest to sleep, and saying the Rosary again in order to induce sleep. Whether finally they had become semi-conscious, despite the warmth, they were suddenly aroused to their senses by a terrific howling roar among the forest outskirts, as if a storm had risen.

Violet, hoping it was the squall of a good and welcomed thunderstorm stepped outside.

A terrific hot windstorm was raging outside, and raging crazily on toward the camp came the conflagration.

"Heaven help us," its the fire hurricane almost shrieked Violet. "My God, have mercy on us. The fire is coming like a racing sea wave."

Just as she spoke the camp was lighted up with a red glare and suddenly within easy sight an extensive wall of trees, dark as ink before suddenly burst into flames with a hissing roar. It was only a few minutes and the whole command or camp of war was in uproar and confusion.

At once all the tents nearest the suddenly flaming forests burst into flames. The conflagration struck the army munition "cand." and the explosion was like a volcanic blast, and the shock immeasurable.

Everywhere else soldiers started frantically to pull down tents while the whole region was becoming an inferno.

Officers shouted commands, immense crowds of soldiers seizing tools of every description strove desperately like mad men to stop the "Red Plague" but they might

as well have tried to stop the fury of hell. Every portion of the forest dark before, burst into mountains of fire one section after another, whole districts of tents caught fire, hundreds of explosions occurred the sky was afire, and in the wildest confusion the Glandelinians began to retreat.

The generals mustered large portions that saved many of the tents but the rest were going and the main army in scattered divisions either strove to check the conflagration or retreated. The army was so large and the camps covered such enormous space that many sections could not retreat as soon as they wished and the wildest confusion prevailed as they spread out in battle line and fought the forest fire with all their strength and energy to save their lives.

An enormous army was arrayed against the forest fire mainly fighting for safety using every possible means and every available tool to combat it. The conflagration raged fiercely all along the line forcing them all to retreat.

By two o'clock most of the army was on the retreat, being forced in their haste to abandon many pieces of heavy artillery, munitions, and gun caissons and shells behind and the scene became like the explosions of huge arsenals.

Many were killed or hurt. General Manley and his staff had a narrow escape with their lives as their head quarters tent caught fire while they slept, and they had an exciting time getting out.

Violet and her sisters and all the other girls witnessed the whole scene, the terrific explosion, and the conflagration with progress.

March (Feb.) 16 1929.

They did not follow the retreating soldiers during the wild confusion that was ensuing, but remained partly inside their tent which was some great distance from the awful fire.

Many of the soldiers in the face of deadly peril were working like beavers pulling down tents while horses pulling ammunition wagons were galloping past at full speed, urged on by their drivers. Violet and her sisters jumped at the sound of the great explosion, and felt the ground shake under their feet.

The sound outside and the exciting scenes was more thrilling than a retreat drama, after a disastrous battle. Violet and her sisters heard great outcries from many, now distant, now near, the rattling roar of explosion, and a tumult of other sounds.

Nearst to the conflagration the tail-raters they saw or rather observed the destruction of all the tents within view, and swarms of soldiers attempting to save others in vain. The blaze was spreading with the rush of an approaching thunderstorm, and the fire wind was blowing a roaring thundering howling hurricane, strewing a blizzard of sparks over good portions of the doomed camp.

Whole rows of tents at once would literally burn down, or would be torn away by the force of the shrieking gale, the Glendelmar soldiers while at work saving their property were literally pelted by blazing embers, and big branches wrenched from the trees, and the confusion was beyond words. A number of officers dashed up, on horse back, and halted near their tent.

"The fire is coming fast," said one of them. "We want to be able to save much of the camp. Get a large number of men and have them try to head the fire off while the army retreats."

The one spoken to dashed off to

March 1929

As he rode off, a number of other officers came dashing up, excitedly. Two of them rode on, the other halted and said:

"The fire is burning all before it now. We have tons of thousands fighting madly to stop it at the southwest of the camp, but they cannot face the heat a mile from it. A quarter of the army is retreating in panic."

"Some sentries they were allowing the camp to be surprised," said the one who came first. "But toward where is the fire spreading?"

"To the left sir. It'll flank us soon. All the words are ablaze."

"Well, get your commands going quick," and with the order he saluted and dashed off. All the while exciting commands could be heard shouted, and thundered everywhere amid confusion of sounds, while flames welled up from the forest spreading like two wings on each side of the camp. To make a bluff at it, it had only taken two seconds for Violet and her sisters with the help of the other girl scouts to take down their tent while fifty, blazed up only a few paces from theirs.

As the heat grew more intense, and the flames began to reach clear across the sky, and the camp became clouded by wind driven smoke Violet backed by her sisters, turned to Pennod and Angelina Riches and said:

"It's time for us to vacate before all escape by the fire is cut off. So we're going. But we want you two to go first and turn the country north of Sound Bend. Locate Walter Starving. As you know the country better than he does, we are sure you two can locate him. But avoid the 'Valley of Death'. The fire is sweeping through there."

March 18 1929.

"Do you want us to have him come back?"

"No. To be his guides."

All night we will; and with their words of "God bless your efforts" from the Virgin Girls still ringing in their ears, they were off on swift horses taking a road which they knew would lead them out of the path of the conflagration.

Then Violet and her sisters prepared for flight and in a few minutes they and all their followers were racing down the same road, unheeded by the excited Glandelinians. They knew which way General Virian's army was moving and they decided to head for that direction.

They had failed on account of the fire in their mission, and it was up to Starring to see success in his own efforts, or nothing could be done to reach redress for the disasters still raging as well as those which had occurred in the past.

They felt better about it, but they bore their disappointment bravely. The course they took led them gradually out of the path of the most dangerous part of the forest fire and after travelling a whole night and day with little resting between, they came in sight of General Virian's still moving army and were received most joyfully.

General Virian was glad to see them and welcomed them as if they had been his own lost daughters. They told him and all his generals of their efforts in the foe camp, and how the fire came up and spoiled everything for them. Then they told of sending Starring to try the same thing and learning that he had unconsciously got into the territory of the "hot red" plagues and sent Radcliff and Ursuline

Riches who knew the country more than he did, to locate him, and if possible to guide him out of the fire zone. As he told them, his army had since they started the day before, been ever on retreat, some parts occasionally standing at bay to fight the fire.

General Virian said:

"I, great a general as I make myself to be, absolutely do not know how to draw my armies out of the fire zone. I cannot rest my army a minute. We have been traveling without a single halt all night and the advancing fire keeps pressing us on. I don't understand how you ever found us. If I dare stop the army a moment, the fire will catch up. But I'm heartily happy that you and your companions have returned without the loss of a single one of them. It is too bad the fire had to hit General Manley's lines, and spoil your plan, for it is a hard blow to us all. It might be a success, for Starring, and we'll all pray for his success. There is nothing like the power of prayer, if it's a worthy reason. I know you strongly desire his success, where you failed. But what we should all worry about just now is how to get our armies out of the path of the fire. If the wind would change direction, it would be a great help but it doesn't."

"There's one way, the way we came but we'd crash into Manley's retreating army. His army was in a terrible flight when we left. That's why we escaped so easily," said Violet.

"It would mean disaster to us both, if we'd both meet in this 'Valley of death,'" said General Virian. "If we collected something would happen that would enable the fire to overwhelm us both with frightful loss of life."

March 19 1929.

After this conversation Violet and her sisters went to their own respective part of the camp. As they were busy getting their boy and girl scouts to safe spots of the army, a foreigner soldier, English by nationality, and not knowing their identity, spoke to one of them in English:

"Little girl scout, this is a terrible fire. When I was in the Western part of the United States in 1911, and you ought to have seen the big forest fires there burning for weeks. They were enormous. Great numbers of fires in Canada. Canada too. I've seen disastrous floods, caused by rivers. I've seen awful storms and the havoc they did. Do you think there were worse than these here?"

"I do not know" said Violet answering in good average English. "Our fires are big too. And floods too."

"Well" said the Englishman "our fires were not caused by the war-fire bugs. Yours are. No disaster beats these going on here. It is enormous. For such a good country I don't see how it can last so long and nothing be done. If it happens again things will all go to the dogs."

Violet and her sisters believed it was true. And they felt these things were going too far. And they decided to plan something for the future. They were going to have the whole matter brought before their father the Emperor of Abhennia. Surely he could do something. But first they must wait better developments. They must find out too whether Stanning would be successful in his own part of the mission. They then can do something if they have the direct clues and information concerning the makers of the awful disasters that have occurred. It was not long after they had reached the Christ-line. Violet and her sisters had sent out scouts in various directions to keep a watch on the

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movements of the forest fire, as they did not like the way the armies had to continually retreat before it. As for Manley's armies they had forgotten all about them, or at least where they were retreating. At least if they hadn't forgotten, they did not seem to worry to any great extent.

Of course all these disasters that had occurred terrible in their effects and great losses they were wonderful nevertheless, something of magnitude and grandeur, calamities if really occurring would be a great make up for history and geographical Socie Society. and other organizations.

The explosions were the biggest freaks of all. There was more done by the explosions, in force and far reaching effects, in shaking far distant cities and towns like like a real earthquake.

Violet and her sisters knew this. They had studied in school all makes of history and never read of disasters like these. As wonderful as they were, the effects of the disasters made them very nervous.

They were scared. They felt almost responsible, though they knew not why. They felt sure the whole Government was responsible, by carelessness, and over confidence. Over confidence was the cause of the capture of Visian Wickay by the enemy. Something must be done to find out, whether both Glandelinis, and Abhennia the latter through carelessness were responsible.

Of course no one knew that Glandelinis could secure the explosive materials to make the disasters. The powerful kinds of explosives were mysterious. Where the Glandelinians secured the explosives must be known for it is sure a fact that they did not manufacture them.

The frightful spread of the forest fires was alarming to them. One third of the immense forested regions of Calhennia had been wiped out, and the fire was raging mad furiously. Towns struck by floods were the only ones untouched by

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the fire. Their own home town, Macuscan, had been wiped out by the conflagration. And even Angelina was partly destroyed, Angelina Agalua I mean, by flood and fire, and their own good father, the great Albreannian Emperor, forced to join the broad line. Of course, with that city cut off from all communications, they did not know that. It was best they didn't. They must never know. They must never know or maybe they couldn't stand it. It was enough to make them go crazy. And if they did hear the news maybe they would.

The greatest disaster ever known to their knowledge was that that occurred that obliterated Albreann from the map of Calvernia and demolished the cities and towns of one quarter of the country. This they had coaxed their father to have investigated, but the fury of the disaster had erased all clues and the investigations proved of no avail.

This made Violet and her sisters discouraged. Sometimes they were tempted to give up the whole undertaking and go home. For sometimes they felt it was of no use. They felt more discouraged, because they had failed in finding out who were responsible among the Glandelinians for the calamities. There had just been a hope of success, as the opportunity had just been within their grasp when the blaze suddenly struck the Glandelinian hot camps and snatched success from them. This was the first time that they had ever met failure. They wondered why. Had they been too slow? Or were the Glandelinian officers too wise. Or did they suspect that the Christian general would send spies within their camps to find out who ordered the disasters to be made? Were all the Glandelinians on their guard, and therefore not speaking about the disasters, even by way the fire frustrated their plans to find out.

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Since they didn't succeed, they greatly feared, that Walter Stanning would also fail. They dreaded that he would go into more danger than was good for his health, and the route he was taking was in the path of the forest fires. And many other dangers too. Once or twice they had been tempted to recall those who went with him, with the order to bring him back with them, before any thing happened. But then suppose they did. Probably they would be sorry afterwards. He might succeed. And they had sent Radcliff, Angelina Riches, and Jennie Turma to guide him through the "Red P. Pogue" country. The fire is more dangerous than the enemy at all times.

Violet and her sisters were greatly worried indeed.

And so off they went to sleep.

"I wonder" said Aline Black as she took her coat from its peg "who will get the bull prize on Monday, a week from to day? Its going to be a grand affair"

"By all accounts" rejoined Bella Murray "Angelina Vivian daffodils have a jolly good chance, for they look most lovely"

How do you know?" asked Mabel Normandy.

"Jennie Thompson said so. She says they're ripping."

"Rather" struck in Jennie "Such a lovely huge pot of them. But I don't see how she will manage it. For it will be most awfully heavy to carry and" - "Hello Angelina" as the beautiful Vivian Princess slowly walked into the fast emptying cloak room followed by her sisters. "I was just going to say what a you you'll have carrying your daffodils. First her to Skinner's School from your home and then on to the hospital afterwards."

"Oh I'll manage somehow" returned Angelina lightly as she fished out her rubbers from their pigeon and began pulling them on as it was a rainy day.

"Do you live with your mother and sisters at 201 Madison street?" inquired a low voice in Angelina's ear. Angelina turned. At her side was Maggie Jean Donaldson, a new, and smaller girl at the school, rather shy and timid, but not bashful.

"Yes I do. Why do you ask?" enquired Angelina, putting on her second rubber as she spoke.

"Oh nothing" said little Maggie hesitatingly "Only I thought — I mean — I just wondered if you are the 'Heavenly little angel' my Granny talks of so much."

Angelina's eyes opened wide with real astonishment.

"I'm sure it's not I've never even heard of your Granny. What do you mean?"

"Oh well, Granny lives at 211 Dalsted, and she talks a great deal of a little angel girl, who shows her daffodils and —"

"Oh" burst in Angelina excitedly "now I know. Why it must be your Granny who lives a little beyond us. And I didn't even know who she was. She is always at her window when I pass on my way to school with my sisters, and once I brought the flower pot for her to see. And she waves her hand and we smile at each other."

"I know" said Maggie "She calls you the Daffodil Fairy."

"But I and my sisters have missed her the last few days. Is she away?"

"No indeed" replied Maggie soberly "She's ill."

"Oh we're most awfully awfully sorry" cried Angelina and her sisters together "I say" Angelina herself went on impulsively "do you think she would like to see the Daffodils before I bring them to school next

Monday — or is she too ill?" "No" cried Maggie "Not too ill for that — she'd simply love it, it's awfully good of you."

"Right-o then, I'll take them round to-morrow, Tuesday."

It was that particular Monday morning — five minutes before the announcement of the prize winners. Mrs Dought's classroom was indeed most beautiful with a brave showing of flowering bulbs, and the whole class was availing itself of permission given to admire the flowers at close quarters.

"Why where's Angelina's pot?" exclaimed Aline Black, to a group of little girls and boys of which she was the centre. "I don't see a label with her name anywhere."

At that moment Angelina joined the group.

"Why there you are Angelina dear. Where's your flower pot?" "I can't find it!"

"I have not entered it after all" she replied. "I — I wanted to do something else, something else with it."

"You wanted to do something better with it" — echoed Aline aghast "Well I'm surprised — greatly surprised you of all people. What did you do with it, I'd like to know?"

"I gave it away. For a good reason I can sacrifice the prize."

"Even if you do not care for the prize, you might have been sporting, and remembered that the entries are to go to the hospital. To whom did you give it?"

"I gave it to Maggie's grandmother. She's ill."

"You sacrificed it to that poor old

lady? Why Angelina you are a dear, a good little angel - and -"

But long - long - long went the silence bell, and Aline broke off short, and the class scuttled away to its desks. But Angelina as she went in an orderly way to her seat, had a vision of a frail old face, lit up with joy at the sight of her daffodils, and a thin weak voice, sounded again in her ears saying - "Oh my dear sweet little angel. It's like spring sunshine in early Fall, just like spring sunshine" And Angelina said to herself - "Why it was worth all the prizes in the world to give it to her. And as for not being reporter to the hospital, well I'm sorry. And anyhow Maggie's Grammy is ill too"

But Mrs Dwight was already speaking. What was she saying?

First prize (special) Angelina Varnan.
Second prize, Helen Watt.

Third prize, Nancy Lang. The second and third prizes "went on Mrs Dwight" are given by me as previously arranged. The special first prize by my father Dr James Stewart Dwight. I congratulate all three girls. Will the winners come up to me now for their prizes?"

Red and confused Angelina walked quickly up to the teachers desk ahead of Nancy and Helen.

"Please dear Mrs Dwight" she blurted out "here, some mistake"

"No Angelina my dear" said her teacher friend "My father told me yesterday afternoon of a most magnificent pot of daffodils given to a poor old patient of his by a little 'Angel girl'"

by the name of Angelina. So I told him about the competition competition and then well he said that he wanted to give this prize. I'm so glad."

The prize that Angelina had received was a magnificent one indeed, a beautiful case with scarlet interior with a pretty jeweled expensive necklace inside.

The rest of the school day passed most pleasantly and Violet and her sisters went home happily with Pennod. They had not thought any more about the plants but thought only of Pennod's birthday party coming and celebrating entertainment in honor of it too.

And all this they were keeping a secret from him. At home the little girls prepared for their daily cleanup and then an earlier supper than usual. Little Daisy had put on her little sunsuit with the purpose to go about the house that way for a time, leaving her arms bare, only, and was about to go to her room, when she suddenly decided to go to the small private Conservatory she and her sisters had in the house.

She therefore went, gave one look, and stopped spell bound at what she saw.

For a full minute she thought she was seeing things. She rubbed her eyes and looked again.

"How on earth did those four bushes of buds and flowers get in here?" she gasped. She stepped forward more closely and recognized one of them she and her sisters had seen in Lincoln park. She stood looking at them for a moment and ran out. Then she checked herself.

"No I'll wait untill supper time."

She redressed herself and rejoined her sisters, but did not say anything about the flowers just then. Some of them took up their knitting and the others read some books. At five o'clock they were called to supper. While they were eating, Daisy suddenly chirped in with:-

"Violet dearest, I saw something strange and beautiful in our Conservatory just a little while ago. I wonder how they got there? They were in the Lincoln Park greenhouse, a few days ago!" And she looked sideways, at the head of the table where Pernod sat, and then at him.

"What did you see my dear Daisy Flower?" asked Violet.

"A great resemblance to the rose bushes, and the tropical plant, we saw in Lincoln Park."

They looked at Pernod expecting him to blush, but he was only grinning.

"Pernod explain yourself!" said Angelina seriously "Did you get that Gardner, to give us those bushes?"

"No, I only wished to. I couldn't refuse."

"For our sakes no" smiled Jennie. "Really Pernod you did have something to do with it. You wanted those flowers for us, I know it."

"And why not?" asked Pernod "Your little girls are living roses yourselves, far more gorgeous than any plant growing. And so those flowers would not be out of place."

"Pernod what have we done to deserve this?" asked Violet, tears of gratitude in her eyes.

"What have you done? I suppose

you'll say I did everything for you, and your sisters, and that you can't remember anything you did for me. Is that so?"

She nodded her pretty head, unable to speak.

"You've got a very poor memory then" said Pernod almost mockingly "What did you little girls do, when I brought little Angelina back to you, and yet did not know she and you were my sisters?"

"We tried to but didn't do anything?"

"Oh no, you didn't do anything. Your little girls only went to sleep for a hundred centuries."

"You may laugh but I mean it" said Pernod, earnestly. "Mother told me all about it and Angelina knows its true. A day after she was back with you, and had told you all what I did for her, she was in your play room, and discovered my picture at four years old. Your little girl then knew I was your brother, but then I was too far away for you to find me. Yet with me unconscious of it you were surely making such efforts to find me that no matter where I went to do my duties, you finally found me and convinced me who I am and who you were. Your little girls faced numerous perils and great hardships and made great sacrifices to find me. I suppose you'd say that was a mere trifle."

"It's nothing at all when we seek someone we love."

"I suppose not?"

"But supposing" put in Angelina "I had been an orphan and adopted by your sisters. What then?"

"I would not allow any one to interfere in that matter" said Pernod.

But no matter for that is not so. I'm positive you are half twin to our sister Jennie, just as Violet and I somewhat resemble Daisy. But I believe you little girls have done as much for me as I have done for you."

"I positively don't believe so" said Jore. "We have wrote in our advanced dairy just what we did for you, and what you did for us. And we know, what you did for us, covers all. We'll let you look it over and see after supper."

After supper the dairy was looked through. Pernod's argument was lost. What he did was the most for he had wrote it himself and had even done the best. Then Violet said as Pernod held her in a tight embrace, "You see Pernod we"—

"Aw forget it" said Pernod as Jore closed the book "You did not have the opportunity to do it. But you did what you could. If I did—the most I'm glad. I'd rather see you little girls live lives of heavenly happiness than a miserable life like in the past. So I accepted the lusher when he offered them to me"

"Oh Pernod" cried Angelina "if every good girl in the world would have a boy like you for a brother their lives would be happier no matter what happens. Pierre himself said that we surely owe a lot to you. And we will do what we can when we have the chance. He ever said you were worth more in this world than all the boys living."

"I suppose he wants to make all the boys jealous of me said Pernod with a grin. But it

would make the world a paradise if it was so. But it is not. Many boys are never good to their sisters, and many more girls are never good to their brothers."

"And you gave us all those beautiful plants" said Daisy "It sure is sweet of you and it is our duty to repay you and we will on your birthday."

"Your very presence repays me" said Pernod. "For you know yourselves that you are the most beautiful and the best little girls in the earth."

"Oh no we are not" exclaimed Angelina.

"Oh yes you are. You have proven that yourselves."

"Pernod you are seriously mistaken" said Violet.

"Why am I?"

"Because we are not in the earth." said Angelina and Violet together.

"You little girls catch me every time" laughed Pernod. "Well on the earth then, and as I was going to say—"

"I beg your pardon for an interrupt," said Jack Evans coming in, "but here are two gentlemen who wish to see you first Pernod. Say given me his cards."

And Evans handed Pernod two identification cards. He gave a start of recognition.

"Who are they?" asked the little girls together.

"Mr Pierre and Phillip. They want to see me alone first."

Pernod got up and followed Evans into the living room. Pierre and Phillip were seated on a Divan. The two men rose and Pernod entered with Evans. The Frenchmen almost looking like Alphonse and Gaston by their clothes and hats, bowed to

who bowed in answer and politely left the room. Pernod bowed and sat on an easy chair.

"I believe my boy," said Pierre "that you was rather surprised to see us duck out of sight so suddenly after the trial."

"I did not make much of it," truthfully admitted Pernod "But my dear sisters could not know what to make of it."

"On account of the convicted spies we had to go," said Phillip himself. "seeing the resistance they were making after being sentenced, we quickly went out got our men and saw to it, that the spies went to the County jail in an orderly manner. My men took them away, to French Guiana this morning. How is your little sister?"

"They are well and happy, thanks to your kind help to them," said Pernod, "We were glad to do anything for them," declared Pierre "And we came over here to prove their guilt so as to make redress for what your sisters went through. Where are they now? We would like to see them again before we go back to French Guiana."

"They were up in our room when I left," declared Pernod. "I believe they are there yet I will see and bring them in."

He left the room. He returned in a few minutes his sisters unbashfully following him. Phillip who had never before seen the oldest ones, simply stared speechless. He knew the three younger ones but not the others. Even Pierre though he knew them was also astonished at the sight. It was as if seven little angels had stepped into the room.

Indeed Violet and her sisters looking extremely happy had followed their brother into the sitting room, where Phillip and Pierre were sitting together engaged in earnest conversation. At sight of Phillip and Pierre Daisy dropped Pernod's hand, and springing forward, threw herself unpettily into Phillip's arms first.

"Oh my Phillip, oh my Phillip" half smothering him with kisses, "I'm so glad to see you and Pierre I'm so glad, so glad, I don't know what to do, I feel as if I'd like to fly!" "And what has the other little angel to say to me," said Phillip drawing Violet and Jennie to him after he and Pierre had kissed their sisters heartily. "Are you all really grateful to us for what we did after we so nicely took care of you down there?"

"Yes indeed" cried Violet raising her face to be kissed "I can hear the way my sisters speak that they are very happy, and grateful, and of course that makes me very happy too."

"How good it is to know of your being here, to help us against those spies," cried Angelone clapping her hands and skipping about the room in the excess of her excitement and delight. "Why if we are free from further persecution, that makes us all happier. Oh what fun, Oh what fun!" and she went off into peals of merry laughter in which she was joined by all the others.

"There is just one difficulty in this matter," said Pernod who did not look quite as radiant as the rest of the party. And as he spoke he slipped an arm about Violet who had left Pierre's side and was now leaning lovingly against her brothers breast.

And that as about those fellows who took my sisters to French Guiana and who are still at large. I hope I'm not going to see anything happen to my sisters again, for I may just as well say in the beginning that I shant let it happen."

A slight shadow crept over every face and Angelina slipped one hand into Pernod's and the other into her sister's for Violet and the others looking suddenly pale and troubled, even frightened, had come quickly together, nearer Pernod, as if unable to even bear the thought of another possible separation.

"What do you think about that sisters dear?" asked Pernod, looking seriously at the little girls. "Every one wants to find out you know."

"We couldn't bear to leave you again" said Jennie slowly. "We've always been together since we've discovered you are our brother, and we love you so, but we don't want to be separated from each other either, for we love each other dearly too."

"I'll tell you something" exclaimed Pierre with a sudden inspiration. "I have thought of a solution of the difficulty. In any of the Guiana states nobody can board a ship at any of the ports without a pass and to obtain a pass you'd have to go to a high government official and even that is very difficult. It's impossible to sneak aboard a ship to stow yourself away on there on board we much too watchful. I believe they too will be caught. There is nothing to fear."

Good exclaimed Pernod looking immensely relieved. "If they are captured will I receive news of them?"

"Indeed you will."

Pierre and Phillips stayed for about two hours and then reluctantly they left. The happiness that Violet and her sisters now began to have was not allowed to drop.

On the very next day which happened to be Tuesday approved with the request that little Marguerite should spend the day in school with her princely friends, and take a drive in Lincoln Park.

Violet and her sisters were enchanted that evening and flew about to get ready with such radiant faces that even Jack Evans' hard stern face softened wonderfully, and when he spoke to the little girls it was on a tone that no one had ever heard before.

What a wonderful day in school on that day. It was two days more to come and it would be Pernod's birth day.

Long after this day in school Violet and her sisters used to like to think of it, and talk of it.

Never in their lives even in their palace home had they dreamed of such wonderful days in Chicago. Their classroom at the famous Shimmer school with every appointment complete even to the strange unusual friendship of all the school children, and above all the phonograph to which they never got tired of listening and which Violet and her sisters considered the most marvelous invention in the world.

Then the drive in the luxurious carriage the bright late September sunshine and through Lincoln Park with the air fragrant with all kind of flowers. Oh it was all beautiful - beautiful.

Pernod was in excellent spirits and

and gentler and more considerate than they had ever seen him before. He was a very unselfish young lad always easy to please, very affectionate, and in the right place and to the right persons had a very hard heart, and the sight of his dear sisters really brought out all that was best in his nature.

It was a very pleasant feeling too to know that for once he was able to make his sisters happy, and it required only one glance at the smiling faces of his sisters to convince him of the fact, that his sisters were very very happy.

"Did you remember about sending word to Jerome Durmen and the others that we are back safe?" Gorge had asked the first moment she and her sisters were alone with Pernod.

"Yes" said Pernod. "I sent a telegram to her and they are to be here by Thursday."

The little girls gave a sigh of relief.

"I'm so glad" Gorge said. "Now perhaps everything will be all right. It was so fortunate that Violet was seen by the captain of that ship."

It was after five when they came back from the drive, and when Mrs Jerry took the little girls home she found that the Empress had already returned.

The Empress was delighted to hear of the pleasure that had come to her little daughters, and she thanked Mrs Jerry so prettily for her kindness to them and was altogether so gracious and charming that Mrs Jerry's heart was won from that moment.

"She's a real queen of the town"

she informed the cook down stairs. They have met with sad misfortune, and I dare say they had a hard time to get along but I think after all my experience, of being in the best families that I ought to say that I may be trusted to know a most holy and beautiful woman when I see one."

The drive was only the beginning of pleasure for Violet and her sisters. Pernod, always an affectionate impulsive young lad had taken a violent fancy to his sisters, and scarcely a day had passed since their return from French Guiana, on which after school hours, he played with them or took a walk or went on a drive or picnic in the Lincoln Park grounds.

Notwithstanding all the love and indulgence that had often been lavished upon them Violet and her sisters had often been lonely children, and to have such a good loving brother, and his constant companionship, was a most delightful experience in their lives.

Outside of sorrowful days like those already passed, Violet and her sisters were always really - always happy, and their sweet bright nature was unconsciously bringing a new good element into the old house on the corner of 14th and Adams.

Often Pernod and his sisters would play happily together by the hour. Then too Pernod knew how fond his sisters were of good books, and while they lay or sat on chairs or divans he would read aloud to them, and one of his greatest and best amusements was reading to his sisters as they read to him.

Violet and her sisters and Pernod were fond of lessons and crazy about going to school and to them a school house was one of the best structures known.

They would have preferred going to St Patrick's, but still were not welcome or wanted. It still was a very hostile neighborhood, for still no one would believe their homeless life a fact.

Most children at the Skimmer were not fond of lessons, though their school was an attraction to them, but they had some ambition, and the discovery that the little Abbeysman girls, who had no special advantages and a sad - "harrowing" life were so much more familiar with the historical facts of the United States, and personages, and could tell thunder storms by the looks of clouds and were more advanced in knowledge than even the teacher, and that they could correctly name every tree that grew, and so on was a rather unpleasant thing to the other school children.

So because of the influence of Violet and her sisters, Mrs Dwyer found her class of little pupils more attentive to lessons and more obedient to school rules than all the other classes were, and never once thought of the clock.

Emperor Viriam was delighted to see his little girls now so happy and he listened with real interest to Bernad's detailed accounts of the perfection of his little sisters.

Emperor Viriam coming home one evening rather earlier than usual found his little daughters and Bernad together in the parlor. Violet herself was at the piano softly touching the keys, and trying to pick out a simple tune that a hand organ had just been playing. In the

street. She or her sisters could easily play any piano, but she had not memorized the tune. At sight of her father, Dany was the first to jump up with an exclamation of pleasure.

"Oh papa, Violet has been playing on the piano all evening, and the rest of us have been singing for Bernad. Oh I wish to day was Friday for that would be --" she checked herself at a warning look from her sisters.

Emperor Viriam smiled, but his glance was very kind as it rested on the sweet face with those big blue eyes. Violet had risen at once, on his entrance and now stood blushing. Bernad stood by Violet with her arm around her shoulder holding her gently but tight. To her and her sisters, Bernad though a boy was the great and omnipotent power in whose hands rested the fate of all those who did ill to them.

Her father took Violet's hand very kindly and told her he was glad to see her and her sisters happy again. Then his eyes wandered to the open frame and he enquired:

"Were you not playing when I came in?"

Violet blushed more than before and looked decidedly embarrassed.

"Oh I couldn't play it because I did not memorize the tune" she said "I was trying to remember a tune the hand organ was playing outside, but I forgot it."

"That is more than most of us could do" said their father "I know you little girls are very fond of good music."

Violet's face brightened.

"Oh yes indeed" she said eagerly "We all love it most dearly."

"You surely were always taking continuous music lessons" said their father looking interested. He was passionately fond of music himself and it was a source of deep joy to him that his daughters were more fond of music than even he was.

"I met a young lady at a friend's house the other day who is blind and she plays remarkably well on the piano."

"I should like to take lessons very much" said Marjorie "My poor mother used to play beautifully before she was hurt and could sing too."

Emperor Virrian smiled said a few more pleasant words, and then went away upstairs, but he did not forget the little incident.

It was on the following Tuesday morning that Pernod and Mrs. Jerry made their appearance early to awaken his sisters at a much earlier hour than usual.

"There, no school so we can enjoy the whole day" Pernod announced "It's Jennie's birthday, you know, and we are going to have a perfectly lovely day. In the first place we are going out in the carriage, and I'm going to stop at Mellens' toy shop to buy her birthday present from me, my other dear sisters and from papa and mummy. He gave me a hundred and fifty dollars this morning but I told him stupid old money was not a real present for her, so he laughed and said that I must use it as I see fit and not change my mind. Then he gave me twenty more

and told me to buy just what I would with it. We decided to get her a doll trolley and if there is any money left after that we can stop at the phonograph store on the way home and get some new records. Then when we get home you little angels from heaven are to lunch with me alone and our cook is going to make a beautiful birthday cake with icing and candles and everything, after lunch — and this is the best part of all, papa has seats for us for Flourens, and you little girls and Marjorie, Mrs. Jerry and I are all going, won't that be splendid?"

"Ah gasped his sisters and positively could not say another word, so much pleasure all crowded into one day fairly took away their breath.

"Papa said you must go because you are so fond of music" Pernod went on, "He just crazy about music himself you know and he wants me to take lessons but oh dear sisters (with a sly wink of an eye at Marjorie) I know I'm sure that I can never learn it, it must be awfully awfully hard!"

"But you'll try to learn won't you?" said Violet a little anxiously "I don't think it can be so very hard, that is, not if you look at it the way we do."

"I don't know" said Pernod indifferently (with another sly wink at Marjorie) "If I don't like it I suppose I shall stop."

"But if it would make papa happy" there was no doubt about the anxiety in Violet's tone now. "He does so many nice things for you all the time — oh Pernod I don't believe any girl or boy in the world ever had such a good father as we have, I should think you'd just love to please him"

Pernod grinned.

"For father mother and you little girls I would do anything I could he said. "But on one condition I surely

refuse to study music " he added most decidedly.

"And why?" they asked together.

Pernod laughed.

"Quit your kidding" he said. "If you can find me a musical instrument I can't play, bring it to me, and I'll study. I'd like to see the musical instrument I can't play. I just put that on, to see what you'd say. With my hundred dollars I'm going to buy a nice finger harp and play for you whenever I can. But now do hurry and get your things. Emma will be here with the carriage in just a few minutes and we've got such a lot to do this morning."

Nothing more was said on the subject of Pernod's music lesson, but perhaps those few words of Violet's had not fallen on quite such barren ground, as Mrs. Jerry who had listened with an approving countenance - had imagined for several times that day they re-curred to Pernod's memory and that evening when he had finished playing a lovely piece on his newly bought harp, and when he was kidding his parents good night and his sisters too, he showed more affection to them all than usual and he held little Daisy in his arms for a long time until she said "Oh Pernod it's heaven to be in your arm." And his sisters were the same way to him.

"Oh papa dear" Violet exclaimed feeling half inclined to cry though she could not have told why. "It's been such a nice day for us and Pernod's been oh so good to us."

Perhaps that birthday of one of the little girls was the happiest of all these happy days to Violet and her sisters. The visit to the toy

shop, the delicious lunch, and oh best of all the fascinating operatta with its gay pretty music.

Violet and her sisters never spoke during the whole performance but sat drinking in every bit of the music with rapturous enjoyment.

They were indeed living in a beautiful, wonderful new world from which they did not emerge until they had left the theatre, and were on their way home.

"Wasn't it nice?" said Pernod, as Mrs. Jerry closed the carriage door. Then his sisters came back to reality with a start.

"Nice" they echoed. "It was too beautiful for words. I didn't know there was anything so lovely in the world."

Pernod smiled.

"How you do enjoy things, don't you?" he said patronizingly. "didn't you ever go to a music theatre before?"

"No never" they said together and then were silent for several minutes until Pernod who liked to talk much better than to think inquired:

"What are you thinking about?"

"I was just wondering" said Angelina smiling. "whether there are any people in the world as happy as we are now."

Pernod opened his eyes wide in astonishment at this novel idea.

"Why of course there are" he said. "There must be lots and lots, millions of them. But I'll bet there were never any one who passed through such sorrowful experiences as you did. But sisters dear you were never always happy. Most of your lives were full of sorrow and great hardships. Don't you wish you could do many good things and feel sad and discontented because you can't?"

Violet's bright face was just a little misty as she answered:

"We can't help wishing for good

things sometimes but we are almost always happy, but now since we have you back to us, we are happier still we can't help it you know because you've been so awfully awfully kind to us."

"What are your principal wishes?" Pernod enquired with natural curiosity.

"Well" said Violet slowly "We do often wish that every country, or nation was like Abbeannia and that every person living was good and holy. We wish that every country was like Heaven, that there was no kind of fights, no wars, no disasters, no hard hot weather any where and that even in this country we wish every body was as good as us Abbeannians are."

"But don't you ever wish for things for yourselves?" Pernod asked.

"We never thought of wishing for ourselves. We have all we wish for"

No matter what those little girls had gone through or suffered they were never cross, or discontented.

Pernod late that same evening on coming home from the Church, was walking far behind his sisters who were with Evans, to allow them their company when he was shocked to overhear this from a boy to his sister: "It was really a warm day and had been during the day itself very hot on the sun."

The little girl was dressed in a sort of short puffy bathing suit was causing her to appear half naked, and her hair was bobbed and short. He heard the boy say:

"There's another way to Jackson Boulevard that is even so much shorter but I don't like to take

it because its past Prince Pernod place."

"Who is Prince Pernod?" the girl inquired.

"Oh he's the crossiest, most proud, and disagreeable kid in the world. Every body hates him and is afraid of him even grownups. They say he never has a pleasant word for any one but his fool goofy sisters, and there is not a single person who likes him or them. They're stuck up little prigs because they are so pretty. It is said that he and his goofy sisters are so righteous that it may be they don't know how to run."

"His sisters they say are the prettiest little girls in the world."

"Yes I suppose its true (Pernod is coming closer) 'He's got a bunch of sappy sisters who are so damn pretty and proud and think they're it, that they have lots and lots of people jealous of them, they're so conceited that they think they're the only kids living."

"Haven't they got any friends?"

"Oh they've got plenty of friends, they're very rich though they do live in that old place. I heard papa and Mr. Brent talking about them once, and they said that boy and his sisters are the children of some great haughty king. He has the most handsome palace in the world in their own country and yet is over here because his silly daughters don't know figures in our language and want to learn it."

"Did you ever speak to him?" the girl asked, with interest.

"I speak to him? Good gracious no, I wouldn't dare for anything. I would be frightened to death. Why even papa says he doesn't like to have any more to do with him than he can

help. I see him at Mass every Sunday in St Vincent or Vincents Church, though and once they took a pew right across the aisle from ours, and he and his sisters said the responses so loud, it almost made me laugh. One Sunday we had a strange priest who was slow at saying Mass. Something caused the hat of one of his goofy sisters to fall off her head. I couldn't help laughing it looked so funny and, just, and just at that very minute her brother turned straight around and looked straight at me. Oh my didn't he frown and shake his head. I was so scared I nearly went under the seat. Sizzie our waitress says when anything wrong is done to his face by anyone he gets into such a dreadful temper, she thinks he wouldn't mind killing a person when he's really angry.

"I've seen his sisters" said the girl. "I'll say they're pretty but they're little snakes and:-"

"Stop stop both of you. What do you mean by talking about my sisters that way. Stop. Come here do you hear me?"

Though from Perrod, it was a very loud and terrible voice and close behind them. It caused Violet and her sisters to look back. It was an awful moment. The girl uttered a shrill scream, and her heart seemed to stand quite still.

"Come here I want to speak to you" the terrible voice went on. It was too much for the little girl. With another terrified shriek she dropped the boys hand and next moment was flying at full speed in the direction of home

leaving the smaller boy to face whatever fate might be in store for him. Near where she ran workers were preparing to hoist a big heavy iron bar, and as she reached the spot, I not looking where she was going in her haste she ran into it and something happened which nearly caused her death.

The iron bar was not fastened properly and slipped down dangling upward and she not seeing it, in her hurry ran into it, which somehow caused a part of the narrow but strong rope to get twisted around her abdomen, and neck at the same time.

The iron bar was very heavy probably 300 pounds in weight and men were hoisting it upward, from the roof of a very high building, by hauling machinery.

She was drawn above it and the bar hung below her as both went up. No powerful Glandonian ever choked a child as hard as that rope did and to tighten also in a strangle hold around her belly.

Her struggles caused the shoulder straps of her panty to snap causing it to drop off and leave her totally naked.

She tried to release the pressure around her throat but failed. She gasped for air and began to lose consciousness. She was drawn up and up. It seemed she was being punched for talking so, about Violet and her sisters.

Had it taken ten minutes to haul the bar up she would have died. What was the horror and shock of the builders to see coming to them with the bar a totally naked little girl hanging limp, with eyes

bulging and tongue sticking out with nose round her neck and belly dreadfully tight. She was almost unconscious when they released her. Even after she was brought to, she was in such a condition she had to be shipped to a hospital.

In the meantime we'll go back to the boy. For the first second after he found himself deserted the boy whose name was Francis Hornor stood quite still panting for breath and scarcely realizing what had really happened.

"Gladys," he gasped stretching out his hand "Gladys where are you. I'll try to run as fast as you - I'll - I'll oh Gladys where are you?"

There was no answer only the sound of feet around the street corner rapidly flying away in the distance. Could it be that his sister had deserted him. Francis gave a little frightened sob and started blindly in pursuit.

He ran half a dozen steps but Pernod called to him so savagely to stop that he did not dare run any further, especially when it appeared that Pernod's sister was going to block his escape. And at that moment his quick ear caught the sound of another step not Gladys approaching rapidly.

Then with a furious exclamation he reached Francis' side and seized him by the shoulder with no gentle hand. His sister and Egan ahead retraced their steps and came up to Pernod and the boy for they were wondering what Francis had done to provoke their brother.

"I'll teach you what it means to disobey when I call to you

stop" he said loudly and savagely shaking him like a cat does a rat. "Why didn't you stop when I told you to?" his loud angry harsh voice demanded and it sounded frightful this time. "What do you mean by saying to that girl bad things about my sisters eh? If it was not for you wearing I glasses I'd lick you good." and he shook him again.

Francis gave one more frightened sob, and then resolutely stood still to meet his doom, the little boy was no coward.

He would have dared to have fought if he had not noticed that Pernod though a boy was as powerful as an average strong man.

"I'm very sorry" he faltered "but I've heard so much about them that I believed it was true, and thought perhaps you wouldn't mind it."

"You thought I wouldn't mind did you? What right have you to think any such crazy thing? Now listen and mind you pay attention to what I say. When it comes to my sisters in my heart nobody else here in this city counts. I love them and the rest of your kind can go take a jump into the lake and turn into touch for all I care. And another thing I was always used to having my sisters shown the proper consideration and I intend to have them respected too. I won't have my sisters insulted or spoken ill of under any conditions or no matter what they do I won't have them disrespected and made little of. Now get along as fast as you can, I'll let you off this bit if either you or that immodestly dressed girl who was with you try anything or say anything against my sisters again and I hear of

it you may be prepared to take the consequences that, all."

Pernod's hand was removed from the boy's shoulder, and the little rascal was glad to get off so surely. He first walked away and then started off at a run.

Chapter Two.

Pernod's glorious birth-day and how he enjoyed the entertainment.

"Aint you going to wake up soon Pernod dear? It's seven o'clock and I and my sisters come to wish you many happy returns of the day."

Pernod opened his eyes and put out one hand in an sleepy uncertain way. The hand touched Daisy's soft round arm, and Pernod became aware of the fact that his sister still in her night gown was sitting on the edge of the bed, looking prettier than ever.

"What's the matter?" he enquired drowsily - "is it morning?"

"Yes of course and oh Pernod, have you forgotten what day it is?"

Pernod sat up with a start

"It's my birthday" he said with a grin "I remember now, but I was so sleepy I couldn't think of any thing just at first. It seems only about 10 minutes since I went to bed."

"It's ten hours," returned Daisy "we were in bed when the clock struck nine, and now it's just striking seven. So hurry and get ready and put on your birthday suit. We want to show you your presents and they're all down stairs."

"Presents!" exclaimed Pernod beginning a hasty search for his birth slipper. "You don't mean I'm going really have presents do you?"

"Of course I do. - don't everyone have presents on birthdays?"

"Well I never had," said Pernod, "never had" ejaculated Daisy "Why you poor dear boy. Well you're

going to now. It was awfully hard for us not to tell you about them last night when papa brought them so such nice ones. I know you'll like them, we selected them ourselves for you."

There was no need of urging Pernod to hurry after that, he was as every lit eager to see the presents, as Daisy was to show them, and made such rapid progress in his toilet that in less than fifteen minutes, Pernod and his sister were racing down the broad staircase, Pernod making as good speed as his sister.

"Here they are" cried Daisy, as they entered the dining room her sisters also following—"All on the table by your plate. May I or one of our sisters open them or do you wish to do it yourself?"

Pernod said that he would rather allow any one of his sisters the honor to do it. Joyce herself thought she would like to do it herself and Pernod and his other sisters stood by curbing their impatience as best as they could while Joy with fingers that trembled with pleasant excitement untied the parcels.

"Oh Pernod dear" cried Joy rapturously as she unfolded the soft tissue paper from around the largest of the packages—"It's a beautiful guitar from father such a beautiful one with lovely tune strings, just like the one we wished you to have."

"Sure that's from dear father" said the other girls triumphantly. "We described the musical instrument to him and he tried to get one just as much like it as he could. You said the Hawaiian guitar was your favorite you know and we thought you would like to have one."

"Oh I surely can thank dear

father ever so much" said Pernod hugging Joy and his new treasure at the same time. "It will be such good past time to play tunes on her for you little girls."

"But you haven't opened your other presents, this one is from mother."

"Why what is it?" exclaimed Pernod in a rather puzzled tone. "It feels like a big sound box but there isn't any place to open it. Here a little key—oh sisters I do believe it's a music box."

"Yes of course it is we knew you'd like it, we knew you'd love it. Violet will show you how to wind it but let Jerome do it the first time, she can so much quicker. There, isn't it pretty. Mother said she picked the sweetest tuned one they had in the store. There are thirty sound tin records and you can get more any time you like."

Pernod clasped her hands in rapture too intense for speech.

"And there's something from Mrs. Jerry. We know what that is for we saw her making it. It's a nice winter jacket for you to keep warm in, and it's awfully pretty too. And here's one from Evans, a brand new suit of clothes, the very style ityle you like and the best he could pick in the clothing store. The gifts we angels have for you, we'll say angels, because you always call us that, there was no room for. We placed them in your private dressing room. Come and see."

Pernod followed them into the room upstairs.

"This is from us together" said Violet. "We'd rather you unwrap it yourself."

Pernod did so and brought to view a beautiful photograph of very large size of his sisters dressed in their best clothes with their hair wreathed

on flowers and each little girl holding a large bunch of roses in their right hands. It was the loveliest picture they had ever had taken and it attracted her attention to it very much. He looked at it so long that it seemed he must have forgotten the other presents. Finally Violet said a little teasingly -

"When you are through admiring us I'd like to show you the other presents from I and my sisters singly."

Pennod didn't seem to hear but stood looking at the picture over ever so long. Violet pulled her coat to make him look around and then he jumped like anything and got quite red but "came back to earth."

"We want to show you the other presents" said Violet and she picked up a large package and asked him to unwrap it.

It was a beautiful warm overcoat of very expensive material, and costly satin lining inside. To match it there was a swell hat to go with it. It was of navy blue color, with black collar.

"That's from me!" said Violet "Now comes this from sister Jane" and she handed him another large package which he untied. It turned out to be a very magnificent gold watch and chain with fob attached. From Jennie was a large bottle of his favorite perfume. From Angelina was a large story of the Bible, a box of writing material and a large box of candy.

From Catherine were boxes of the most gorgeous neckties and beautifully designed handkerchiefs and from Daisy was a typewriter which he wished for very badly. From Jane again were two blocks of typewriter paper, a photograph

of herself sitting among beautiful flowers and a book of Heidi. From Hattie was a big book of biblical pictures, a diary and the lives of the saints.

"Now here, the last" said Violet and it came by express. It must be from Jennie Turner I'm sure."

"It's a large handkerchief case and a dozen nice new handkerchiefs" said Pennod touching the gift with loving fingers "Jennie Turner must have made the case herself in the evenings. Wasn't it good of her. She does get so tired and it's such hard work for her to do anything these hot nights. Oh dear Jennie Turner how I wish I could give her a great big hug!"

That certainly was a delightful birthday and with his sisters back with him again it was the most delightful he ever had.

Pennod's father and mother, Evans and Mrs. Jerry were more than satisfied with the thanks they received, and every one was so kind that even the thought that something again through special might happen to his sisters could not make Pennod sad for many minutes at a time.

There was at dinner time the birthday cake with candles and then the evening entertainment came. There was a crowd in the school hall, mostly the school children but many of the parents were there too. It must be said that no show ever acted on any stage could compare to what was acted here. Pennod had never believed never thought that his sisters could do any acting at all.

He had seen many shows acted on stages in many classy theatres but nothing like this.

There was a lot of singing too and beautiful modest dancing

The custom Violet and her sisters wore, made them look more lovely than ever. It would take too much here to state what all the acting was but when it was over Perrod was more proud of his sisters than before.

The next morning Angeline said: Daisy herself was the best actor. Yet she wishes to attend St. Patrick's school with me. Can she. I've been going ever since we came back, after leaving skinner."

"I'm afraid not" said her father. "I've asked for that myself and Father Casey says there's no room yet. But he'll let us know, Angeline, you stay there, but the rest must still go to skinner?" So it was settled.